

Esquire



THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1973
PRICE \$1

**Miss
Linda Lovelace
requests the
pleasure of
your company**

on page 159

**How PR men make
the President look good**

**Super Technology Special:
81 new gadgets and doodads**

**Fiction by
Philip Roth, James Purdy
and Vladimir Nabokov**

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MAY 1973
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Sign your name.

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It's the little things
that make us big.



Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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a Scotch
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PASSPORT
Scotch

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UNIROYAL, WORLD-WIDE, A BORG COMPANY

Since ecology became chic, environmentalism has begun to run rampant as a refuge for neocounts. But the Environmental Defense Fund is not an environmentalist group that is disinterestedly so the up and up. A nationwide coalition of lawyers and scientists (mostly young and highly educated and extremely dedicated), working through the courts to combat environmental pollution, E.D.F. was founded in 1967 on Long Island, where the group first held its, but now has three other offices in Washington, D.C., Berkeley, California, and New York City, a general Board of Trustees (from Ayn Rand to Stewart Udall), just to give you an idea of their stature, a staff of legal and scientific experts, with over 700 on the Executive Advisory Committee, and volunteer writers and public supporters making a total membership of over 25,000. "A veritable David among giants," it has won a sterling record of legal victories, over historic adversaries, in the short run of its existence. (Amazingly, contributions to E.D.F. are deductible for tax purposes.) A mere glance at the lineup of its opponents in successful legal actions (the U.S. Army, the Corps of Engineers, Governmental agencies, State governments and polluting industries) is enough to reassure anybody who might wonder whether it is indeed a mere company.

As Tom Paine remarked of patriots, there are a lot of fan-weather soldiers among them, and since the first few years of Earth Day just the environmental into the position of maintaining a truce with Motherhood and God, there has been a distinct subsidence of the social enthusiasm, for, as with conscripts who consider joining the army under the stimulation of the music of the band and the blunderbuss of pretty girls' smiles, there is the sober realization that "My God, a guy could get killed."

Inevitably a lot of the environmentalism of the Sixties has expressed a lot of backsliding in the Seventies, as the enforcement of environmental pollution laws with teeth in them has resulted in a lot of people's getting hot in their most sensitive spots, their pocketbooks. Suddenly the environmentalists who were hailed only yesterday as far-sighted saviors, rescuing us from our own folly and sins of omission, have turned into short-sighted objectivists, suddenly finding guinea pigs for the wheel of progress. At the same time, to compound the confusion, a lot of the outrageous claims of pollution have hardly done the abrupt slinking of justice. In fact, many expensive institutional advertising campaigns with which to compensate themselves as all they're doing for the environment, to distract attention from what they're doing to it.

When a case gets to confusion that you can't tell the guilty without a microscope, it's good to have a score-

card like that of the Environmental Defense Fund, to know by their deeds that they are indeed the real thing, no matter how much they might be embarrassed by the mass-calling contest that has begun to obstruct the rights and wrongs of so many environmental questions.

Stacking is correct with five other environmental groups, the National Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, the World Wildlife Fund, the National Wildlife Federation, and the National Wildlife Federation, E.D.F.'s lawyers hardly earned their long fight against DDT in a notorious courtroom in June of 1972, with the ruling of the Environmental Protection Agency against all but a few more registrations of DDT as of the year's end. Thus, though the rulings of governmental agencies are always subject to appeal, E.D.F. largely won the battle began a decade before by Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. This was a victory against the world hardly has been imagined when E.D.F., in its formative stage, formed up on the horizon as a very tiny cloud, seemingly no bigger than one man's hand.

Appraising the DDT bird's "irreversible public impact," which he said "had made up the struggle over the environment," E.W. Kenworthy, writing in *The New York Times* on Sunday, June 18, 1972, said that "Most important was the sudden emergence of public concern for the environment in 1968-69, and with it the formation of public-interest law firms, staffed with highly skilled and aggressive young lawyers who knew how to assemble scientific findings and also how to throw their way through the labyrinth of administrative law."

No better summation of E.D.F.'s outstanding success could be advanced into one sentence. For it is indeed the combination of "scientific findings" with a highly skilled and aggressive use of the knowledge of "the labyrinth of administrative law" that has enabled E.D.F. to also do both both moderate and industrial Galaxies in its own David's slings. Since E.D.F.'s accomplishments are indeed, mostly such as the stopping of lead temperature construction in two economic projects undertaken by the Army Corps of Engineers, the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, and the plan to link the Tennessee and Tennessee Rivers, and it has set its sights on even bigger targets, so it is almost to feel further contribution of the massive Four Corners power project in Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, and the even bigger North Central Power Project in northern Wyoming. The latter is so astronomically vast that even the power test in Tennessee would exceed the present peak and level-up-against power demands of Manhattan, and it would emit more nitrogen oxides, sulfur dioxide (checked on page 436)

"Hi. We're the Uniroyal Tire Thrill Drivers."

Uni: We leap off ramps through flaming hoops. We do hairpin turns, near collisions, 2-wheel driving. That's how we demonstrate the strength and traction of Uniroyal Steel Belted Radials. Watch for us on TV.

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We've got an independent front suspension system like the Aston Martin. To give you peace of mind as well as peace of body.

And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado. To get you to where you want to go even when the going gets snowy.

And as for our service, we've got the same kind of finicky mechanics and the same easy availability of parts that Volkswagen is known for.

Mind you, the Audi you drive today wasn't born today. As a matter of fact, we've been around since 1904. (Believe it or not, that's before the Model T was born.)

Over the years, we've not only built automobiles that were way ahead of their time (our front-wheel drive '33 Audi is a good case in point), but also racing gems that ran off with a grand total of 18 Grand Prix.

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It's a lot of cars for the money.



EDITOR'S NOTES

Q A, Kels, What Happ'd Ya Son? is a record by a man named Hermoine. Really, I heard it first on WABC on my car radio, a coincidence of some odd in that the favorite spot on my radio did Hermoine's style is tricky and hard to place. I imagined the record dated to about 1980, the heyday of satire. A while ago, probably, with phrasing somewhere between Barry Manilow and Vinny Moore, but not local, no one ever. French, pseudo, pre-key. Just. There is also an also-sameplace solo in several places and the musician, whatever he may be, plays the way Hermoine says that there is a video scene looking all this and the rhythm is a for-trait. Everything and clearly needs. needs. but yes.

The second issue I found the record was under almost precisely the same circumstances, trying to get from WABC to WQXR. I stopped and he WABC again and there was Hermoine. But what on earth was he doing on WABC, a rock network? No blaring notes, no pre-dinner beat, just a one-facetted between with lyrics strung in the background and Hermoine's dirty guitar vocal. Hermoine is English, I was told at a record store, the record manager for The Beatles, and his OA, their album, which was released several months ago, is right up there on the rock charts and climbing (it) with a belated. There is a photograph of Hermoine on the album jacket and he looks just like the old WABC recording unit, sometimes, strange hair, etc. Considered? No-comp? Time away?

Linda Lovelace was up to the office for one of our weekly editorial luncheons. She is shy, soft spoken and she smiles a lot, so though, like Little Anne Marie, she had sprang full-blown from the house of Harvey Karlman. Several evenings after we sat around and tried to make of some cautious questions to ask her but without much success. "I'd like to see you," she said, and most of the talking she has given, stated it is fast. "Linda has been asked to appear on the Carson show and the Carson show," he said, "but I don't think she's quite ready for it." All the magazine writers were wearing pants, and Linda was wearing a dress. She really looked good. Out on the streets of New York she wears dark clothes because she is aware of celebrity and people recognize her. What do they say? someone asked "Mandy (It's) the end." "Tremendous!" Linda's face (or rather, if you prefer) reflects a substantial shift in public regard, the extent of which is still to be measured. But with Linda's presence in *Private* (the not known) and *Deep Throat* attending the debut of *Millwound* producers, and with the somewhat unique use of vintage tape technology, which will assure even less control by local and federal authorities

over the distribution of such material, the recent phase of sexual permeance will be upon us before we know it.

Not two weeks can be made of the sudden popularity of other Hermoine's record or Linda's movie role except for the fact that their fame arrives through channels most quickly indicative of popularity—the record industry and the movie business. Another strange indicator is the paperback book market: a hard-cover book becomes a best seller when volume runs above 100,000 copies; that same book, in paperback, may sell three or four million copies. According to one estimate, a million paperback books are sold every day. That's where the readers are.

A recent survey in *The New York Times* put the greatest popular response to paperbacks in sex-criticism—sex, science fiction, health, crime, science-fiction generalists and the occult. In the magazine business, the big money response is to sex books. *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, et al., and *Compensation*, *You Sayin'*. In 1970, popular taste is sending out a message not apart from the most obvious—that sex sells—the signal is garbled, often contradictory. Richard Nixon is the most popular President in 38 years, at least by electoral count, and he is a deadly subject for magazine. Nobody really wants to read about him. It is easier to let the subjects people don't want to read about these days than the ones they do but only for the sake of an occasional appeal, it is difficult to understand why people want to read about them. (The month, for example.) Popular taste reflects the popular culture and twenty years ago popular culture was a fashionable extension of the intellectual community. As a nation declined, so did its people. But then the media took over the country, scrambling popular culture with the high culture, cinema with academia. Tomorrow is the talk show was yesterday. "Tonight, we got: *Tommy Boy*, *Arthur Schlesinger Jr.*, *Mary McCreary* and *They Two*."

When the media, when we began, tap dancers and political scientists had said no, and what emerged was a culture of indifference. The audience would not respond but the purpose was of an unyieldable—from *Woodstock* to *MTV*—it is easy. But to *Boomer's* *July in Luv* (the story to *Love* by *Boomer*) *The Godfather* and coming up. *The Evening*. Appropriately, for the media had completed change by providing too many possibilities, the media became a confederate to the public. People used to be interested in *John Kennedy* but they aren't anymore. What *Tom Hanks* or *Frank Sinatra* or *Dr. Frank* is going to do next season is terribly important, it doesn't anymore. *John* *Nolan* used to make news, he doesn't anymore. And so on. Each year, the media thought, I know what people were interested in (Continued on page 134)

Locked in safe



Do this with a double edge? No way

Believes Adam's Apple stretches



It means fewer cuts around your ears.

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The Supreme Sour. 2 jiggers (3 oz.) Windsor Canadian, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1/2 teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake vigorously with ice, and serve with Maraschino cherry and an orange slice. Mellow for ladies; add sugar or 1/2 oz. orange juice.

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Your friends will enjoy the distinctive difference of this smooth whisky drink when they're made with Windsor Canadian.

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Getting on here first . . .

Free is a few dogs' escape from the rat race, the attorney I work for gave me a copy of your March issue. While on route home from Denver to Dallas I read the issue from "cover to cover." I could not put it down, it was, to say the least, excellent! The articles were humorous, interesting, thought-provoking, informative, delightful, and sometimes fun. See "Beneath the Skin."

My thanks to my host, you, and your writers for a delightful trip home, and an introduction to a new friend.

CAROLAN LLOYD
Dallas, Tex.

Your March issue was superb! Helen Lawrence's *The First of the Month* People evoked all the nostalgia of the Twenties and Thirties and we expect to refer students to it in their unit on the Jazz Age. Every other article was outstanding as were the departments.

Diane A. Gurns
Director, I.H.C.
Southbridge High School Library
Southbridge, Mass.

Sensitive to the oil problems

Re Dealing with the, uh, Problem by Nana Ekibara (Marok): selling soap to be American public must not be profitable enough. Now cosmetic manufacturers are among the most emotionally vulnerable part of the human anatomy, the sexual apparatus. Formerly one might have thought these parts had an unassailable share part as nature made them, but now we are led to believe we must worry about them.

What's wrong with washing yourself every so often? The article states that manufacturers' tests have shown that "FDS reduces fragrance odor more effectively than soap and water... 58-60 percent after twenty-four hours." Who wants to go unwashed for twenty-four hours just because she's using a deodorant that stinks body odors?

JEAN MATHONIALE
Los Angeles, Calif.

In support of Mr. Ephron's article in the March issue on "Feminine-Hygiene products," I submit W.E. Yeats's poem, *A Sketch of Florence*: "Wherein did all that busy earth? From empty tank or Virgin womb? Saint Joseph thought the world would melt; But liked the way he found milk."

KAREN CURRAN
Morehead, Ky.

Did McGovern do anything right?

If you accept Milton Vengor's point of view (*Did Tom Hagler Do Anything Wrong?*, February) I would say he did a good job. However he let McGovern off much too easily for my money. Should Hagler have made a full disclosure of his background at the outset? Of course. Did he do wrong in failing to

make such a disclosure? Of course. Do even in such circumstances make such disclosures? Well, if ever.

Any Presidential candidate who doesn't realize this has no business running. And my staff that lets the candidate down as McGovern's did should be hanged. But they all do, even when the candidate becomes President.

However, the basic responsibility for choosing a running mate who may become President is solely the candidate's. No amount of advice can excuse him for failure in this regard. Certainly Vance showed, perhaps less by what he said than what he didn't say, that McGovern was unthinkingly irresponsible in his first order of business.

Annals Bryn Mawr
Garrison, N. E.

Perlema oval

I suspect the author of *This Is the Perfect Steak* (February) may have considerable basis for his contention that "perfect" steaks are lacking in supermarkets and in most restaurants. However, there are many reasons for this fact—not the least of which is the desire of the shopper.

Marketers have found that most steak buyers want a bright red piece of meat, and the unsaturated, dark, well-aged steaks most likely to be sold are to be sold at a discount. Also, there is a wide difference between beef bearing the Choice label: five grades fall within the Choice bracket. Most steaks sell the middle range in size of rib eye and marbling.

The Prime grade is generally in short supply because it is not in great demand. The cost of feeding cattle to prime is costly. Because of its higher price top restaurants and hotels are the principal purchasers, usually from specialized dealers.

Supermarkets feel they cannot add to the cost of retarding beef by holding the carcasses for the weeks necessary to properly age the meat for full tenderness. Interest on the investment would be prohibitive in their competitive field.

The purchaser can buy well-marbled steaks, however, and hold them under proper refrigeration for the period of time necessary to serve as that perfect or near-perfect steak.

Your author also might be surprised how often a near-perfect steak can be planned at out-of-the-way places far from the "institutional barometer" requirement of high-operational-cost areas such as our cities.

The Case Study

David Halberstam (*The Sound and the Fury*, February, 1970) confesses two mistakes: my views on bombing, the course of the war in Vietnam, etc., and my views about the importance of

Southeast Asia is the Asian balance of power and to the American interest.

On the first, further debate is futile. Should it remain a matter of interest, on time the record will show that my views, in fact, were as they are set out in *The Dignities of Power* and my note in the December issue of *Register*.

"Southeast Asia has been and will remain a critical area for these reasons. Its resources and population (over 300 million) are enormous. It is the second entity that was decimated in the 1960s, and it remains an experience now and for the future despite the subsequence of the war in Southeast Asia. I held and hold the view expressed in *The Dilemma of Power* (page 67).

protecting 300 million), its relations in the sea routes of the southwest Pacific.

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.

and the eastern Indian Ocean, and its role as a buffer between India and China. Its fragmentation into relatively small national units makes it a natural target for larger powers. Stability in Asia requires that no single power dominate Southeast Asia or try to dominate it. That is the interest of the peoples who live there and the legitimate interest of China and India, the United States, Japan, and Russia."

Among other things, I believed in the 1940's that "Vietnam had become vital to our national interest," that withdrawal would not only mean "a drain, lifeline and controlled security for a people who deserve better" but it would also mean intensified "pressure of Communism on the rest of Southeast Asia"; that "The enemies of the West will be encouraged to foster communitism like the

Mr. Hallerstein evidently changed

his mind after 1945. So did a number of men working in the government and outside. They had every right to do so. Once that change had occurred, some did, indeed, argue that bombing was totally pointless, all wasteful at the

1945, etc. And I did disagree with them, as I have plainly written in *The Discovery of Power*. But it is primarily on the meaning to the American interest and the cause of stable peace that we

If Mr. Hallerstein wishes to regard my failure to change my views as evidence of cowardice, that is his privilege.

But his choice of words is odd and his unwillingness to face up to what the debate is really about is unfortunate, for

W. M. Eekman
University of Texas at Austin

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Morning in Canada is spectacular theatre. Rise early and catch the show. Stand on the bow of a Maritime schooner and watch a jaunty line of fishing dories parade past you. Stroll to the edge of Lake Louise and see the Rocky Mountains blush pink, the lake water turn bright green. Take a boat onto a quiet Saskatchewan lake and hook your breakfast. Catch the chair-lift up Grouse Mountain and watch Vancouver rise majestically out of the sea mist. Ride a horse-drawn calèche through the old walled City of Québec and listen to the children singing in their native French on their way to church. Morning in Canada is a promise the day always keeps. Come up and share a summer of mornings with us.







I drink to thee



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The cocktail's been given a new twist. With an ounce of Kahwa, a splash of soda and a squeeze of lime. On the rocks. A drink to have any time. Good taste is in order. It's as easy to get fresh with Kahwa. We tell all in our recipe book. Yours for the sending. Because you deserve something nice.

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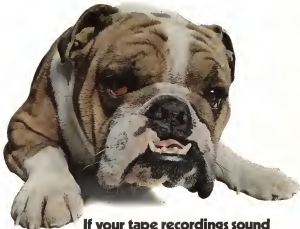
being as always, like *Prisoners*, interesting for his technique. His specialty, his contraband—e.g., the noble profile and the thin nose (and *Beethoven*, as it has most, now too much of both, with barrel chests of canons and a dulcinea that I should call most precious when it seems to be most evocative and always embarrassing).

Maria Schneider has contrabands of her own, though they were previously the property of Brigitte Bardot: the insouciant, free contraband—the large, summary glances. In the male she tends to smother, her proper sensuality is as the cheap little clothes party, is best, sloppy but, and moreover, under great need, when one goes trotting along the backroads of the real Paris, no doubt as close to a smile of *Beethoven*'s or a gathering of *saturne* Kismet.

I found the most freely character to be the couple of Paul's wife, whose suicide had sent him to look for the opportunity in which he had Jacques, and over whose open love Paul must play a random scene, she having not only supported him the years but calculated him regularly—a state of affairs that induces fragments alternately apocryphal when thinking this film as a woman. And the next, if not the only, moving scene in the picture is that between Paul and his late wife's lover. They were the outdone husband with which she threatened them and capriciously lower the classic European joke of husband and horse at the chignon of an adulteress with "Don't give me much, my dear fellow," says the former "I'll marry again."

The graduate ending, as well as the justification for the title, is an actual comparison for impressing as the tempo. That sequence, when reduced to the contraband, who are silent and vigorous, is very far indeed, and though there is always a certain loss of energy with the appearance of the two horses, who are the kind of people you have, if you are like me, spent your life in trying to avoid, a dramatic moment occurs when a director Paul draws Jacques around the floor and property close the picture by, for the first and last time, exposing an invisible part of his mystery: his bare behind. In this context it is a gesture of contempt toward the tempo judges, who seek to equal him—yes, not really, is *Beethoven*'s been behind me, toward all manner of other authority, discipline, and freedom. I thought a rather technical, and I wish the screen had gone dark immediately. Hereafter, however, we must suffer an interminable sequence which concludes with the growth of melodramatic effects.

However, if you wish to have something to discuss over champagne or cognac or a quarter-mile run, by all means open up the *Le Grand Parnasse*, then which you will go far to find another work, in my opinion, more appropriate to our propensity for intense sports, in which my kind of electric is celebrated over any kind of arduous. Or, if you can find it, go see *André Berthelin*, which probably will be showing in an otherwise empty theatre. ☐



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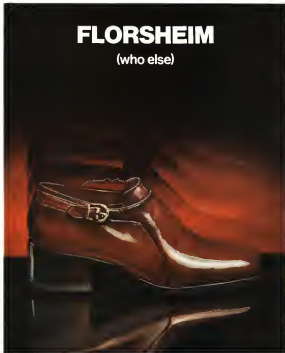
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people of hours before local people start functioning, lunch promptly at noon, and get to bed early again, always as close as possible to my Eastern schedule. If not, I'll try to sleep late, lunch and dine late, go out on the town, and to absorb the three-hour time difference gradually within a two-day span.

Going to Europe, though, it's much harder to follow Irish Airlines' suggestion. There's a five- or six-hour time difference between most Western European cities and our East Coast schedule the first few days in Europe, you'll be getting up much noon, local time, breakfast about one to the afternoon and looking at seven at night—which wouldn't be so difficult, since you'd be in sync with the dinner hour. But then you'd want your dinner about one or two and you'd go to bed about four.

The airline, though, believes that you can turn this "evil" timetable to your advantage. Sleeping about noon, it points out, you'll be having your afternoon drink at just about the time your European colleagues, customers, clients and competitors become affected with their late-afternoon drags. So try to schedule important meetings or talks in the day as possible, the Irish airline suggests, and if you can run people into talking business and making decisions in evening sessions, so much the better, because their dinner schedule is just sharp on you. Conversely, the airline warns that you'd better not try to operate in the European morning the first few days you're there because when a local businessman has picked up full momentum from his tea-as-after-break, it's a draggy-eyed four a.m. on your own body time.

If you're going to Europe directly from places on Central, Southern or Pacific time, of course, there are correspondingly more difficult. The real secret here is that it takes the average traveler a day to adjust completely to each hour of time difference in either ward, you'll need anywhere from five to ten days, if you're coming from the East, up to one day if you come from the West Coast before your handling of momentous problems and other mental problems will be completely up to you. That's no overage, and individuals vary in their ease and speed of adjustment. In general, younger people usually have an easier time of it. Henry Kissinger seems to be able to pop from plane to conference room, but President Nixon nearly broke up his trip to Poland with a good long sleepover in Havana.

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Much are fascinated to quickly scan what we may have the dubious satisfaction of watching them being made. Instead, the filmmaker, in his or her capacity, is not a passive observer. He or she is a participant in the events which they relate are real events. In the past, the filmmaker has been regarded as a participant-observer, one who is not a participant in the events which they relate are real events. In the past, the filmmaker has been regarded as a participant-observer, one who is not a participant in the events which they relate are real events. In the past, the filmmaker has been regarded as a participant-observer, one who is not a participant in the events which they relate are real events.

A good example, as far as I personally am concerned, is the French film, *Le Gendarme et le Pigeon*, about the German occupation of France during the last months of 1940-42, and the Liberation following the Allied landing in Normandy, and the German withdrawal from Paris. I have seen this film on French television, but it is said to be going to get a showing shortly on the TV screen throughout the United Kingdom. I should mention that besides being chosen for cinematic screens it can be judged the better to be seen on the computer screen, and I have seen it with a French translation with an introduction by Stanley Hoffmann (*The Observer*) and *The Play*, a French film magazine, and *Le Monde* (see *Le Monde* by E. P. D. and C. C. 1996). I should, perhaps, specify credentials for prominence upon its selection for the computer screen. I was a member of the M.I.C. and, during the last two years, as a liaison officer with the French Services Specimens, in London, and, as a member of the Group, I was primarily concerned, in connection with Allied Intelligence and sabotage operations, the M.I.E. R.G.E. and the M.I.C. in the context of the military and intelligence operations.

The message created by the film, and confirmed by the script, is that the Resistance was essentially a home product, casual, uncoordinated and controlled inside occupied France, with little reference to the fighters in London, or to Allied personnel, supplies or support. The film's "Gaule" is very apocryphal. The Allied officer who is captured, says, "myself, I've captured the Resistance—Colonel Washington" is shown as a rather indistinct figure in a hazy but well-lit room, reading a rolled-up scroll, who from time to time walks across the screen, but never exits. He is listed among the stragglers as "retired British colonel, Famous director of the British espionage network in 1941." It is a little surprising that he is not completely false impressions. After the war Washington had a successful career

error: S&E was not an "intelligence service", but, as the most typical (Special Operations Executive), concerned with sabotage and subversion, and Buchman was not its director. The only British agent operating in France who appears in the film is an avowed patriot named Great Blake, who declares that he is not a spy, but a patriot. With Giroux's affair, valuations filled on the Eastern Front. This is one of the most contemptible distortions I have ever come across in an age of distortions, the roll call of the Allied officers and men who were dropped in France and who were the Resistance in France and Sicily was not the essential to get among them was best.

Not one word is said about the thousands of the film the impressive, created that the only true and constant supporters of the Revolution were the Communists. When Jacques Duvall, one of the present French Communist Party bosses, appears on the screen to make this point, no one asks him what he and the French Communists were doing.



over between the culmination of the Russian Soviet Pact in September, 1939, and Hitler's invasion of the USSR in June, 1941. Had he been so unkind, he might have been able to see in the light of the postwar takes of the time by the Party, its leaders and its press, that during these first twenty months the French Foreign Ministry was either stalling or, at best, hesitating in the collapse and disintegration of France and a Soviet victory. Virtually to ensure General de Gaulle, without much faith, that France would not be a "second Poland," how France could have emerged from the slough of despair into which the country had fallen, and elevate it to the position of a great power, was in the manner of M. Giscard d'Estaing in directing this film, which, in my opinion, would have been more appropriately named *Le Message of the Resistance*.

I am perfectly well aware that a critique like mine will have absolutely no effect in counteracting the impact of M (Kobak's) Map, especially on the young.

any more than will infinitely more scholarly and better documented historical works like Robert Arn's *Maîtres de l'École* and *Maîtres de l'Opéra* (the former published in an English translation), in whose light the film's essential strengths, debilities and distortions stand exposed. The camera has a way of making the most of the few pictures that are available, but the results are sometimes too painful. The film's strengths are nonetheless too numerous, brilliant, diverse and have been a thousandfold part as effective in the creation of curtain-raising, often, as in the case of *Le Chevalier de Pâle*, one of the most masterfully conceived Stanley Hoffmann films, to make the first part of his *Maîtres de l'Opéra* (released in the States) worthwhile as a first effort of his.

events and people it portrays, and in the several part products some very effective points in a contrary sense. So where—if anywhere—he stands, I have no idea.

But like the Robert Aron, the American biographer Leahy Thomas has also developed a well-developed historical sense—that of a domestic Senator Joseph McCarthy scolding Lyndon Johnson when the latter was in the White House. Leahy Thomas is not only a writer, a lawyer, warrior, possibly a socialist, but it would surprise me if it had the slightest effect in his thinking, or in his methodology. I understand, for example, that he would be unable to agree, that the Senator was looking in here, and that he was looking in there, and that the notion of truth is something that is, switching the light, growth, and commitment. I am sure, I was not sure, of its presence, covering up for all time a mountain peak of history that I have never heard of. I am sure, I was not sure, of its presence, covering up for all time a mountain peak of history that I have never heard of. I am sure, I was not sure, of its presence, covering up for all time a mountain peak of history that I have never heard of.

Anyway, the myth has warped. As Mr. Thomas shows convincingly, Kenneth McCarthy's wild exaggerations and ferocious onslaughts by a substitution of truth—namely, that throughout the Administration, in high and low places alike, there were men needlessly working to overthrow what passes for being American democracy, and to replace it with what passes for being a dictatorship of the proletariat as worked out in the USSR And This without reason for any undertaking.

McCarthy was also a product of the

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RECORDINGS
MARTIN BLAYER

Among this year's more remarkable materials is that of the composer of the *De Finibus*, perhaps the greatest work of art ever written in the English language. It is an encyclopedia. All the characters, types, and the music written for them by John Luther Adams, the composer, are there. Everything is in their humanity. Everything is on the surface, and as Bernard Shaw once said of his own plays, "it can be compiled to take seriously. But on its own terms, it is a thorough masterpiece—much fun, and so beautiful." The types are all there, and these types are still with us. Given our present situation, the fables that have been written about the world and the popularity of letters in treasury notes, it could be set in contemporary America with little creativity. How does it feel to read it? It is like never Alfred Hitchcock is who Henry what can't be shared? "Totally on the edge of the world," says the author, Mitchell on the smaller reader. Freud or the extra-long answer. How? Truman Capote, for once, as Grifols.

[illegible]

To meet them Strauss had to Makino may seem a larger jump than it is—Makino, after all, was the architect who brought the *Phedra* out of the theatre, and into the Vienna Staatsoper for the first time, and some of his kindler and more sentimentalists relate more closely to Strauss than to Schickel. Still there isn't much in common between the *Phedra* and the *Das Lied von der Erde*, which is all about remembering the things that can't be changed. They come together here because *Das Lied* also has received a great new revision, by George Solti.

and the Chicago Symphony, Rene Kello and Trombe Maylen (London). Solti was at work on this recording while I was writing a piece about him last spring, which necessarily brightens my pleasure (the piece was pretty much a rave) to have well it came out.

The owner movements are the test of a performance of Don Lee—it is hard to go wrong in the saddle—and

[illegible][illegible]

And parents: We have had a rash of Dupin recently, much of it first-class. A fine celebration: Gary Graffman's twenty-fifth year before the public of fees as a recitalist to both the parent and the composer, assuming entirely of popular parent, which are more the more for that—the big Brahms, the G-Miner Schubert, the A-Flat Minuet Schumann, and the two most popular Prokofiev and Shostakovich (Columbian). Maurizio Pollini, returning as a mature pianist after some years away, plays the op. 39 and op. 85 Beethoven with great awareness and a strong left hand.

(Dante's *Gemstones*)
My favorite Chinese experience of the last few months, however, was another one made near here in New York City. It happened in Palo Alto, where Jacob Latimer played the G-Sharp Wang Kohler with loving authority and immense technical brilliance during a piano that had apparently been raised from history books. He was a student at this venue, A Stanford University, audience that filled only about half of Unkempt Auditorium went out of its skins for this piece and for two of Latimer's more home concepts (*The Four-voice-Fugues* with the random chance, and the *Paganini-and-the-Crescendo*). The music was so good it was a shame that the Stanford University managers will be able to sell out the little hall.

[illegible]

musical indicator has replaced or revealed an important portion of the orchestra, and though I am still far from convinced of his quality as an interpreter, it would be nothing short of charity to deny him significant talents as an orchestra-leader. He would also seem to be an audience-builder: the Open House was packed, and something like half the audience seemed to be twenty-five or younger. Anyway, congratulations to these Californians. I hope they won't miss the Reinhold too much and will enjoy Europe. I know Europe will enjoy them. ■

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CONVERSATIONS WITH DU JOUR

By Paul Gillette

First read Malraux's monumental *Fallen Oaks*; now read something really monumental

Christmas Eve, September, 1911: the trumpets of glory are muted now, with a small made and a kind of low great heart, the four bells we enter his figure, slightly bent, provides me into the humble from come: he goes to the hearth, over which hangs a large earthenware pot, fully away there, and for an instant I am transported to another time, another place, the Jew of the rings. "The greatest actor in the world" looked about him like a cardinal about the Pope... Rastignac, Goussier, Krasnowsky, Goussier, Malraux, not more beautiful had there been another... Bonifaz did not merely cook for France, Bonifaz was France... and then du Jour was France... but not... we never... gone! One picture Eliza in his absence, the kitchen dam, the shadows about the steam columns like funeral kneeling.

du Jour speaks: "How are you today?"

I report that I am well. du Jour observes that I appear to be well. "And madame?"

I report that she, too, is well. "I am glad to hear that." He makes a small, circular gesture with his hand, inviting me to sit. I observe that the room is similar to that with which he sits a pot. I remember a night 1849. Not dark. The German outside. Bonifaz, Artillery with burning only a few inches away. It will not be long. du Jour at the field stove, warming. He was twenty-two, I twenty-one. "Bring me the cruet?"

I brought this.

"The palate of the vaquero"—he stirs, reflectively—"as he has discovered the palate of the water."

"And if the target is cut out?"

"Speech, as Bonifaz has remarked, becomes difficult."

"Good. Yes," I proceed him, "have observed that to me killed by light every painting in the Musee Louvre."

du Jour sticks with the papers he passed over his name for a moment he has shaken it. Then: "Burns is not Shakespeare. Nor even Burns, for that matter."

"I can tell that Burns was a Shakespeare."

"Perhaps. But not Burns."

Now, Malraux, du Jour peers out the window at the frame countryside, the earth hard and unyielding, the trees, many with age. The cruet dances from the hearth, except his sharply, shielded features. "Would you like some coffee?"

I remark that I would.

"Cruet and sugar?"

"Cruet only."

He nods. "I am not much for sugar."

myself in coffee, that is, because as chocolate, of course, is an entirely different matter." He rolls a cord. In the distance, a bell rings. Bonifaz appears. She is, of course, beautiful. As every. In her own way "Coffee," says du Jour. "Cruet only?"

"Yes," she replies.

"Just one."

du Jour peers again at the window.

"Bonifaz," he remarks, "no longer eat. They mostly ingest."

"It is," I reply, "an Churchill once said: 'A Bonifaz with his mouth, as And with his sword.'"

"Stake believed"—his eyes fix to mine—"that the market is nothing but the crowd Bonifaz agreed that now—"

du Jour says.

"When you cooked," I remark him, "there was no question about the taste of France."

"Not of Belgium. In the words of de la Rockefeller, 'If the soap is found, the soap is found.' Still—"

He stirs at me, ghostly. "I had an understanding with France. I cook. You eat. The bread might be hard, the cheese soft. No matter the rest of my table, napkin on her lap. No one asked if I was ready. Now—"

He leaves back in his chair, his great head slowly rolling back, his mouth open, revealing an artery, pure being, almost as if he were "What do you think of this?"

"A solid one. A short-order cook."

du Jour smiles. "A breakfast cook. Order him and away—his, he will not disappoint you. But—"

He shakes. "It is as Mac said. He who won curls up his nose is least prepared to have his feet stepped on."

"So long as one's feet are not stepped on, it is all right."

"Yes. But if they are—Which, of course, would be understood. What do you think of Mac?"

"The greatest cannot be separated from his responsibility."

"It were one. Bonifaz is the dough not to which responsibility is the hole."

"A doughnut must have a hole."

"If it is not in a doughnut, a doughnut."

A cruet, on the other hand—"

He makes a small, pulsing gesture with his hands and shoulders, then points to the fireplace.

"A cruet is a doughnut, not a cruet in a doughnut."

I remember Andrew's Vicky. Good.

Do you remember the time in Washington when Kennedy's wife—"

I nod.

Epiphany reappears.

"Would you like another cup of coffee?" du Jour asks.

I reply, "No."

du Jour nods. ☺

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several weighty questions and about these drinks he leaned back expansively and said to the two journalists, 'Why don't you all come on out for the Ouzo, and get some of that Halki moussaka?' One of the writers was an *in-memoriam*, I think, and surely had a had moment all over the table but, to their credit, they rapidly collapsed, with me and Ben, who told us later, and there wasn't another serious question the rest of the night. If only Ben could always be second.

I don't know what prevents me and the other directors at *News* from just saying flat-out to any particular case I deserve all the discomfort I get since I myself used to be on the other side of that tape recorder once paid. As a journalist, understand, my questions were I'm sure just as tough to take as I now. And those directed at me. A particularly awful hotel I had—and one common to most interviewers, I'm afraid—was to dig out in the rooms of such famous people several self-styled assistants the victims had been wanted to make. There I would



2000

She reads the poem and asks him to elaborate or qualify. However, as Mr. Welles pointed out to me rather late that night, possibly when I'd done this to him one too often, if a critic remarks on a poem enough to be quoted, it really requires no amplification, and if it does, wasn't worth quoting in the first place. Of course, that's if one can even remember the damn thing you said. It is wonderful how the old Robert Browning story asked to explain a line of poetry "like some little woman," "When that was written, only God and Robert Browning knew what it meant. Now, only God knows."

Bolder directors find various ways of coping with all this—the younger ones are stuck with being either bawdiest, enthusiastic, pompous, pretentious or rude. Now, John Ford, for instance, simply pretends not to recall any angle-shot, scene, actor or incident in any one of his films. He remembers them all, of course, vividly, but it was not an interview about when a director that he was.

"In *Young Mr. Lincoln*, did you ...?"
is interrupted with, "Did I make that?"
If the question is really complicated
and profoundly intellectual, Ford enjoys
himself by pretending to be deaf so that
you must repeat it. And repeat it—each
time louder. Nine believes me, there is
no question on earth that you cannot
anything but come after it has been
asked five times at an even-margined
volume. When he has made you say it
as loud as possible and is sure you now
understand himself how stand the whole

Just von Sternberg's answers were graciously designed to make you were you were safe "Who did you always have Dietrich wearing feathers?" you'd say, and he'd answer, "She wore more feathers." "But Mr von Sternberg, in *The Scarlet Empress*, the empress she - " "I don't remember." And that was the end of that.

Hirshock goes around my questions he doesn't like by telling an amusing story that usually has little to do with what was asked, but is so diverting or elaborate that by the time he's finished, the interviewer has himself forgotten what he wanted to know.

Charles Chaplin, at an advanced age but otherwise quite healthy, turned to an over-the-hill interrogator and told her he was terribly sorry but he had trouble remembering anything because he'd recently had a stroke.

[illegible]

name-dropper who would probably not tell James Mason "Jimmie."

Speaking of Mr. Stewart, he was also the source of considerable dismay for me in Italy. I've shared one of my most often repeated painful turns in to attend Stewart's distinctive nose—but to mention Carnegie's, Cary Grant's and a few others. I've no Rich Little (who, by the way, must be the best white-noise record



10



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bers), but these little numbers of mine usually cost with some small amount of yacross. Well, there I was in Rome during the war for the press, and receiving only the most my and I remember the little, with a beautiful friend clad so in so the fact that all American movies are debased in Italy and that so I believe had ever loved Jimmy Stewart's voice—or Grant's or Casper's or, in fact, any American movie star's voice in history. It was always some fine Italian actor speaking for them. So, Rich, don't ever go to Italy—or Japan, either, for that matter. If you see a John Wayne movie in Tokyo, I've told, he speaks just like Toshiro Mifune. A shocking thought which speaks well for a future to meet movies as the only true national language and cinema was aware of that great quote of Jean Renoir's: "In a truly civilized case," he said, "this the shortest sentence, a person who called another's voice would have been buried at the stake as a heretic—for promising to imply that a man could possibly have two souls."

Anyway, perhaps the whole question of movie business should be put to rest. After all, a good movie, like any good work of art, shouldn't really need disapproval from the author. As cinema used to say about their jokes, "When you make a joke, let it, they must be good and." Of course that would put critics out of business too, and as one who used to enjoy the movie business, I stop about of suggesting such harsh measures. I wouldn't like to stop any one from seeing and talking about the movies, though I do sometimes get the sense, being that we're speaking in a void. Does anyone care? In America, fewer people go to pictures than ever before, just as there are fewer newspapers and magazines to write about them. The movies and the reporters are slowly but surely being driven into extinction by that all-mighty laser eye of the television. Maybe not by Mr. Crow's deadline, but perhaps by Mr. Kubrick's, there'll be no movie theaters at all, and no written news. Just TV. In that gloomy crystal ball, I can see that the only critics will be on TV and surely they can't invade the TV news to tell you whether to watch or not. Some sponsor would allow that even in 2025—but no doubt they'll follow it to tell you in what you wanted to be told you what a book you were for. I think it. And will the old Q and A form be dead? Will the directors and writers of these new movies be asked to explain "what on earth they've done and why?" Probably so. What is there that could possibly stop this movie we have that has led us to an age where the director is, "A time when most books are books about books." And then, of course, you can't tell the tale shows. By the time of the new century, they are sure to be the only form of communication known to mortal man. And, after all, Dick Cavett's first question to me was, "Who did you shoot your film in black and white?" And, in front of more people than would ever see my picture, I told him as though I'd never been asked before.

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"I fought my way past all the bugs... now it was over."

“GOOD BYE NICK”

My name was Kid Sugar And I coulda been champ
I earned the title shot ... the hard way But the commissioner
wouldn't give me the fight

"Nick," he said, (he always called me Nick because of the cuts and scrapes I got from shaving.)

"with all those marks on your face, the doctor would stop the fight before the first bell."

I'd never been out, not in the ring. I pleaded for my chance. "Sorry Nick, my hands are red." It was goodbye Nick. Hello skids. I fought my way past all the pups in all the tank towns in America and now it was over.



I sat in front of my locker, trying on my gloves for the last time, when inside one of them I found a package and a note. It was a Gillette Technic razor. The note said, "Nicky, I'd rather you'd have finished your violin lessons. But if being as your life... Good Luck, Mom." The Technic razor had a continuous band, no sharp corners to cut my face. It was light, had balance for a smooth, safe shave. All enclosed in a safety capsule so I'd never have to touch a blade again.

Shortly thereafter I was sitting with Mom at the symphony, when the tall, gray-haired man approached. "Hello, commissioner," I said.

"Hello, Chanel"



thrilled with the subject matter. We changed the title to take out the nasty word Death. Arthur was to direct it, and I got Ted Mendl (whose first produced work was an *Alfred*) to write it. The more Ted and I talked the more we agreed it would work better on the stage, so to the great relief of CBS I bought it back, and we did it for the theatre." *All the Way Home* won the Pulitzer Prize.

We're devoted, and I pull Fred back to the chronology of the early life and times. "At the end of the war I came back to my old job," says the author, but history after history indicates a war where (the first wife) was a secretary to an agent named Jack Davies who handled people like Frank Fay, George S. Davis, a kid then, Fred Astaire, and Genevieve Davis was also a friend of Julius Zeltz's (Hollywood then being head of MGM). Taylor, long retired, is well into his eighties. "But every time I do something, even now, I get a delirious letter of thanks from John. A Delirious letter, on the margins I was writing a play called *This Time Next Year* about *Myra Breckin*. He stars as the Amish woman. I wrote it up like that."

The time of the play strikes chord, an echo of some long-past disaster, and I ask if Fred didn't enter the play on television. Fred nods. "It was rotten," he says, "except we did a live remote from Grant's Tank, the first time ever." Fred starts to wheeze, a wheeze rather like Hugh "I just remembered" the actor playing Grant had to get into costume and makeup at NBC. Then, he went downstairs in a tremendous rush, jumped in a cab, and said to the driver, "Take me to Grant's Tank!" The wheeze subsides. "Can you believe what we did in there now?"

Back we go to a Thursday afternoon when I was called to the last fasting and asked if I could report to NRC as a Moslem. I said yes. I was not a Moslem, but I said yes and didn't even pack my last worldly bag. That was in the Fall of 1942. The motor TV department was in one big room. A man named George was in charge. He was a white man, there were two men producing, a woman in charge of music, and I think two secretaries. A month after I arrived, Warner Wood came in as a writer. Then in 1943, Owen Davis Jr. became head of the department, and we did a Theatre Guild show, the first regular motor production on TV, and we did a few more. In 1944, the year of the Green production, I directed. We did things like Our Town and a show play with Gertrude Lawrence. The show lasted as long as the play took to perform. There was not a problem in production.

²²In 1945 *Palen* started, hour shows adapted from full-length plays. I devoted thirty-nine the first year, almost collapsed, and took off six weeks. When I came back I settled for being just a *producer*.²³

People either ask for Beefeater;
or they ask for gin.

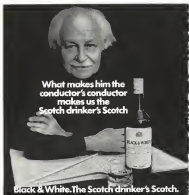




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I ask Fred how many television shows he estimates he's produced, and he blinks a moment. "Well, seven years at the Playhouse, fifty-two a year simultaneously with Philco, either in '48 or '50, there was a six-year series called *Musical Comedy Time*. Three years of *Mr. Peters*, fifty-two a year, two years of *Producers' Showcase*, an hour and a half a month, twelve or fourteen Playhouse '59's, a season of Playhouse's '61, and during the two years before Philco I did the *Barker Playhouse* and the *NBC Playhouse*, about fifty shows. Then, some *Do Not Adjust Your Set* and several other specials like *Yuletide Fun*." We agree that's a lot of television, and I remind Fred that as his partner we'd seen some rather halfhearted shows called *Studio*, starting *East Window*, and also a number of *First Person*. He nods, suddenly looks pained. "But the lowest I ever stooped was doing a year adapting David Liven's music. The money was good, but these shows were awful. *Jenny*!"

The revolution of one talented look Fred is another. "I knew the distinction of directing the first RCA color show," he says, "and losing." The time was 1949, he explains, when RCA and CBS were battling for governmental recognition of their respective color systems. RCA's was essentially the system in general use today, but the issue was then in grave doubt. "The CBS system involved a color wheel," Fred says. "It was more exact, not vibrant, and non-compatible. The wheel whirled at incredible speed, and the joke was if a wheel ever flew off a set it would demolish half of New York."

"The network's asked me to direct the demonstration for the F.C.C., a production with Gladys Swarthout. In rehearsal in Washington the color was just incredible, as good as anything I've seen since, but in the actual demonstration the color fell apart, and CBS won the competition. It proved out a temporary victory, but we didn't know that then. I had to ride back to New York in a private car with Bob Stewart and the General. It was death. Millions had been gambled and, they thought then, had been lost."

In 1950 Fred would again work in Washington, this time more successfully as John Kennedy's television adviser during the Presidential campaign. But that's another story.

And another story. "Tell me about *Father*," I say, and he looks at me a moment. "I've never told that to anybody." A pause while he fields a cigarette. "But, what the hell."

"I was a healthy piece of the show, you know, but Pre always suspected that my name wasn't on the longest running, most successful show in history. The way it happened, Sheldon (Harnick), Jerry (Lewin), and Joe (Eins) came to me with a complete project, book and screen. I thought it was great, and I'd produce it. Actually, the book was a 1930s surprise, a *Guide to Mississippi* wanting to do their show, but to me it was pure life material, and I could relate a lot of it to things I knew and cared about. The



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SPORTS JONATHAN SEGAL

It is just prior to Super Bowl V, January, 1971. The public-address announcer in Miami is asking everyone to rise and be silent in memory of those slain at the Vietnam war. Four jet fighters fly by, one out of formation, symbols of the American presence in war. The crowd remains silent for a minute recites a prayer invoking God, country and football. Then the drums roll, either around their country, heads bowed for a moment, after which the game begins.

One evening afterwards, for Don Lewis is practicing punting. After one glorious kick, which made more than half-way down the field, he runs up to the city, jumps on his, and yells aloud:

"How'd you like that one, dad?"

Don Mattis is a handworking and a good man who loves to win. He is also coach of the Chicago Bulls, who, not coincidentally, reflect those same attributes as a basketball team. Mattis is a Mormon, not a devout Mormon, but a good, practical one. "I don't believe in falling to my knees and praying for something that I can do myself by getting off my butt and working hard," he says. But he does fall to his knees often as a coach, kneeling in front of his bench in private situations, directing his team, showing reverence and encouragement. In those games Mattis doesn't sweat very much when he experiences his deep personal with a referee. "I don't see any hypocrisy in that," he says. "I work hard and try to do my best and a referee should see as much of it as I do. I've got to tell him he's screwing up."

During children years of coaching in high school, college and the pros, he has held a brief prayer session with his players before most games. "It's a simple prayer," says Mattis. "We pray that we will control our anger and that our hard work will be rewarded. I don't ask anyone who doesn't believe to recite words just for the sake of reciting them, but I do ask you to remain silent to respect the wishes of those who want to pray. I think it helps to bring us together, to respect one another. Once with the Bulls, I forgot to call for the prayer—it was an important game, I was really excited—and one of the players who doesn't believe pulled me by the arm and I was on my way to the court and reminded me. So I guess it sort of means something to everybody."

Mattis knows that the tenets of his religion are discriminatory against blacks, prohibiting them from rising to the church on the same level as whites, so he expects blacks to have a religiously wide-eyed tolerance for him when they first join the team. In a league that is 85 percent black this could be a problem, but it isn't. Mattis has the Bulls' Fan of the Year, and he usually is kinder than the team's successful employs an aggressive, trapping defense that requires dis-

ciplined teamwork; the offense is coordinated and well-coordinated. "I consider the Bulls very successful today and I try to treat all players accordingly," says Mattis. "I think it would be disturbed if a black didn't have his doubts about me at first. It might indicate he wasn't the kind of person I'm looking for. Once he expresses his acceptance, though, I talk them with him and tell him honestly how I feel about things, and he tells me how he feels. So far that system has worked very well for all concerned."

As a man with a very focused sense of religion, Mattis was upset when George Allen organized a public prayer session in the Washington Redskins locker room, captured by "Sports Illustrated" Tom Stinner, after the NFL championship game. "I thought it was stupid," says Mattis, "because it was a publicity far which he got a lot of recognition. That prayer should have been in private; it is the best sense of the word is a family, and a family's affairs are its own. Problems should be talked about in private, and thanks should be offered in private. That's what gods are for."

Mattis's comments reflect an antipathy to a controlled and better performance of, not should perform the way talk, body and soul. Which is distinct from a natural, constructive and accepted performance that exists on Mattis's team. Billy Graham once said that "there are probably more really committed Christians in sports, both amateur and professional, than in any other occupation in America." The statement is a difficult one, but there is no question that a great deal of religious feeling and ritual manifests itself in sports, in the play of players, coaches and owners. Many players and coaches are simply the product of religious experiences. They may very rarely believe, either as players or coaches, in religion and high-school athletes, pro or semi-pro players and as a group are the rule rather than the exception. Personally, the sports very, in basketball, group prayers do not take place, although there is some serious clubhouse praying to players on the Chicago Bulls, for instance, with the league approval of no less a figure than Leo Danachar, group discussions on religion have taken place in the locker room. In hockey, almost all of whose participants are Canadian and more than two thirds Jewish, Catholic, religion is merely if not mentioned just once. Mattis may be the only coach with regular prayer meetings in basketball, although most teams, if they have together at the time, have some one say a prayer before Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners. When Connie Baswell, who believes in being by the Bible, was playing with the New York Yankees, he was frankly told by several players to discontinue his elaborate religious work.

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[illegible]

departed, stars are unusual birds are
standard procedure.

mentary presence. "I wish to promote active, sports events that will eliminate the stigma of a lame-hand work, discipline, mental respect, confidence," he said. He chapter heads of a Christian Sports Association, a group of 100 Christian athletes is fond of using the phrase like "the Bible is the game plan of life and Christ is the master coach." But reliance can be a misapprehension. "I am not a Christian," he justifies his violence by he is convinced that becoming a champion, regardless of the nation, where God he has made the most of his abilities. A coach can expect a rise in the number of athletes, most by saying his job is to get the most out of his players, that is what he says of scoring the Lord. An owner of a professional team has not-to-pare-leave a player to make a game-winning knockout.

"Motown would probably object to such manipulation. Former football players like George Sear Jr. and Don Montgomery have Joe Don Looney ("never was serious or aply named," a player once quipped) on one occasion expressed his disapproval of team prayer sessions by leaving and going to the adjoining race, putting on the radio and dancing—just. Other players haven't been so obvious in their dislike for command prayer, but many of them, a majority on some teams, object to paying dues to attend, as long as they

are given well for the team as one wants to attract fans. And not everyone is impressed by team "show-biz." The late Adnan Clayton Power, once declared himself one for the Karate, but he was virtually uninvolved in the locker room, especially when he had lost training. As uninvolved chapters of the Walker and the Karate, the Karate club and asked for permission to establish a team price. After Sherman was assigned and, knowing Tim Tashiro to be a religious man, asked him for advice. Tashiro said he and the team were trying to get ready for a football game and weren't interested in a team price. Sherman countered that the Karate was a very old and had to be very old. He said he and the other team's bench line that afternoon.

While pastors will refrain from making a fuss about mass prayers, as several members of Congress last year testified by, expanded religious trappings that are introduced into the schools, which they see as strictly secular, are courts. Some critics consider the religiously as unnecessary in the national curriculum, the military honor guards and hymns, which all have very little to do with the way the game is played. A coach or owner in line, of course, to be an influence on the coaches, but who, does he have to reflect his preference on the explicit substance of the game and players after?

One of the disastrous effects of all the false party is that men like Morton,

who have learned something about themselves, about their sedens and about their church through participation in athletics, men like that remain the unspecialized exceptions. Those who do get the sedens, unfortunately, have a tendency to say things like "swearing is everywhere, losing is winning," or as the coach in *Joan MarCUS's* *The Championships* *Sevens* says, "You have to learn to win." Not much of a Christian ethic, especially, they are the Marjones of the athletic field.

When a human being is expressed fully in football, it very often carries with it some concomitant benefit for the man who expresses it, and not apart from. So much so that the instant at the prayer and before a Dolphin game (most of all Allen's university), it automatically serves to enliven the image that the football game about to be played is a lowered contrast. That is a lively scene to present to the public. And when Reagan is teamed up with his running mate, Goldwater, it is the absolutely attractive backfield that is the result. The two men, in fact, are made of it, indeed, in his own dress, while some of his men differ.

Jack Scott, wildlife director at Oberlin College and founder of the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society, has similar dreams, but for him they are nightmares. "As people examine more pointedly what's wrong with this society," he said recently, "they see those who wish to hold the line for old 'estate'

ished myths protecting themselves and their attitudes toward life with a cruder and cruder use of spiritual force. That's what we're seeing in football. An attempt to sell with religion what some people think is important, not to make sports more meaningful."

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WOMEN NORA EPHEON

I once read something in a reporting piece that made a profound impression on me. The word thing is that now that I am stuck with this profound impression, I have no idea where I got it. I don't read it in a collection of reporting pieces by William S. Burroughs. But I don't. I have been through the book for hours trying to find it and it isn't there. In any case, the way I remember the incident (which probably has almost nothing to do with what actually happened) is that a group of publisher's editors and editors are in New York for a week and want very much to go to Grand Island. They go to Times Square to take the subway, but instead of taking the train to Brooklyn, they take an express train to the Bronx. And what happened was that about that incident was that the reporter, whoever it was, had been cool enough and detached enough and professional enough and (I could not help thinking) read enough to let the happenings play like the wrong train. I could never have done it. And when I read the article, I was startled and sorry that I could not let the story be a whole lot better when they take the wrong train.

When I first read this, I was a newspaper reporter, and I still had some of

know about objectivity—and certainly about that thing that has come to be known as journalistic journalism. I believed that reporters had no business getting really involved in what they were writing about. Which did not seem to me to be a problem of the time. A good part of the reason I became a newspaper reporter was that I was much too cynical and detached to become involved in anything. I was temperamentally suited to be a witness to events. Or so I told myself.

And now things have changed. I would still like to be described as a professional journalist, but I am a writer and I am a feminist, and the two seem to be constantly in conflict.

The problem, I'm afraid, is that as a writer my commitment is to something that, God help me, I think of as The Truth, and as a feminist my commitment is to the women's movement. And ever since I became jointly involved with it, it has seemed to me one of the strongest forces of this movement that there is no way to tell the truth about it without, in some small way, ensuring to hurt it. The fact has convinced me that this was during an episode that has become known as The Ladies' House Journal Article. A couple of years ago

as you may remember, a group of feminists met in at the offices of Journal editor John Mack Carter to present the well-known editorial content of his magazine, to their shock, Carter agreed to their own demand, and gave them ten pages of their own in the Journal, and \$10,000. Shortly thereafter, I was asked if I would help "edit" the article that was being written for the section—I put out a quote, because what we were really doing was covering them—and I began to sit in on a series of meetings with movement leaders that I found alternately fascinating, horrifying, and hilarious. The incident I thought never occurred when the fact sheet of the article was sent me and read aloud. The article was a conversation among few feminists. The first woman to speak began, I thought, quite reasonably, "I feel," she said, "that as I have grown more aware of who I am, I have grown more in touch with my sexuality." The second woman—and you must remember that this was supposed to be a conversation—then said, "I have never had my sexuality in my vagina." It seemed to me that the only possible result a third person might contribute was, "Coffee, tea or milk?"—there was no other way to turn it into

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Years past, and it is 1973 and I am at the Democratic Convention in Miami. I am a member of the press corps, and a group of Dirty Deeds' followers is trying to organize a drive to make Shirley Chisholm Vice-President. Presumably, they are going to get a lot of support in S.W.O., and it is mutually apparent to the journalists in the room that she does not know what she is talking about. I am sitting next to a woman who is telling the group of partisans assembled in this dusty hotel room that petitioning for Chisholm is a waste of time. "Federal candidacy must be in at the National Committee by Tuesday afternoon. But the President won't be nominated until the 15th of June. So the only way to get Vice-Presidential petitions to not have to be filed until the next day, I am supposed to be a reporter here and let me tell you, I am not going to let them take the wrong turn. But I can't, and my hand is up, and I am very sorry. I am not going to let them have better the wrong information, there's no need to rush the petitions, they can't be due until Thursday. After that, I am going to go back to the hotel with a fellow journalist/feminist who has managed to keep her mouth shut. "I am not going to let them know that there's just a little bit of a stir, and they're just saying that they're going to do it," she replies. (The next night, at the convention debate on abortion, there are a lot of people in the room who are convinced in the house that they are supporting the delegates. So I feel slightly like

[illegible]

I still don't use more story to the point—though that one is just about me. A year and a half ago, some minutes from the Los Angeles *Selfish* club came to New York to demonstrate (in)yourself genealogy and performed an alarion onstage using a controversial one called the Harmon scale. Subsequently, she was named as the author of the book, *Selfish*, which was a serious infection, and had to go into the hospital for a D&C. One of the producers covering the story, a feminist, fainted just about the infection, but she decided not to enter the fact public because she thought that to do so might kill the self-help movement. When I wrote *Selfish*, she again, "well, it was a good idea, you should do it." I understood why she had done it.

But I must not confuse that kind of self-emancipation, either in that respect or is myself? I think that money as such is an advanced position worthy for much about that the movement will think and not here but in the future. I think that the movement is not in fact, the movement is nothing more than an amorphous blob of individual women and groups, most of whom disagree with each other. In fact, no amount of criticism of the movement is sufficient to make it more intelligent. I feel that one can intelligently proceed to know that nothing I write really matters in any significant way to any of it. And knowing all this, I write. I am a feminist. When I message, from time to time, to overcome my political leanings and get all the truth, I feel a little better. And then I worry some-
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EMBRACEABLE NEW

by David M. Rorvik

These twelve pages are a consumer's guide to the New Technology: a selection of goods and goodies recently researched and newly marketed. There are suggestions for your home, your office, your leisure moments. And starting on page 135, there are eighteen more pages of breakthroughs and breakthroughs-to-be. Those pages will convince you to make friends with new things; these pages will give you an idea of the kinds of friends available for the making right now.

HOME

Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner

The Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner, installed in the ducts of your central forced-air heating and/or cooling system, removes up to ninety-five percent of as best dust and ninety-nine percent of the pollen from the air that passes through it.

The new air cleaner traps about twenty times more particles than standard furnace or air-conditioner filters. Its electrostatic precipitation system works like this: air is drawn in to the cleaner through the return-air registers and ducts of the heating/cooling system, and larger particles such as dust and hair are trapped by a prefilter screen. Smaller pollutants, amounting to ninety-five percent of the total pass right through this screen into an ionizing chamber where they are pulled by an intense electrical charge. The charged particles are then attracted by metal plates (not as metal flaps are attracted by a magnet). They remain attached to the plates until washed off. Cleaning is easily accomplished by

removing two lightweight coils, gripping them in collapsible handles and slipping them into a tub of water or an automatic dishwasher. A more expensive model is self-cleaning.

The units are available in 24-by-24-inch and 30-by-30-inch models. The smaller units are adaptable to forced-air systems with capacities up to 1,600 cubic feet per minute, which includes the majority of residential systems.

The larger units work in systems with capacities up to 3,000 cubic feet per minute. All units come with simple on/off switches and indicator lights that indicate whether the system is functioning correctly. A test button verifies the presence of proper voltage. These controls make it easy to detect malfunctions and are expected to eliminate most unnecessary service calls. The units cost \$350 to \$500.





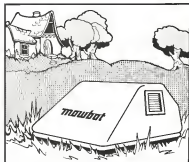
The marketing manager for the Coca-Cola Company knows that Long Distance calls are refreshing ways to maintain great working relationships with local bottlers.



Lawn Robot

A robot lawn mower predictably called the Mowbot will cut the grass while you sleep. Just turn the streamlined little machine loose on the lawn and relax. There won't even be any noise to disturb your slumber since the Mowbot is electrically powered by a rechargeable battery. The Mowbot zips across the lawn, automatically turning away from flower beds, bushes and trees. The Mowbot is guided by electrical wiring buried about an inch underground, which carries about one amp of electricity. It creates an electronic barrier that is detected by sensors positioned on the chassis of the Mowbot. Your job is to bury the wire near the boundaries of your lawn and around trees, flower beds and other obstructions you'd rather not have crossed. The sensors pick up electrical signals from the wires at distances of about nine to twelve inches; these signals are channeled into the drive system and the machine turns away.

Once on the run, the Mowbot moves off in a straight line until deflected. Its movements are random, but it eventually mows the whole lawn. And since it covers most areas two, three or more times, from different angles, there is never any sign of



wheel marks or direction of travel. The Mowbot runs about four hours on a charge and will mow about 7500 square feet of grass in that time. The recharging cycle (on 110-volt household current) is about eight hours. The 135-

pound machine retails for \$640, including cost of wire, battery charger combined with transformer to power border wire, etc. The Mowbot is made by Mowbot Inc., 9 Hicksett Drive, Tonawanda, NY 14150.



Roll-on Fabric

A luxurious effect in home decorating can be achieved with a fabric wall covering that you actually roll onto the walls like paint. You simply add water to mixture of fabric fibers and glue powder, stir and roll. The covering dries in about two days. The Dream Wall, as it is called, comes in various patterns made up of mixtures of rayon, cotton, nylon, silk, acrylic, woolen and acetate fibers in various colors. Some patterns have more drapes and plastic glitters as well. The material comes already bleached in bags, each of which covers twenty-five to thirty square feet. Application is simple: add a gallon of water to each bag and apply with a roller. A putty knife or spatula will take care of corners easily. The Dream Wall is absorbent and resistant, hides cracks, will not show finger marks and forms surprising patterns. Prices start at \$5.00 per bag. Information sheets, price list and free samples will be sent on request from Dream Wall Sales Ltd., 1897 Commercial Drive, Vancouver 8, B.C., Canada.

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Quadradisc

A discrete 4-channel disc that is fully compatible with stereo equipment is now on the market, thanks to the combined efforts of RCA Records, Panasonic and JVC (Victor Company of Japan). The RCA Quadradisc was, until recently, confined to the laboratory, plagued by some technical bugs. These have been exterminated, however, and the Quadradisc is the first record to offer truly superior channels of sound.

The disc (the CD-4) utilizes a conventional V-shaped sound groove. The groove carries regular left and right stereo signals which are recoverable through a conventional stereo system. And in addition, the right channel carries a combined right-front and right-rear sum signal, the left, a left-front and left-rear sum signal. In order to achieve complete 4-channel separation, a high-frequency subcarrier is modulated into (or superimposed on) each groove wall. Thus, four channels of sound are recovered into a conventional groove. Despite the superimposition of the signal there is never any overlapping of sound. (This is not true of "matrix" 4-channel discs in which the original four channels are mixed into two channels and then unscrambled, almost always with less than perfect results.)

With discrete 4-channel data, instruments or voices intended to be heard through one of the four speakers are heard through that speaker and alone. Initially, there were problems with the amount of material



that could be squeezed onto a Quadradisc, limiting per-side playing times to less than ideal lengths. Additionally, the light contact required between groove and pickup stylus caused rapid record wear. New disc cutters and improved materials have overcome these problems. RCA is now

marketing records with playing times of twenty-five minutes per side, long enough for most classical selections. The CD-4 disc may be played on any turntable (though for optimum effect yours should be a turntable requiring four grooves or less of tracking force). The Quadradisc sells for about \$5.98.



The Panasonic Demodulator

For real 4-channel sound you need four speakers, a 4-channel amplifier and a CD-4 demodulator to separate the four signals. The Panasonic RS-405 demodulator is a compact (4 by 8 by 1 1/2 inches) box with a single-function control that permits you to switch from stereo to 4-channel. The high-frequency subcarrier lights a 4-channel "red" indicator that lets you know when your system is producing discrete 4-channel sound. It sells for \$124.95, including a 440-C semiconductor phono-cartridge (with Shoketsu stylus) which has a 20-40,000-Hz frequency range. The similar JVC 400-S CD-4 demodulator sells for \$99.95 without cartridge.

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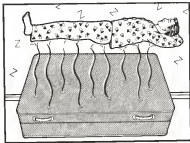
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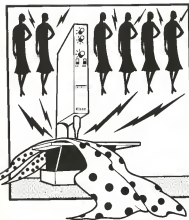
The Gas Mattress

After the water bed no one should be too surprised by a mattress filled with gas. In any event, that's precisely what Sevenson Co. has introduced. Polysol, created by Sevenson and Du Pont Laboratories, is a foam-gel of Dacron/polyester, each fiber of which is composed of kernels of tiny cells filled with Freon. The new material is being used as a mattress cushioning in place of conventional wool and cotton batting. The Polysol mattress, which might be thought of as a cluster of tiny balloons filled with low-pressure gas, is both more comfortable and more durable than conventional cushioning. The gas-filled cells respond with sensitivity to individual pressure points, providing good support "without loadiness." The cells, moreover, have almost instantaneous recovery; the mattress does not retain body impressions. Additionally, the material is one-third lighter than conventional mattress cushioning; is resistant to mold and mildew; does not absorb liquids; is unaffected by body dust and is odorless and non-aller-



genic. The gas cells are airtight. Lighted cigarettes will not ignite the material, and Polysol is self-extinguishing with low smoke and flame

retardance. The gas material is now available in the Simmons Kensington mattress. The Kensington, which comes in all sizes, starts at \$49.95.



WORK

Ultrasonic Sewing Machine

The revolutionary Branson Ultrasonic Sewing Machine Model 300 replaces age-old needle and thread "sewing" instead with high-frequency sound waves. It uses heat from high-speed vibrations to join fabrics together. Though ultrasonic may eventually be used to sew the bones, its present cost limits its practicality to industry. Its makers claim it is faster and easier to operate than conventional sewing machines, saving time and reducing back or training costs. It also saves money by eliminating needle-and-thread (replacements and lost time caused by broken threads).

The ultrasonic machine generates localized heat by creating sea pace of material to vibrate against another, creating molecular changes that melt fibers into each other. Stitching, hemming, tucking, basting, pleating and shirring can all be achieved. It takes only twenty seconds to change cloth patterns, and materials can be sewn together at rates up to fifty feet per minute. For more information, you can write to the Branson Sales-Power Company, Danbury, Conn.



I sell them all ... these are the best!

There's what knowledgeable stereo dealers everywhere are saying. Because AKAI sells everything in stereo cassette machines—GX, J Series, and Crystal Family Heads—Dolby® B, C, and CR—O-Matic—everything!

And you can select from a complete range of models. So you get exactly what you need.

Take AKAI's GX-600 Stereo Cassette Tape Deck. It's expertly engineered with an exclusive GS Head for superior performance. Plus Stereo Control, Tape Selector Switch, Instant Meter, and Automatic Stop.

If that sounds great, but you want to add Dolby®—you'll find it in the GX-600. Great features, huh? But we want and

give going further and combined them all in the GX-600 with AKAI's exclusive ADR® which eliminates almost all high frequency distortion above 10,000 Hz (that's why we call it only). Then we added a unique Over-Limit Switch for high volume recording.

For the ultimate in stereo cassette performance there's the GX-600. You'll find all the features listed in our GX-600 stereo plus Stereo-O-Matic for automatic tape-to-tape. And the Stereo-O-Matic mechanism is unconditionally guaranteed for two years—parts and labor.

Stop wondering where to go to find the cassette recorder that's perfect for you. It's at your AKAI dealer.

Dolby is a Trade Name of Dolby Laboratories Inc. Automatic Stop and Instant Meter are

AKAI

AKAI America, Ltd./P.O. Box 56555, Los Angeles, California 90055

Why you should own a watch that's more accurate than theirs was.

To begin with, maybe you can't imagine any kind of watch more accurate than the kind the astronauts wore on the moon. So we should tell you the Bulova Accuquartz® watch hasn't gained or lost more than 5 seconds a month in laboratory tests. Which makes it many times more accurate than the finest conventional watches in the world.

Which makes the Accuquartz watch many times more accurate than any kind of watch any astronaut ever wore on the moon.

This incredible Accuquartz accuracy is the end-product of an equally incredible chain of actions.

Electricity from a tiny battery travels through a circuit to a hair-like crystal of the finest Brazilian quartz, which is suspended in a miniature vacuum chamber. The current makes the quartz crystal vibrate 32,768 times each second. With each vibration, an electric impulse is sent through a maze of 126 transistors which divide the impulses down to a more manageable 341 1/3 per second. These final impulses activate a tuning fork

which moves the gears which turn the hands and tell the time.

Now, you probably don't have a screaming need to time your actions to an accuracy of 1/6 of a second a day. (Even the astronauts didn't.) But think of this.

A watch that gains or loses only 1/6 of a second a day, can gain or lose only 1 minute a year.

Now, it's a fact that no quartz watches (including ours) have been around long enough to justify a guarantee for that specific accuracy. But we can truthfully say that a Bulova Accuquartz watch gives you more accurate time for a whole year (without fiddling around) than an ordinary watch could give in a month of fiddling.

Which means that, except for seasonal time changes, you only set the Bulova Accuquartz watch's time once a year (when you change its battery).

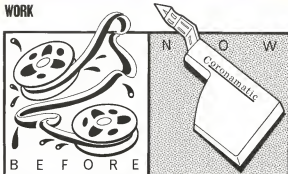
It also means that, in a world where almost everything is iffy, you can walk around with a good-looking piece of certainty on your wrist.



The Bulova Accuquartz® Watch

Shown: #86701 14K solid gold case and dial \$295. See our other styles at low jewelry and department stores from \$200. © Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

WORK



Ribbon Cartridge

The South-Carolina Coronamatic 1660 electric office typewriter has a ribbon encased in a cartridge that can be swapped in or out in seconds. No more threading ribbons through complicated and unresponsive ribbon assemblies and no more tangled messes. Press a button and the old ribbon

pops out. With only little more effort you slide the new cartridge into place through a slot in the side of the machine. The whole operation takes about three seconds. Coronamatic Ribbon Cartridges come in carbon film as well as fabric and both can be used in the same machine. They also come in red, green, blue and black ink. To correct errors simply swap in

the white correction ribbon, type over the mistake, snap the cartridge out and replace it with a regular cartridge. Since the Coronamatic has only one reel and needs no rewinding there are fewer parts to maintain and repair. The typewriter also features "Inkless-to-Paper Location" flick a lever and your paper is properly re-verted and positioned for typing.

Printout Calculator

The Casio Pocketronic is a mini-calculator with a thermal printout. Your addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and other calculations are recorded on heat-sensitive tape that feeds out of the side of the machine. Figures can also be viewed through a window on the face of the calculator as they are typed out on the keyboard. The solid-state thermal printer reliably and noiselessly "burns" figures into the special coating on the tape as you punch the demand buttons. The thermal tape is one quarter inch wide and is packaged in a compact phone cassette which can be loaded or emptied in a single action. No threading is necessary. Unlike most mini-calculators, the Pocketronic is capable of performing double-digit calculations—the most desirable models fit measures 4 by 8 by 2 inches and weighs 1.8 pounds, light and compact enough to

fit easily in one hand. It comes with a built-in rechargeable battery and can be used continuously for more than three hours on a single charge. The battery can be fully recharged in two to three hours with an optional

high-speed battery charger. The latter permits the calculator to be operated on AC current and the Pocketronic can be used anywhere while it is being recharged. It retails for \$192. Tape cassettes are \$1.50 each.



With more than 150 tire brands to choose from...
4 out of 5 Dunlop customers say they'll buy Dunlop tires again.

Testimonial: I realized this from the first time I put on the set at 25,000 miles. My Dunlops have just 30,000 now, look like they'll go another 25,000.
Joseph Cipriotti
Littleton, Colorado

Testimonial: This had to be a set. I've driven 27,000 miles on my Dunlop 48 Wide Road. The way they're wearing I'll get 32,000. They handle better. I won't run anything else on my car.
James W. Jackson
Clarefield, Utah

Testimonial: I can't spend mileage as good as or better than other tires. I know I can depend on them—except to keep on saving Dunlop.
Ray Willy Johnson
Riverside, California

Testimonial: The Twin Shifts seem to make my car handle so much better. I'm so impressed with Dunlop on 4 of Dunlop's 1000 Jackson.
Crescent, Rhode Island

Some companies talk claims, performance and put busy names on our tires. We prefer to have our customers do the talking. And the names we're interested in are their names. Read what they say—then the decision is up to you. That 4-out-of-5 loyalty figure, by the way, comes from a nationwide survey conducted independently for Dunlop. And it's a higher figure than other brands enjoy. But check one of your neighbors who rides on Dunlop. See if he would stick with the brand. For a lot of good reasons. Dunlop, Buffalo, N.Y. and Whitey, Guy.



DUNLOP
Quality costs no more

Off the tee,
any long-distance ball
will do.

Titleist.
Plus-6.
Top-Flite.
Our new
Maxfli.



But off the fairway
and on the green,
you need the new
Maxfli.

Let's clear the air. Off the tee, all the new long-distance balls (including our own) will give you about the same distance. But on the fairway or the green? That's different.

Some distance balls have a low, flat trajectory, and a long roll. Fine off the tee, not so fine otherwise. Harder to loft over a clump of trees, for instance. Harder to hang the ball in the air, make it hit the green and stick.

Other distance balls have a high trajectory, and little roll. They're harder to control. And what those crosswinds do to these balls!

The new Maxfli has an ideal trajectory. Off the tee it starts low, climbs, hangs in the air, drops and rolls. It's not bothered much by headwinds, or crosswinds.

As you go into the higher lofted clubs, Maxfli trajectory adjusts accordingly, gives you an ideal flight pattern for every shot. Better control, too. Maxfli doesn't pop off the clubface, like some distance balls. It hangs on the face a split second longer to pick up the control, loft, direction, and spin you're trying to impart to your ball. Even in a bunker, with sand between the Maxfli and the clubface, it'll pick up backspin, hit the green and bite. And it responds to any putting style, any stroke.

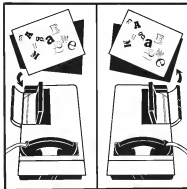
The new, high-velocity Maxfli. With nearly one thousand feet of premium rubber thread wound under controlled tension around a new, secret center. Tremendous potential energy, waiting to be released.

The new Maxfli. Built for distance. But built so that it won't take away on the fairway or on the green the advantage it gave you off the tee.



Sold only by Golf Professionals

Maxfli
By **DUNLOP**
B. KALL, Inc. • Longwood, N.C.



The Xerox 400

A Xerox dog truck has been able to solve some of its problems by using Xerox's 400 Telecopier. The truck's Telecopier can send test-invoice entry lists to the program printer just minutes after the close of business prior to a race. The 400 transmits an 8½-by-11-inch sheet of paper to another Telecopier in just four minutes, via the telephone. Sending a portion of a page takes even less time; a sixteen-line message, for example, can go from one machine to another in one minute.

The Telecopier has a number of practical uses. It permits a reporter to send his copy directly to the newsroom exactly as he has typed it; it allows banks to receive and send signature verifications, credit information, statements, and payroll information; it can serve a salesman in the field by transmitting documents carrying information about prices, inventory, credit, and shipping. Also, the unit is being used advantageously by a number of pharmacies to receive prescriptions from doctors, hospitals, and nursing homes.

For more information about the 400 Telecopier, write to Xerox, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10007.

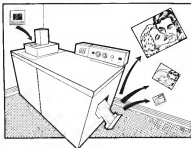
Color Copying

Color-a-Color I and Color-a-Color II are machines that produce color prints (from originals) in thirty seconds and can change colors in non-laborious fashions almost only by the imagination. System I is a three-color (cyan, magenta and yellow) reproduction system with blue, green and red filters that can be used to add, subtract or change colors. The completely dry optical system can reproduce line, halftone, continuous tone, dimensional objects and every color in the spectrum. Its flat image plates will accept opaque, transparent or translucent originals up to 8½ by 11 inches. (A backlighting device illuminates transparencies and translucent originals.) Reproduction is at a one-to-one ratio. You can set the dial for the number of prints you want from one to fifteen or use the continuous print mode.

A variety of graphics arts effects can be achieved with the system. You get animation and movement, for example, by slightly altering the position of the original after each color cycle. You can also change the colors

of your original any way you like to create new effects. You can even add color where none existed before. Black can be reproduced as any color in the spectrum. At the turn of a dial, you can produce (from your original)

a sharp color transparency for projection as a series, a regular print and/or a transparency for a view box or point-of-purchase display. Such machines are from the Duplicating Products Div. of 3M, St. Paul, Minn.



The '73 Jeep. We've got the guts to make it even better.



The most famous 4-wheel drive vehicle of them all is now tougher and longer-lasting...believe it or not!

Some people believe a Jeep vehicle will last forever. So probably they'll expect this year's model to serve even longer. Because we've made it more rugged than ever. With stronger drive train components. Improved clutch linkage. Tougher tires. And a fuel tank skid plate. All in standard equipment.

This year, The Jeep comes with more style, too. The instrument panel is handsome to look at, easy to read. That is a vehicle built for adventure.

More than thirty years of 4-wheel drive experience have made it dependable. Mighty Six and V-6 engines have made it powerful. And its high ground clearance and short overhang have made it maneuverable.

From any point of view, The Jeep is the winner and still the off-road champion of the world.

Toughest 4-letter word on wheels.

Jeep

Buckle up for safety—drive your Jeep vehicle with care and keep America the Beautiful.

WORK

Office Microfilmer

An automatic camera/processor that makes microfilming as easy as Xerox-ing has been marketed by Micrographic Technology Corporation, an affiliate of Xerox Associates. The MTC Model 750 permits you to microfilm documents in a single office machine for the first time. The machine is entirely self-contained and fits easily into even very small rooms. It requires no special plumbing, wiring, processing or darkroom facilities. All chemistry, filming, exposure control, printing and processing systems and materials are entirely self-contained.

Sheet film, contained in special "Tubepaks," is automatically positioned within the camera for accurate exposure. After inserting the document to be microfilmed into the machine, the operator simply pushes the "print" button. The picture is taken in less than one second, after which the film advances, ready to record the next document. When the operator is done filming, he presses the "process" button and in less than two minutes

has a completely dry microfiche card to be viewed on unit shown.

The office microfilmer is ideal for heavily file-dependent businesses like banking, insurance, government, publishing, chain stores, real estate, law firms and educational concerns. In one operation (at RCA Global Communications Inc.), the system reduced storage space required for the retention of message tapes by sixty-eight percent—a reduction in

volume from 600 cubic feet to 18 cubic feet for every six months' supply of messages. The microfiche cards produced by the machine can be fed into computerized systems for very rapid filing and retrieval. RCA Global estimates that the efficiency of the system will save up to \$60,000 a year. Cost of the Model 750 is approximately \$10,000. Appointments for demonstrations can be made through Veritas/MTC in Santa Ana, Calif.



Trans-A-File

This system largely eliminates manual filing of documents. The Trans-A-File system electronically converts documents into digital images which are stored on ultra-high-density magnetic tape for later retrieval. One eleven-inch cartridge tape will hold 50,000 8½-by-11-inch documents. Records of varying size, color, and content can be automatically filed, purged, merged, or retrieved electronically with the push of a few buttons. Both filing and retrieval can be accomplished from remote locations.

Filing with this system is no more

complicated than Xeroxing. You simply place the document on a glass plate in the filing unit and depress a hinged cover that will hold the paper flat during the scanning operation. Once in place, you code the document for proper filing and cross-filing by punching out the appropriate code on the adjacent keyboard. Next, the file-function key is depressed and the document is optically scanned. The scanning cycle takes two seconds; at completion, the plates cover release automatically and the operator removes the document and replaces it with another. To retrieve a document,

you simply enter its code on a keyboard attached to a TV or printer unit. The system can be programmed to retrieve large numbers of documents automatically. Output is microfiche format is available as an option. Other options include a security feature which prevents unauthorized use and a "double-resolution" feature. This unit doubles the number of points that are scanned and digitized.

This system is produced by Trans-A-File Systems Company, 771 Santa

Trueta, Rossmore, Calif. It is owned by subsidiaries of Transamerica and The Singer Company.

You're going
abroad.
You're a little bit
nervous.
You're normal.

Most people on the verge of taking a vacation abroad (particularly if it's their first one) will readily admit to feeling a bit apprehensive.

And with good cause.

Because underneath all the hoopla of going, there is a feeling of uncertainty, "Will it turn out to be everything I want it to be?"

Well the truth is, it depends largely on you.

If you go unprepared, then a lot of little things can crop up which can make your vacation a lot less than you want it to be.

And that's exactly what we can help you avoid.

At Pan Am we've been flying for 45 years, taking people to Europe, Latin America, Hawaii, the Pacific, Africa, and the Caribbean. And we've amassed a tremendous amount of knowledge

about traveling abroad. Knowledge that can help you.

And since scheduled airlines charge the same fares over the same routes, you don't pay any more for the extra help you get when you fly with us.

We can tell you everything you have to know about where you're going.

We can give you some pretty good ideas on where to go if you haven't yet made up your mind.

And we've put all this information into books, booklets, tape cassettes, and pamphlets, available at Pan Am travel agents and Pan Am offices, so that you can share our years of experience.

This booklet will give you a pretty good idea of what we mean

Getting a passport.

To get a passport you will need to show proof of U.S. citizenship. Your birth or baptismal certificate will do. If you cannot produce either, then an affidavit attesting that you were born in the United States is sufficient providing it is signed by a relative or person who has known you for a long time.

You will also need some form of identification that bears your signature, such as a driver's license.

Two identical photos, front view, 2 1/2" to 3" square on a white background, and you're ready to apply.

Application must be made in person.

At your county clerk's office, in some areas at your post office, or in most large cities at the



Passport Agency of the Department of State.

It costs \$12.00, and normally takes a minimum of two weeks for you to get your passport from the time you apply (three in the Spring or Summer) so don't wait till the last minute.

While you're traveling keep your passport with you at all times except when you have to turn it over to your hotel for registration purposes.

Do not pack your passport in your luggage. Should you lose your passport report it to the nearest American consulate or embassy.

Shots.

You can stop wincing. Most countries require no shots nowadays. However, it is wise for you or your travel agent to check with us regarding the specific countries you're going to.

And if you do have to get any shots, take them well in advance of departure as you may experience a day or two of discomfort.

An explanation of U.S. Customs regulations before it's too late.

The last person in the world you want to hear an explanation of U.S. Customs regulations from is the Customs Inspector who goes through your luggage on your return home. Because if he has to explain something it probably means you have something in your luggage you shouldn't have. So rather than getting embroiled in that kind of situation it's a good idea to know what you can't bring back before you go.



When you pack for a vacation abroad, remember you're only going to visit.

There is nothing more aggravating than being weighed down with a lot of excess baggage. Especially when you don't have to be.

The trick to "traveling light" is in the kind of luggage you use (it should be as light-weight as possible) and the amount of imagination you employ in packing.

Women will find that a colorfast dress will see them through all but the most formal occasions.

And a dark business suit, sports jacket and slacks will do the same for men.

And if you stick to one basic color theme you'll find that "mixing and matching" gets you a lot of mileage out of a relatively small amount of clothes. So the best advice we can give you is to take only clothes that you can interchange. That way you

will be able to make up a variety of outfits. (Another bit of advice: leave furs and jewelry home unless you really

need them.) The thing to watch out for is shoes.

They're heavy and they take up a lot of space so try to take a maximum of three pairs, one of which should be good walking shoes already broken in.

If you're required to take pills or other prescription items, take enough to last your entire trip. Brand names of medicines differ from country to country and you might not be able to get refills, so it doesn't pay to take chances.

The same goes for eyeglasses. Take an extra pair, if you have one. (Broken glasses could cost you a half a day's sightseeing.)

One last tip.

Since you'll undoubtedly be coming back with more stuff than you left with, buy an inexpensive, collapsible suitcase here which can fit neatly into your luggage.

This will save you the expense of buying more costly luggage abroad.



How many Groszys do you tip the waiter if the check comes to 87 Zlotys?

Handling foreign currency is not one of the American tourist's strong points.



And while it may be funny to hear stories of how someone tipped some waiter \$5 on an \$8 meal, or bought a pair of shoes for \$45 when he thought he was paying \$16, you're not going to find it funny if it happens to you.

And the only way to avoid it is to "learn" something about the currency of the countries you're going to visit.

To help you do that, every copy of our *Clipper Magazine*, available free on Pan Am flights, has an up-to-date currency converter chart.

Using the chart, you'll be surprised how fast you'll come to think of a British pound as about \$2.50. Or a 100 Polish zloty note is about four dollars.

And when you understand the currencies, then you can read up on the tipping procedures for the different countries. (Pan Am's comprehensive new "World Guide" gives particulars for each country.)

It also helps to understand the art of overtyping.

If you plan to return often to a place, the breakfast room of your hotel, for example, be a little generous the first time. It pays dividends.

How you can get the best rate of exchange.

For the most part, travelers checks and credit cards are the answer to money problems abroad. Most hotels and stores accept them.

Should the need arise to convert a large amount of dollars into local currency, you'll find the best official rate of exchange at banks and "exchange" houses. (Hotels tend to be somewhat less generous, although the convenience of ex-

changing money at the hotel may well be worth it.)

Change only as much American money into local currency as you think you will need, because you can lose money exchanging one foreign currency into another foreign currency.

And in case you run out of money, you can cash an emergency check of up to \$50 at any Pan Am office just by showing your Pan Am ticket.

The art of sightseeing.

Before you go sightseeing, it's smart to have some idea of what you want to see.

To help you do this, you can buy Pan Am "Tour on Tape," handy little cassettes that consist of walking tours around major cities of the world, complete with maps.

You can play the cassette before you leave the hotel, and then take it right along with you and have your own "guided" tour. (Incidentally, this is where those broken-in walking shoes come in. You won't want to have to

skip things because your feet are killing you.)

We also have Pan Am City Map/Guides that not only tell you things to see, but also places to eat and sleep, for major cities around the world.

One very important thing. Some people actually avoid the great sights, like the Eiffel Tower for example, because they feel they're too touristy. But once you're on top, looking out over all of Paris, you'll realize how silly an attitude like that is.

What to eat, what to drink, and where to eat and drink it.



tells you about food and lists restaurants throughout the world.

It tells you where you can dine like a king at kings prices and where you can dine like a king at your prices.

And can direct you to where you can get a mineral water in Italy that was recommended by Michelangelo back in the 15th century or to a meal in Japan for only \$8.30 (soba-buckwheat noodles, meat and vegetables).

We also have a handy new book called "The Real Restaurant Guide to Europe" that not only tells you about the best restaurants, but also tells you where to get the best food for the money.

And, wherever in the world you are, the people in our Pan Am offices can recommend the places they know about that are too new to be in anybody's guide book.

(They can even tell you where you can get a hamburger if you get a little lonesome for home.)

A famous movie star when asked what was the greatest thing he had seen on his trip abroad, was reported to have replied "The veal cordon bleu with pomme soufflé and artichoke vinaigrette."

The chances are he wasn't kidding.

Food abroad is a much different thing than food here.

In fact, you'll probably start to regret that you only have three meals a day to give to your stomach. (Providing you eat in the right places and order the right things.)

Which is where we come in. Our new "Pan Am's World Guide"



The best buys.

Between the last great monument and the next great meal there is always time to indulge in that great American pastime. Shopping. The trick, as in eating, is to know where to go and for what.

Our Pan Am Shopping Guides contain information on shopping in more than 85 countries around the world.

They tell you what the best buys are in each country (topazes, amethysts, aquamarines and tourmalines in Brazil) and even what stores to go to.

They also tell you where you can bargain and where you can't. (You can in Morocco. You'll be wasting your time in Switzerland.)

How about a place where you get a 15% discount for using travelers checks? Or a 20%

discount on luxury items (gold, silver) provided you send them directly to your home in the U.S.

The Shopping Guides also give you a chart which lets you convert your American clothing sizes into the sizes used locally.

And of course, the people in our local offices are available for tips on the latest bargains.

The nicest thing about shopping abroad, however, is that it's more than a collecting process.

Walking and browsing in places like the covered bazaar in Istanbul, Paris's flea market or the floating markets of Thailand expand your knowledge and appreciation of the places you're visiting. Even if you don't spend a nickel.



Common courtesies, local customs and things to watch out for.

Good manners are universal. Please, thank you and you're welcome go a long way anywhere in the world.

If you can learn to say them in the local language you'll be a step ahead of anyone who can't. If you can't, English will do just fine.

In most countries a handshake or a slight bow serve as a hello or a goodbye.

If you are invited to someone's home a small present (flowers, candy) will be deeply appreciated. (Shoes off in many places in the Orient.)

In many countries (Turkey, Japan just to name two) a polite burp at the end of a meal is a compliment not a faux pas. Don't overdo it however. (Our new "World Guide" book sets out a list of common courtesies.)

Since you'll undoubtedly be taking a camera please remember that people's privacy and property should always be respected. Ask permission (sign language works) before you shoot.

A few things to watch out for. The electrical current in some countries may not be compatible with your shaver or hair dryer. Check it out first. (Or better yet, take

along a voltage converter which you can buy at most appliance stores here before you leave.)

In small buildings in France an elevator will take you up, but you are expected to walk down.



In Amsterdam, a great place to buy expensive diamonds cheap, there are people who sell cheap diamonds expensively. Since you can't tell the difference readily, only buy in reputable places.

As a matter of general information, don't buy from people who approach you on the street with "deals" anywhere.

sights to see, where to eat or anything.

These tours are the best way to go for the person who doesn't like to worry about details.

Then there are such wide-open tours as the fly/drive tour. Terrific for the person who likes to "free-wheel" it a little.

Here we take care of your air travel, set you up with hotels and cars and arrange car rental for you and outside of that, you're on your own.

We also have some very special tours that we call our "Pan Am's World" tours. And we offer them to Europe, the Pacific, Latin America and the Caribbean.

We have them for the person who's never

been abroad, and for the person who has been somewhere before, and wants to go back to see it in more detail.

And we have them for people who have a lot of money to spend or a little money to spend.

And every Pan Am's World tour gives you everything it promises. (We even have "Tour Testers," people who stay at the hotels on our tours to make sure they are maintaining good service. If they aren't, we take them off our tours.) And, of course, if you want to, you can always "go it alone."

The people who do this usually have no itinerary or at least a loose one, and just take things



What's the best time to vacation abroad?

Air fares and the cost of hotel accommodations vary from season to season.

If you want the most vacation for your money, the best times to travel are when other people aren't.

For example, to Europe in the winter, and the Caribbean in the summer.

However, some places like the Pacific cost about the same the year around, because they're relatively uncrowded the year around.

Your Pan Am travel agent or the people at a Pan Am office can explain how the cost of air fares and accommodations can vary at different times of the year.

And, if you want, they can also arrange

Airlines charge the same. Airlines don't give you the same.

One thing you do to consider in choosing an airline is what it will cost you.

Because all airlines that belong to the International Air Transport Association charge the same fares to the same places.

So since you can't choose an airline on the basis of what it charges you, you might as well choose one on the basis of what it gives you.

as they come.

If you want, we can arrange to have a Pan Am's World Rent-a-Car waiting when you arrive. We have a wide selection of models. And in many cases you can pick up a car in one city, and leave it in another at no extra cost.

Going on your own is a great idea. But it doesn't hurt to be somewhat familiar with the language. (We have a "pocket translator" that can help you.)

And whether you're going on your own, or on a tour (or even if you don't know where you want to go yet) a good idea would be for you to visit a Pan Am travel agent or Pan Am office, where you can browse through our Holiday Travel Center, with color brochures explaining the vacations we offer all over the world.

for you to charge your trip on a Pan Am Take Off Card or Pan Am's World Travel Credit Plan.



Different ways to go.

The whole question here is, "to tour or not to tour?"

But before you jump one way or another you should know what a "tour" is.

Nowadays, a tour is a pre-arranged vacation plan. In some cases it involves traveling with a group.

In some cases it doesn't. The pre-arranging also comes in varying degrees.

Altogether we have 1500 tours to places all over the world.

We have tours where every single detail is taken care of. You don't have to worry about tipping, speaking the language, the customs, what

To most airlines that means what you get on board a plane. A hot meal, a movie, a drink and some little nuts in a bag.

At Pan Am we think airline service is much more than what you get on board a plane.

The knowledge that we can pass on to you through our experience over the years is part of what we consider "service."

We have 235 Pan Am offices in 120 cities in 84 countries around the world.



In our offices you'll find people who do a lot more than just sell tickets and confirm flights.

We can give you tips on interesting side trips you may want to take.

We can even perform as your post office, so you can keep up with your mail.

We have our own Pan Am's World Rent-a-Car system in Western Europe, Israel and Morocco and will soon have it in other parts of the world.



We have our own Inter-Continental Hotels in 43 countries. (Every hotel is different. But our high standards of service are the same.)

And if you fly on Pan Am via New York, you'll find another kind of service.

Our new terminal at Kennedy Airport, the largest private air terminal in the world.

It's designed to make your stay on the ground shorter and more pleasant. (You can be driven right up to your gate. And we have our own U.S. customs and a unique baggage-handling system.)

There's another part to our service. An important part.

We are the most experienced airline in the world.

We were the first airline to fly the Atlantic, the Pacific, to Latin America and around the world.

We opened more of the world to air

travel than all other airlines combined. And we introduced almost every plane into commercial service. From the beginnings of international commercial aviation, right through to the 747.

Our knowledge and experience in this area is so vast that 24 of the world's airlines sent their pilots and crews to us for training.

As you can see, Pan Am is a lot more than just a hot meal and a movie.

Of course, we're pretty good in that area too.

In fact, we started it all by being the first airline to serve meals and show movies on board a plane.

Another innovation of ours is First Class dining rooms on our 747s. And if you fly economy class, it might interest you to know that last year 13 of the world's airlines came to us to prepare meals for them too.

What it all adds up to is this.

We help you before you go, help you while you're there, and give you a pleasant flight in between.

So if you're planning a trip abroad, see a Pan Am travel agent. Or visit a Pan Am office. Or send in our coupon.

And find out how much an airline can do to make your vacation abroad more enjoyable.

Pan American World Airways Inc.,
P.O. Box 884,
Trenton, New Jersey 08605

Please send me your Travel Planning Kit(s) checked below. Each kit contains our Pan Am's World Guide for the area, Shopping Guide, Travel Planner, Tour Booklets and a copy of Clipper Magazine.

- ☐ Europe & Mediterranean Kit \$2.50
☐ Caribbean Kit \$2.50
☐ Pacific & Hawaii Kit \$2.50
☐ Latin America Kit \$2.50

Also please send me "Pan Am's:
☐ Real Restaurant Guide to Europe" \$2.00

☐ Dial a Phrase™ handy pocket translator wheel for phrases in: Each \$1.00

☐ French ☐ German ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

My check for \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Pan Am Travel Agent Is _____



Pan Am

The world's most experienced airline.

The wine you serve with a meal can say as much about you as the meal itself.

Raffino Bardolino

Well Piccata be gone with the veil pounded even thinner. Then it's sautéed lightly in olive oil, butter, salt, freshly ground black pepper and lemony. It's the kind of meal you serve guests who love Italian food. And to show them you know how they feel, the wine you serve is Raffino Bardolino. Raffino Bardolino is a dry red wine that brings out the best in our soups, light meat dishes and food. Costan meals tell people you care about the kind of food you serve. And certain wines tell people you care about them.



Raffino Soave

Because your guests like seafood, you're serving trout. Aniseed. Fresh brook trout. Lightly salted and floured, sautéed in oil and butter and topped with sliced almonds. And because you like your guests, you're serving the white wine that's going to tell them just how much thought went into the evening you prepared for them. It's Soave. A light, dry white wine that does all the right things to seafood and cold dishes. And says all the right things about you.



Raffino Valpolicella

Baked rack of lamb, fresh baby peas, carried rice and minestrone. A hearty, robust meal you serve to guests who really enjoy eating. The wine to go with it is Raffino Valpolicella, a red wine as delightful and distinguished as the meal you're serving. It goes as well with roasts, veal, quail and cheese as it does with lamb.



RUFFINO

Imported by Schenck & Co., New York

Introducing the Honda Civic. The cost of loving just went down.



We're here to propose a meaningful relationship; with a car to fit your heart as well as your head.

For the headstrong there are measurable dollar and cents appeals. Like a \$2150* price tag. And up to 30 miles to the gallon. But that's only logic.

The heart of the matter is another story. The Civic® is a car of remarkable personality and spunk (who says an economy car has to be dull?). It's for people with enough sensory perception to want more out of driving than just working the pedals and steering.

It's got front wheel drive,

rack and pinion steering, independent four-wheel suspension, power front disc brakes, and four-speed synchromesh transmission. Plus a totally new transversely mounted, overhead cam engine that delivers a disarming amount of scoot. It can add up to a very personal involvement. Test drive it. Sedan or hatchback. You'll see.

Move in on a Honda. Two may not be able to live as cheaply as one, but now there's a way to narrow the gap.

The New Honda Civic.
It will get you where you're going.

*MSRP. MSRP does not include destination charge. MSRP does not include tax, license, title, and dealer fees. Actual dealer price may vary. ©1982 Honda Motor Co., Ltd. All rights reserved. Honda Motor Co., Ltd. is not responsible for any errors or omissions in this advertisement. Honda Motor Co., Ltd. is not responsible for any errors or omissions in this advertisement.



Savin Word Master

Connect a standard IBM electric typewriter to the new Savin 500 Word Master and you have a secretarial dream: an electric typewriter. Even the best secretaries make mistakes. Copying one in every one hundred words! And this means lost time.

The Savin Word Master eliminates the need for most of this extra work. It produces perfect copies—with no visible corrections. Connected to the typewriter by cable, the Word Master

records on magnetic cassettes every word typed. If an error is made, simply backspace and strike over it. The incorrect character is automatically erased and replaced by the correct one. Suppose the job is finished and someone decides to add a few words. Instead of re-typing everything, the operator writes the tape back to the point of change and types the additional words on a fresh sheet of paper. When the letter is finally finished, the Word Master automatically re-types it, correctly filling in all changes.

The Word Master types up to 100 words per minute, making you to make changes in letters or memos minutes or seconds before closing time and still get finished copies. Not a total lifetime cost is only one to two hours.

Selling for about \$4,000, the Word Master is also available for rental. It weighs just 38 pounds and can be transferred from one typewriter to another. The Savin Business Machines Corporation is located at Columbus Ave., Valhalla, N.Y.

3M Sound Page

Buy a special piece of paper—based on one side, magnetic coating on the other—into the Sound Page unit and you have a tape-recording system which synchronizes sound and printed material. The underside of the paper is used to record detailed explanations. Up to four minutes of audio information can be carried on a single page. On the paper side, you enter all necessary visual material that accompanies these audio instructions. When the user plays the page back, he hears just what explains the problem and at the same time sees a picture. Visual aids are provided on the paper.

The unit itself operates like a regular tape recorder. A glass cover may be lowered for note writing (no slurs). 3M thinks the Sound Page will solve many practical problems. A mechanic, for example, can listen to the tape, refer to the visual information, and still work on an engine with both hands free. The Sound Page unit costs \$200; paper (150 sheets), \$32.95.



Why Mr. Jackie Stewart wears a Rolex.

Jackie Stewart doesn't just drive cars. He knows almost as much about their engines and mechanisms as those who design the world famous Tyrrell-Fords he races.

So he fully appreciates the skill and care and patience that go into a piece of fine machinery, large or small.

This puts him in a better position than most of us to understand—and appreciate—the extraordinary craftsmanship that goes into the making of a fine Rolex, the watch he judges to be the finest in the world.

He knows what makes a Rolex so unique.

The Rolex Oyster case. It's carved from a solid block of 18 kt. gold or surgical stainless steel, which makes it seamless—and strong.

The rotor self-winding movement—So accurate that each one is individually certified as a Chronometer.

The patented winding crown. It screws down onto the case to form as firm a seal as the submarine hatch after which it was patterned.

The crystal. Grounded cut to match its case precisely and fitted in such a way that it actually grips more tightly under pressure (deep underwater, for instance).

Is it any wonder that Jackie Stewart holds Rolex to such high esteem?

Why Mrs. Jackie Stewart wears a Rolex.

Rolex Stewart wears a Rolex because her husband gave her one.

It's a Rolex Lady-Datejust. Very feminine. Very elegant. Very correct no matter where Mrs. Stewart wears it, whether chattering for Jackie at the Monte Carlo Grand Prix or quietly enjoying dinner by candlelight.

The simple fact is, the Lady-Datejust is made in exactly the same manner as any other Rolex Oyster.

The rotor self-winding movement is built by the same skilled watchmakers who bring the same dedication and sense of pride to their task no matter what size movement they're making.

The case is a scaled-down version of the men's Rolex—and just as strong. So is the winding crown. And the crystal.

The Lady-Datejust is also subjected to the same exhaustive tests conducted by an official Swiss Institute for Chronometer Tests before earning its chronometer rating, the highest accolade a watch can receive.

The only difference is that it's smaller and more graceful. What makes a Rolex like this so appropriate today is the fact that it's very much like today's women—more than just a pretty face. It's very feminine, yes. But very strong, too.

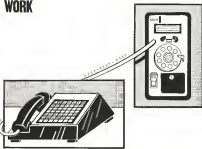
And we take it as the highest sort of compliment when a man like Jackie Stewart picks Rolex as the watch he wants his wife to wear.

Owning one is almost as satisfying as giving one.



Rolex Oyster-Datejust (left). Lady-Datejust (right). Both with 12 1/2 gold case and matching President bracelet. Precious metal dial is 18K. Set. Day-Date—white dial, 18K gold case and bracelet. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc. Six Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018. Dept. AD.

WORK



IBM Phone Hookup

Do you frequently get the urge to get in touch with the home-office computer while on the road or in some out-of-the-way spot? Now you can yield to the urge thanks to IBM's new 2721 Portable Audio Terminal. Whether you're 100 yards or 1000 miles away you can now call your computer to enter data or get up-to-the-minute information without further delay, provided that you can locate a standard telephone.

The Portable Terminal fits snugly

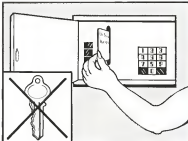
in a luggage-style carrying case that resembles an ordinary briefcase. It's only 16 inches wide, 7 inches deep and 4 inches high and weighs less than 10 pounds. To reach your computer you simply put an acoustic coupler over the telephone mouthpiece and punch in your terminal identification number or security code on the Terminal keyboard. Once you've made contact, 36 alphabets, 10 numbers, 12 special-character keys and a number of function and control buttons permit you to collect data, enter data or make inquiries from remote locations.

The Pinable Terminal has applications in almost every business imaginable, and it provides access to IBM/360 Models 25 through 95 (except 44 and 47). It's designed for use with the 1015 TTYO Audio Response Unit (Model 5). The Audio Unit can be programmed to repeat your word for accuracy and guide you through a complicated transaction. It turns on microphone batteries or plugs into any 110-volt AC line. It costs for about \$300 per month. From IBM's Sales Processing Division, 112 East Post Road, White Plains, N.Y.

Computer Lock and Key

Both RCA and IBM have computerized systems that scrutinize I.D. cards before unbolting doors. The RCA Bitlock system (shown here) enables an employee to use a card with a laser-hologram to gain entrance to an office. The hologram contains a coded number and other information. When put into a slot, the number on the card is read, then matched to a number punched out by the employee on a keyboard. If the two match, the door unlocks for entry sounds.

The IBM Controlled Access System is similar. Among its features: it checks the own memory to see whether a card has been invalidated; it monitors doors to ensure they have been closed properly after each use; the central computer can accommodate entry-door readers. Monthly charge for a system-door system is \$1,468. Each card reader costs \$255.



We ran one of the toughest rallies in Europe on passenger car tires.

Sears Steel-Belted Radials look on the Rally of New Acropolis 1972. A rally as tough, that of the 96 cars that started, only 14 finished. But this DeSoto finished near the top—running on Sears Steel-Belted Radials. Tires you can buy for your own car.

It took three days of torrid driving over the rutted twisting roads of Greece to run this rally. From Athens, through the rugged mountain passes of the Peloponnese, and back again. Tires were changed in accordance with rally procedures.

What makes Sears Steel-Belted Radials so special? Two flexible steel belts for impact strength, wrap-around radial design for road-hugging traction, over seven years of proven performance on all kinds of roads—all combine to make this possibly the toughest, best handling tire you've ever driven.

It's the same tire that's been driven over 79,000 miles on American highways. Of course, like any tire, the mileage you get depends on how you drive.

For more details and official FIA rally results (pending), go Sears. Write Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 695, 303 East Ohio, Chicago, Illinois.



Two Steel belts Radial design



Sears Steel-Belted Radial.

Proven for toughest, roughest and mileage on the toughest roads of the world.

In 1916, the Navy only wanted men. Today we want people who want to succeed.



It's a brand new Navy. To join now, you can be a man or a woman. But to really make it in today's Navy, you've got to have a little of that old American need to succeed. The feeling that you want to go places fast and you have the stuff to get there. The belief that you're someone special.



the new Navy. Like travel. Europe, the Caribbean, Asia are pretty exciting places to work and have a good time. Like money. More than \$340 a month after just four months — with great fringe benefits and one of the best retirement plans in the world. Like people. Making life-long friendships is one Navy tradition that will never change.

If you think you've got what it takes to make it in the new Navy, if you want to go places fast, send in the attached coupon or call toll free 800-841-8000, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Be a success in the New Navy

And the new Navy gives you plenty of chances to prove it. If you qualify, you've got a choice of over 300 jobs. Interesting jobs that keep your head busy. Active jobs that keep your body moving. The kind of jobs you can really get into. Like computer technology and aviation mechanics and seagoing engineering. They're the kind of jobs that give you somewhere to go while you're in the Navy, and when you get out. But there are some other reasons for joining



LEISURE

The Air Boot

All too often in sking the boot is not only where the action is but also where most of the pain is. Even when great care is taken, a proper fit is almost never achieved. Both feet and boots swell and shrink under varying conditions, though they seldom do so in harmony with one another.

A new approach, starting in its simplicity, has been taken by AIR's Head R&D Division. The new Head boot cushions your foot in air. The inner boot is a balloon that provides flexibility needed to accommodate swelling or shrinking. Feet or even an entire pair of socks you might want to wear as a particularly cold day. Similarly, if you feel like you need a tighter boot for better control on a particularly steep or difficult slope, you can quickly make the needed adjustment. This is achieved with the aid of a small air pump and pressure gauge you carry with you in your pocket. The outer boot is made of high-strength polyurethane plastic with built-in vents. The Air Boot retails for about \$155.

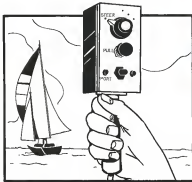


The Autopilot

Sailing may become even more fun, relaxing and safe thanks to a new automatic-pilot system guided by either relative wind bearings or compass bearing. The computer-controlled device, called "Wind-Track," will keep a vessel to within one degree of a prescribed course or desired wind bearing. It is said to be the first device that will provide boat skippers with the assurance that their autopilot will compensate for changes in the relative wind angle. Transmitted and computer-guided circuitry operate as "automatic sea-state control" that will compensate for all wave conditions, and an "automatic true control" that applies appropriate rudder under changing conditions.

A hand-held portable controller, with a 25-foot cable, makes operation easy and permits the pilot to move from the cockpit while still maintaining full control over all functions.

Wind-Track is marketed through major boat and marine electronic dealers throughout the country.



Many happy returns.



Meet Don Richards. He's disdressing his way home from a successful business trip. Don usually flies United. And for good reasons.

He knows that we understand the glamorous life of a traveling business man. Grabbing taxis on the way, missing meals, indifferent

people, strange cities, hectic schedules, rush, rush, rush.

Often the only sense he has to relax and unwind is in flight. So for a few hours when Don faces with us, we try to make it up to him with the kind of service he'd like.

A place to lean back. Some peace and quiet. A cocktail. Maybe two. Soothing music,

Magazines to read. Or just friendly conversation. Plus a schedule that sends more planes to more places more often than any other airline.

Next time you take a business trip, try United. Get the kind of service you like. And have many happy returns.

The friendly skies of your land

United Air Lines

Partners in Travel with Western International Hotels.

LEISURE

The Polaroid SX-70

The newest camera from Polaroid produces a hard, dry, and virtually indestructible color picture less than two seconds after you push its electric shutter button. The SX-70 weighs just 24 ounces and is about the size of a paperback book. The prints develop, without visible grain, outside the camera, even in the brightest light. Unlike earlier Polaroid cameras, this model leaves nothing to time, nothing to peel away, nothing to discard, nothing to do but focus, compose, and push the shutter. Within a few seconds the machine cycles a plastic card with a 3½-inch square picture on it. At first the photo is nothing but a blue-green blur, but within seconds a full-color image materializes. Its protective plastic coating is so tough you can step on it or immerse it in water.

As remarkable as the camera is the film itself, which consists of seven thousand chemical layers, some only a few thousandths of an inch thick. A film pack contains ten pictures and its own mini-roll paper-tape battery. This is disposed of along with the empty pack. Since the battery is an integral part of the pack, you never have to worry about whether it is in place.

Once the camera has performed its electronic, mechanical, and optical



function, the film card is automatically ejected through two small steel rollers. The rollers rupture a small pod on the bottom of the card that contains 85% of developing chemicals. "Openflying" dye in the chemicals should fill the negative from any further light exposure.

The SX-70 is packaged in a knurled-aluminum and plastic body with a leather wrap. Operation is completely automatic. The electronic shut-

ter calculates exposures for all light conditions, including exposures of up to fourteen seconds. All you do is turn the focus wheel—for shots from ten inches to infinity. A new flash unit called the FlashBar 18 has been developed for the SX-70; it contains two flashbulbs arranged in two rows of five. Electronic circuitry in the camera tests each bulb prior to use and bypasses used bulbs. The SX-70 retails for \$180; film packs cost \$6.96.



Hang Gliders

Don a colorful pair of wings, run down a hill, and take a few steps, leap forward and take off. Suddenly you're gliding through the air low and slow, but strong nonetheless. You may not get more than 50 feet off the ground (even a 15-second flight, carrying

you perhaps 200 feet, is an exhilarating experience). Your wings, in this case, are those of a hang glider, an exquisite aircraft from which you dangle by your arms. Hang gliders, rapidly growing in popularity, come in various configurations. Most are hot-late with swept-back delta wings. There are both biplane and monoplane hang gliders, but in either

case they are supported by updrafts created when air is deflected upward by a hillside.

One popular glider is the delta-winged into-the-Rogallo. The Rogallo is cheap, light, easy to build, transport, and disassemble. It's named for its inventor, NASA scientist Francis M. Rogallo. Two leading-edge spars are set at 45 degrees to the longitudinal keel. These parts are secured with ruying wire and a crossbar. The sail, generally a plastic sheet, is attached to this framework. Departures from the original design have resulted in some improved Rogallos. Dave Kilbourne, known as the Fresno, California, area as "The Batman of Mammoth Ridge," has made ridge-soaring flights as high as 2500 feet lasting for up to 64 minutes using a Rogallo kite of his own design. Store-bought gliders cost from around \$100, but you can build your own Rogallo for about \$50 in a few days. More complicated designs, however, may take weeks to complete. Glider plans can be obtained from Popular Science, June, 1972.



A Marantz speaker system breaks up that old gang of yours.

Separation of sound is a true test of a speaker system. And to test Marantz—or any speaker—to the test you should listen to something you are already familiar with so you'll be able to hear for yourself that it is the speaker and not the recording that makes the difference. Oh, what a difference Marantz makes! What you thought were two others are now clearly an oboe and a flute and their barbershop quartet...well, they're really a quartet.

Let's face it. All speakers claim to be the very A-1 HOT SHOT MOSTEST BEST.

But the proof is in the listening. And that's where Marantz speakers come in. Each model is engineered to handle a plethora of continuous RMS power and each

employs a long excursion woofer and a tweeter with fantastic off-axis response. And Marantz offers you a wide selection of sizes. Each model for the money is truly the very A-1 HOT SHOT MOSTEST BEST.

However, keep this in mind: Marantz speaker systems are built by the makers of the most respected stereo and 4-channel equipment in the world. The same quality that goes into Marantz receivers and amplifiers goes into the entire line of Marantz speaker systems.

To find out how much better they sound, listen. That's all we ask. Listen.



Marantz
We sound better.

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LEISURE

Quadrasones

Believe it or not, it is possible to hear 4-channel sound played directly into your two ears. Koss Quadrasones, when plugged into a good 4-channel amplifier, bring all four channels to your head. If you are listening to a symphony, you can hear violins and drums in your left ear, while the brass section and cellos play to your right. For maximum four-channel effect, the source (record or tape) and amplifier must be of the highest quality.

Koss's headphones come with a switch that permits either 4 channel or conventional 2-channel stereo listening. The top of the Quadrasones line, model KQ-2, has six cushions (fitted with fluff for proper sealing and comfort). Each ear cup has a knob which controls volume balance. The KQ-2 also comes with a two-foot coiled cord. The set has a frequency-re-



sponse range of 30-20,000 Hz; the price of the KQ-2 is \$95.

Koss also makes less expensive models ranging in price from \$75 to \$100. The last model, the KQ10Q,

has down ear cushions and a sliding volume control rather than the more sensitive knob. The Koss Corporation is at 4529 North Port Washington Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 53212.



Dolby Noise Reduction System

The Dolby System is a patented electronic circuit that significantly reduces the amount of noise (usually recognizable as hiss) added by the tape during the audio recording process. More than anything else, Dolby has been responsible for making the audio cassette a true hi-fidelity medium.

um. Thanks to the Dolby System it is now possible to achieve, even with a cassette recorder, the recording quality that one gets from the best stereo discs.

Noise is most audible during quiet passages, less audible or inaudible during loud passages. The Dolby circuit is designed so that noise being recorded passes through it before being committed to tape. As the re-

cords get weaker (quieter), the Dolby boosts the higher frequencies. The amount of boost varies, ranging from no boost at all on the loudest passages to a maximum boost of 10 dB on the quietest passages. The signal is then recorded with this artificial boosting of quiet passages intact.

Two questions immediately arise: doesn't this process distort the natural balance of the music and isn't the hiss boosted right along with the quiet passages, leaving the listener as better off than he was before? The answer to both questions is no. His comes into the picture only at the point of actual recording; thus there was no hiss present to be boosted at the point when the signals passed through the Dolby circuit. This still leaves us with those unacceptably boosted passages. They are eliminated, however, during the playback process, when the signals are again channeled through the Dolby circuit. This time, however, the previously boosted signals are reduced to their proper strength. The hiss is reduced at the same time. And since it wasn't part of the originally boosted signal it is now reduced to a level significantly lower than its normal strength.

The first company to utilize the Dolby is a stereo cassette tape deck designed for home recording was the Advent Corporation. The Advent Model 201 tape deck retails for \$289. More information may be obtained from Advent, Cambridge, Mass.

Illustrated by Doug Taylor



Buick's new Opel Manta.

2,000,000,000 miles in Europe. \$2,817 in America.

Monte. \$2,817.50 for the plush Monte Luxus with all the standard features listed on the price sticker below. Give up a little plush and Monte is \$2,422.50. Or go sporty with Monte Rallye—\$2,825.50. All prices are Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices, including dealer new vehicle preparation charges. Optional equipment, state and local taxes and destination charges are extra.

Monte. The performance sport coupe proven in more than 2 billion miles of actual driving. Not on fast tracks or proving grounds but on European roads.

Monte. With rack and pinion steering for twisting Alpine curves. A 1.9 liter engine for responsive out-of-town driving. Disc brakes up front. And a grand-touring ride you'll just have to feel.

Monte Luxus. Four-speed automatic. Comfortable bucket seats that recline.

Interiors that even include corduroy fabric in the Luxus model.

The Opel Manta, Monte Rallye, Monte Luxus. Really ready for America.



Buick Opel Manta	
Model	Monte
Price	\$2,817.50
Engine	1.9 liter
Transmission	4-speed automatic
Brakes	Disc brakes up front
Steering	Rack and pinion
Interior	Comfortable bucket seats that recline
Exterior	Disc brakes up front
Options	Optional equipment, state and local taxes and destination charges are extra
Warranty	3-year/50,000-mile

German precision imported by General Motors.
Sold and serviced by 2200 Buick dealers.



Brylcreem tells you how to change with the seasons.

Shorter hair in summer. Longer hair in winter. Think about it for a minute. You change clothes with the seasons. Why don't you change your hair style too?

SUMMER HAIR

Face it: long hair looks terrible in the summer. The sun dries it out. The sand sticks in it. The surf pollutes it. Then you shampoo it almost daily. And you wonder why your hair looks like straw.

Shorter hair makes more sense for summer. But don't worry, we're not suggesting crew-cuts. Today, shorter hair is something else. Get your hair cut about 1-1/2" long—all over your head. This means it covers the tops of your ears and the collar of your shirt. You comb it forward, or part it on the side. In the middle—even toss it around with your fingers. (How's that for convenience?)

Now that your hair's a reasonable length for summer, how do you keep it looking reasonable? Use a little Brylcreem Hairdressing after each shampoo. It will help put back the moisture the sun, the sand, the surf and the shampoo take out.

Conditioned with Brylcreem's, your hair will be manageable and healthy-looking. And great looking hair can do great things for anyone's summer.

WINTER HAIR

Why should you wear your hair longer in winter? Well, for starters, when you wear more clothes you should have more hair. Nothing looks stranger than a lot of clothes and a little hair.

And where do you spend most of winter? Indoors. So you're in greater control of your hair. And how it looks. You're not messing with the elements as much, so they're not messing with your hair as much.

Even longer hair looks different today. It's layered now. For more fullness. And for much more style.

But now that it's winter, you've got two new problems. Constant temperature changes (from cold outside to drying steam heat inside) wreak havoc on your hair and scalp. They need help. And since your hair is longer, you've got to style it. You need help.

So there's Brylcreem Soft Hair with Protein. The hairspray that styles and conditions all in one. It's simple enough to use. Spray it on like an ordinary spray. Then massage it in like a conditioner. The protein coats each hair shaft. Which makes your hair healthier looking and gives it more body.

If you don't like sprays, try Brylcreem's new Dry Style. It's like hairspray in a bottle. Massage Dry Style into your hair and comb into place. It gives you control and a very natural look.

Brylcreem thinks that if your hair looks the same all year long, you're not using your head. So, keep your hair at the length that's best for the way you live.

And let us help you do it. Because no matter how you keep your hair, you'll find a product in The Brylcreem Group that will help you.



**The
Brylcreem
group.**

We've come a long way
since "a little dab will do ya."

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

David Wise, author of *Are you worried about your image, Mr. President?* (page 119), is the former chief of the Washington bureau of the late great New York Herald Tribune. He is also the man who started named the expensive "credibility gap," a term for which he might as well have full credit since the real name cannot be found back in 1965. Mr. Wise wrote a story for the *Time* about the wedding of the Johnson Administration over the thousand-dollar business man, a drama which, some may recall, turned out to be otherwise than as it was described to us by name in high office at that time. Mr. Wise's story revealed the government's "credibility problem" in one sentence and went on to discuss the "gap" between a government's action and its words" in a later paragraph, and an anonymous headline writer took it from there, running the story under the head "Dissonance in 'Credibility Gap.'" Since this truth with uncertainty, Mr. Wise has published three books on collaboration with Thomas S. Ryan: *The U.S. After 1965* (1965), *The Invisible Government* (1964), which became for a while the national number-one nonfiction best seller, and *The Espionage Establishment* (1967). Come now *The Politics of Lying: Government Deception, De-*

ceit and Power, of which Mr. Wise is sole author and from which the story on page 119 is an excerpt, and which will be published in May by Random House.

"The actual work on the book began around 1970," Mr. Wise told us recently. "And the bulk of it is based on some two hundred interviews taken in 1971 and 1972 with officials and former officials in government, and people at the news business, not all of whom I've been to identify. When I started work, people were not interested in government activity or the pressures in the news; there had been no publication of the Pentagon Papers. Of course I'd like to say I was ahead of everybody."

"I will say that a lot of government people are honest people today in the view of things as they see it and trying to answer the public's questions, but they do have to operate within a framework of official fact."

If Mr. Wise's viewpoint has been questioned from the beginning, Patricia Nemethy, 1976 *Kirby* High Fashion, page 184, has been telling there for quite a while—and she has been the managing editor of *Warner's* *Woman*, senior articles editor of *McCall's* and *Maiden* and articles editor of *Woman's* *Drug*—but her mail had its problems in another field, viz. the dramatic profession. After

growing up in the Frasnian and going to Sarah Lawrence College she became a member of the Art's Studio and appeared in a number of television shows and Broadway productions, including a three-year stint in *Mary, Mary*. Mary also appeared, and continues to appear, in the movie *The New York Story*. "You can see it on television every Easter and Christmas," she explains. "I play Audrey Hepburn's last friend. After that I couldn't get any other parts except men and women. But I stopped acting because I was writing so much—I was writing backstage and finally got the message that writing was what I should do. Now I'm a total devotee and write a lot for the Arts and Letters section of *The New York Times* and for the *Times* magazine."

Of the Nation in this month's issue it is necessary only to be briefly proud, and to add that Vladimir Nabokov's *A Russian Memory* (page 174) is the title story of his collection of work to be published for the first time in English by McGraw-Hill on April 27; that Philip Roth's *Every Jack a Man* (page 188) is from his *The Great American Novel*, which will appear from Holt, Rinehart & Winston on May 14; and that James Paddy's play *Whodunnit* (page 19) is to be produced at the Citi La Milla in New York this fall. —

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Thank you, America, for making our whiskey your whiskey.



ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA
PHOTOGRAPH BY J. J. JONES

Esquire

Q. Are you worried about your image, Mr. President?

A. Not at all. When Presidents begin to worry about images...do you know what happens? They become like the athletes, the football teams and the rest, who become so concerned about what is written about them that they don't play the game well....I don't worry about polls. I don't worry about images....I never have.

Oh yeah?

by David Wise

Unlike a candidate, whose campaign funds control his television, advertising, and public-relations budget, an incumbent President has almost unlimited federal funds at his disposal for public relations during his four or eight years in the White House. Moreover, prime television time, so costly to a candidate, is usually free to a President between elections.

And while speaking by political candidates occurs, for the most part, during campaigns, the government public-relations effort is continuous. The machinery serves the President throughout his term of office, not only at election time.

The most interesting federal information machine has one primary purpose: the selling of the government. The machine markets its one product—the President and his Administration—by distributing an official, and often misleading, version of truth to the voters. It does so with the help of the system of official agency and classification, combined with government control over access to military and diplomatic news events. The information machine, in short, is the mechanism through which government information—and misinformation—is transmitted to the press and the electorate. The major objective is to enhance and preserve the Presidential image. In the electronic age, a political leader's image (especially his image on the television screen) is the true index of his power; imagery is a form of political energy directly convertible into votes.

Television is by far the most important public-relations tool available to a president, although an American President, to be sure, operates at some disadvantage, since the government regulates, but does not wholly control, the networks and stations. There are those who lament the absence of a dominant Voice of America to broadcast government propaganda directly to the people. In secret and startling testimony before a House subcommittee in 1971, the commander in chief of the Strategic Air Command, General Bruce K. Holloway, suggested that what America needed to preserve its security was a government-controlled news program to combat media "sabotage." He added: "It would have to have authenticity. You would have to have the President starting it off with a thirty-second introduction."

While it might be preferable if the commander of SAC attack to his missiles and bombers, General Holloway quite accurately understood the fact that the President is the chief public-relations officer of the government. He stands at the apex of what most surely is the largest and most formidable information complex in the world, one that includes not only his own retinue of press secretaries, communications, speechwriters and media advisors, but literally thousands of public and information officials in the civilian and military departments of the government.

Although the whole thrust of government information is to merchandise the best possible image of the



a profound commitment—trust



food-stamp program. Food stamps, Klein explained, would not be bought. "A lot of mothers will go out and buy a Pepsi-Cola or a Coke for their children instead of milk. Or they might buy a lot of potato chips for their kids."

In Washington, Klein joined over 500 anti-communism members of the House Committee, whose regular members were himself, Dwight Chapin, and Special Counsel Charles W. "Chuck" Colson. One of the committee's prime of the White House pre-operation. At one such meeting, reported by Alice Brady, the committee's agenda included the question of whether information about the President's reading habits should be provided to several members that had requested it. The committee decided this was extremely sensitive, because if it were revealed that he read anything "divulgent," someone would surely use this as the basis for "smoke screens." The committee then turned to another problem: "How to counter the theme that the President is heartless and cold." The discussion became relevant and centered on the fact that "a little black pistol girl had been tied and away without burning her picture taken with the President," a girl that appeared to flounder in the black community. It was noted by the committee that the girl and her parents would be invited to a dinner, workshop service at the White House, perhaps the picture with the President could

been confirmed, U.S. immigration agents raided her Mexican food packaging plant in California and seized this week Mexican workers as illegal aliens. It developed that the firm had been raided six times in five years for the same reason. Someone had called the communications director before the raid, likely—presumably it was a p. m. time for the Immigration Service and the White House had a few hours' notice. Klein said "I can't tell you." Klein asked, "how important that is—to have some five-minute warning?"

The communication in the 1971, Klein's office distributed to the press an amazing thirty-five-page, single-sheet mimeographed document entitled "Richard Nixon's Third Year." "In the year one ending," Klein's document began, "President Nixon moved vigorously on both the foreign and domestic fronts. It was a year of bold initiatives... of large concentrations of daring leadership... a year of bold action based on extensive preparation. It was a good year, but progress made for those to follow..." In the first four months, the New Economic Policy has been extremely successful. "And so on."

Upstaged by Ziegler, Klein by 1971 found himself removed from a new direction in the person of Charles Wendell Collins. As Special Counsel to the President, Colson's job schedule was to deal with command and control progress. In fact, he worked government, but quickly into the field of public relations. Working and dealing backstage, his hand usually hidden, Colson had succeeded by 1972 in building a micro-public-relations empire inside the White House, unannounced and out of public view. In classic Washington tradition—the bureau chief call it "inspiring"—Colson had created a third public-relations press center, wedged in above Klein and rivaling even Ziegler.

Colson, a tough, selfless operator, made it to the White House via a background in Republican politics and law. A New Englander, he went to Brown University, served as a company commander in the Marine Corps during the time of the Korean War, and by age twenty-five was administrative assistant to Senator Leverett Saltonstall, the Republican Senator. He attended law school at night, got his degree, and in 1960 earned what is now the large Washington law firm of Goshall & Barnhart, who have been lobbyists for the Government Aircraft and other corporate interests. He played a significant role in Nixon's 1968 campaign, and in November, 1969, the President brought him to the White House.

There, Colson quickly earned a reputation as a politi-

cal mechanic and a sort of Supreme Executive ("Chuck Colson"), John Pearson wrote in *The Wall Street Journal*. "It is a hatchet man." It was Colson who delivered a crucial witness to Life reporter William Lambert, resulting in publication of an expose that contributed to the defeat of Democratic Senator Joseph Tydings in 1969.

Colson was responsible for other politically inspired leaks. Often he pulled the strings and set subordinates or other White House staff members to make the actual contact with a newsmen, the technique made it harder to trace the story to Colson. But Colson also appeared on a straight air level, he arranged for Nixon to accept a hard hat in 1970 from Peter Brennan, leader of the construction workers' union in New York, who went as far as the 1972 Presidential campaign to play a key role in supporting a committee of two hundred labor leaders for Nixon, and became Secretary of Labor in Nixon's second Administration.

Colson probably took over more and more of Klein's functions. Within the White House, some of Klein's critics had aimed that he was too slow and not enough of a tough political operator to handle the job of President public relations. Robert B. Ruppel Jr., then the White House correspondent of *The New York Times*, put it this way in an interview: "If the title of 'communications director' meant accompanying the President, then there was a need for a guy with an instantly sharp political mind. And they have since found him—Chuck Colson."

Brenda Ziegler and Klein, as Ruppel analyzed it, Nixon and his advisers perceived the need for a third type of operator, "a man who could conduct a political warfare on an activist level. They needed someone who would ask, 'How do you answer John Kerry?' How do you organize a citizens' committee to beat the Democrats? How do you organize a committee to beat the Democrats? How do you organize a committee to beat the Democrats?" Colson in fact organized a group of citizens to compete with Kerry's anti-war Veterans vote, and helped create the Citizens for a New Prosperity in order to promote the President's economic policies.

As Colson's influence expanded inside the White House, he reached outside to strengthen his public-relations power base. Colson urged Nixon to appoint a top diplomatic correspondent to handle foreign-policy image-making and advise Ziegler and Henry Kissinger. At the President's direction, Colson contacted John Sola of ABC, an experienced reporter and the second intermediary who had helped President Kennedy to win the Cuban missile crisis. (Continued on page 189.)

Stick This in Your Ear

The Nixon Administration has gone in heavily for a new form of electronic, fully automated government public relations. By early 1973, with little publicity, use of the silent Cabinet department had included Speakerman's recordings, tape units that carry hard recorded announcements such as speech excerpts by Cabinet Secretaries, and other canned features. Presented in the guise of "news" stories, the recordings are really silent propaganda. By taking special telephone numbers, radio stations around the nation are able to plug into the Speakerman and record and broadcast the features. The tapes are usually changed daily. The system allows a small radio station in the Midwest, for example, to broadcast a "live" report as though it had a correspondent in Washington. Such recordings are known in the trade as "radio city" reports.

For example, a radio station that dated 6X167 3-5281 in Washington on March 5, 1972, would have heard the following: "This is Captain Ron Laddish speaking for the Department of Defense Public Affairs. Presenting a five-second tone, Defense Audio Release for Thursday, March 5, 1972. This release was updated at approximately 11 a.m. and includes the thirty-five-second story with activity on a new laser system developed by the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington." The announcement, promising the development of the new cannon in glowing terms, followed. The tape ended: "This concludes Defense Audio Release for Thursday, March 5. For further information on Defense news, call GSA 3-1463."—W.W.

For a leased government premium release over your very own telephone, first the automated machinery of your favorite Cabinet department at the Washington member house (area code 202). The phone call, of course, will be charged to your bill.

Agriculture 468-2356	Treasury 363-8840
H. E. W. 783-4444	Transportation 424-1921
Commerce 364-2444	H. U. D. 755-7778
Labor 963-3082	Justice 362-3123

The Office of Management and Budget estimated that the Executive Branch employed 6144 people in public relations at a cost of \$161,000,000 a year.

be taken. The meeting of the committee began at nine-thirty a.m. and ended just under three hours later. Klein also presided over occasional informal meetings with information officials from the departments, usually held in Klein's office over drinks and peanuts. At these pre-meeting groups, the government publicists were encouraged to iron ideas up the ladders and use their collective wisdom.

At one of these sessions, Klein discussed the importance of tapping off the White House when embarrassing news was about to break. In October, 1971, after Nixon nominated Mrs. Barbara Bush to be Treasurer of the United States but before she had

WHO KILLED HIGH

by Patricia Bosworth

An inquiry over the beautiful corpse

"When I opened my costume house, I decided to dress only the most fashionable women from the best seats of society."

—Christian Dior, 1947

"Mrs. Wilhelmina Paley wears Givenchy's black and white designed silk gown with textured black and white pearl beaded and black and white pearl ring. Another Givenchy favorite: very silk an-plex-bark dress (Mrs. P. shows her perfectionism by changing jewelry right down to the appetite and surgical ring and a Scholten-Korner strand of sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds)." —Women's Wear Daily, Oct. 10, 1963

"John F. Kennedy has decreed 1959 the year of the mod."
—Time, Sept. 14, 1958

"In 1959, Diane Vreeland declared the color next year would be billiard green. She issued color samples as I gave them to her—billiard green, blue green, and so on, but when she saw them, she said, 'No, no billiard green. I want billiard green of the mind.' And I said, 'Oh, you mean grass green, Diane?' She smiled. 'Duh-uh, I knew you'd understand! And the following year everything in fashion was grass green. That's how much Vreeland could influence fashion.'"

—Henry Wolf, art director and photographer, 1970

It is fitting, perhaps, that I find Diane Vreeland in a museum. There she sits, the most splendid fashion dictator who ever lived, the former editor of *Vogue*, the woman who invented the phrase "beautiful people," the word "pamama," who discovered Twiggy, Gary Parker, Freddie Tru, very hairpieces, that she sits, wearing lipstick on her mouth and

galumphing down Mountain Valley, water in her bloodied office of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, right under the Egyptian mummies. The mummies make her sense, but it doesn't matter. She's too busy talking about the three-month Balenciaga retrospective which she's about to organize for the Museum's Costume Institute.

"Cristóbal Balenciaga was the Picasso of high fashion," she roars, between sips. "He was elegant personified."

I demand Mrs. Vreeland why I'm here—that I'm seeking her opinion on the raucous world of haute couture. I know the notion that women's high fashion is now an anachronism; that its status today is like that of the Broadway theatre. The idea, she swears has gone out of it.

She snorts. "Nothing ever dies. Not the theatre or tramps' food, certainly not high fashion. High fashion will always be alive as long as certain ladies can afford to pay the price for couture clothes."

But her words betray her. Because as soon as she begins to speak of great humming workrooms, of artisans bent over their thumbtacks making things one never sees, her tone inadvertently shifts into the past.

"The subtleties of French haute couture were in the actual construction of an outfit," she murmurs dreamily. "In the delicate pinning and stitching of a skirt, in the tiny apertures a customer could demand . . . the size of a button, the width of a collar . . ."

She talks on, leaning across her desk as I can see the rings adorning her carpal bones. And I think, as I believe, what a different, what a raptorial world her language evokes—when so much attention could be lavished on the size of a button.

FASHION



Photographed by Oliviero Toscani

Her words recall the days when women still haunched at the subway before spending all afternoon waiting in line at Bergdorf's. When ladies had lunch made of their hands as their gloves would fit just so. When they changed clothes four times a day (for lunch, tea, dinner and dancing). When husbands walked off a little but made the salon of Madame T. Poles in Paris while their wives perished in the various effects.

This way of life, which became associated with the term high fashion, started in the 1860's when Englishman Charles Worth began designing exquisite evening gowns for the Countess of Devonshire. Before that, dressmakers had just followed their customers' instructions. But after that, high-fashion designers dictated fashion trends. There was Paul Poiret, who advocated "swooning colors" and the bubble skirt; Madeleine Vionnet (called *la couturière*), who was considered the revolutionist who was through with the corset; the revived a woman's body for the first time, and Gabrielle Chanel, whose fifty years in fashion were spent creating an endless array of soft, relaxed styles, from bell-bottom trousers to simple jumps and suits. Throughout the 1920's and right up to 1960 French haute couture was something. American wives and empresses studied in Vogue and *Harper's Bazaar* and then actively criticized. Once, not too long ago, women spent hours analyzing how Dior used twenty-five yards of cloth in a New Look peeped skirt. Costume-makers came from across the world to study the designers. They were expensive, but they were treasured, revered, discussed. The only American designer with the same clout was Chicago-born Mainbocher.

Even for people who did not take it seriously, that old high fashion was synonymous with old-world perfection. And as long as such a tradition of high-percent couture existence continued to thrive, the rich seemed happy to be rich and an intangible center in society was fearlessly preserved. There was, after all, a kind of honor in it. The fact that the world's best money was being made in the fashion business was never vulgar; that luxury, fully enjoyed (like the arrogant extravagance of far aside the hem of a coat), could provide genuine fulfillment.

Jacqueline Kennedy, of course, Americanized high fashion. Although she had a passion for Givenchy who was only American clothes while she was First Lady. What made them distinguished was that she accessorized her Geoffrey Beene's and Clay Caine's as if they were haute couture. The resulting look—cool simplicity, where the fabric could do no more, right down to her enlaid Vivier pumps. Millions of heretofore staid American women became conscious of style and taste for the first time.

In 1961 when Mrs. Kennedy gave a reception for Pablo Picasso at the White House she wore a champagne silk, emerald gown encrusted with diamonds. Every-one took note. It seemed so right and proper and reassuring.

But now look at what has happened. A little more than a decade later, Mrs. Kennedy, now Mrs. Onassis, occurred an appropriate party at El Mocambo to celebrate her fourth wedding anniversary to Art. Nobody commented on her attire for the evening—a resplendent and lost note.

Today, I think, women as lower ones about Mrs. Onassis' wardrobe—high fashion or otherwise. They're too busy sending away for Battistoni home-swept pillows or subscriptions to Mr. Menckville. I know that Vogue is fighting for air space and the *Harper's Bazaar* also approach to haute couture is moribund. Bergdorf's custom military salon is closed and the same

Prada has long since been more famous for perfume than dresses.

Even Mrs. William Paley, one of the most fashionable women in the world, no longer buys \$4,800 Givenchy ornaments at chances her jewels for each outfit. She buys Modiste see-through caftans and silk caps \$750 tops.

"You made a point," a rich young Harvard student told me, "and you don't give a damn how you look. It's how you feel that counts."

In walking through Manhattan's West Side garment district with Mayor Lindsay and a crowd of secretaries and dress manufacturers I was supposed to be helping look off New York Fashion Week. But I am actually on Seventh Ave. with another person in mind. Because I don't always think that Diane Vreeland is wrong. I still suspect high fashion is indeed dead and I have not yet to discover whether that's true, and if it is, who or what did the killing.

All I know so far is that in spite of enthusiastic flippers for the latest Paris collections (in particular, Givenchy), French high fashion is no longer (collectively) the way it was when the Chanel suit was mass-produced in 1954. During the middle Sixties Saint Laurent's copy of his Mondrian dress was bought by 300,000 women in the New York area alone. Today the same haute couture seems to be a profusion of fakes.

The top European couturiers are enervating New York's American ready-to-wear in order to survive. Now it's American ready-to-wear designers like Bill Blass and McQueen who are the trend-setters and American clothing dominates the world market by virtue of its diversity and relative cheapness. However, behind even this activity the garment industry in its full economic trouble. No body wants to talk about that.

As I walk back I hear about a few of the problems around town. There are about 388,000 employees in the "rag trade"; its firms gross \$7,000,000,000 a year but most are down. Sharply rising costs have brought about the demise of certain quality cost and sell lines. A number of dress firms are in deep financial trouble because they've been slow to alter size ranges and prints. Even costume designers are in bad shape. Due to the death of high fashion entire lots of it.

We cross a congested Seventh Avenue, past pedicabs, sidewalk carrying their umbrellas, street vendors, models, hatters, all pushing and shoving to reach their destinations. Trucks grind gears. Balls of rough fabric are being heisted onto the shoulders of badly made. Backs of new dresses come through the windows of 550 Seventh Avenue where business designers like Tizzone, Donald Brooks, and Oscar de la Renta have showrooms. These designers are close to what we once knew as American high fashion; their clothes are expensive and sold on a limited basis around the country.

The Mayor is talking in broken tones to Dick Schwartz, publisher of *Vogue*. He is bemoaning the shortcoming of big new garment centers in places like Atlanta, Los Angeles and Dallas. They are taking the life out of New York, he says.

He flashes a look at the people he has been helping lately on The Tonight Show. "And Johnny Carson doesn't even live here anymore." Rogers listens to the show, then they're afraid to be in New York because of the crime and dirt. So saying, he orders a resistor seat him to put her cigarette light into her purse and not on the sidewalk.

At one point, Saul Newman, head of New York's Office for Apparel Industry and Development, tells me definitely that if the garment center should ever go, it would have a disastrous effect on the city.

If there's a chance of that why doesn't the industry pay more attention to technological changes and adjust to them? I tell the fashion-buying public growing more and more independent?

Jerry Silverman is quick to answer. "New York is absorbing all new fashion trends. It's the fashion capital of the world now—not Paris. Now all the influential designers are here. Bill Blass, Halston, Anne Klein."

Are American designers then responsible for the death of French haute couture, of high fashion?

"The word 'high fashion' is a dead word. The whole impetus in fashion today is in ready-to-wear clothes. Mass-produced clothes in a variety of sizes and sensible prices. High-fashion handmade clothes are now economically unfeasible."

We do not go into any of the designers' showrooms. Because, we're told, the TV cameras won't fit in. Instead we continue to walk around Seventh Ave., peering into black windows where photographs of dress manufacturers and models are on display.

So often Lindsay is beckoned by passersby. He is still searching over his head showing in the Presidential promises so he won't be interrupted. Nonetheless I manage to look about with him for a few pages. Who killed high fashion?

"Who killed what?" Lindsay demands, then he darts off to shake the hand of an extended street cleaner. When he returns I put my question to him again but he refuses to answer. He is walking so fast now a button pops off his jacket and into the gutter. And hurry away to find someone to catch it. We wait. But nothing happens. We are in the center of the garment industry and there is nobody around to see the Mayor's button back.

Afterward, at the Daily News Fashion Week lunch, I tell with Charles S. Anderson, president of Bergdorf Goodman, and designer Neffie Parsons. They are all discussing the latest plan to bring back. Nobody wants to argue the demise of high fashion. Why not? I whisper to a reporter from the *Christian Science Monitor*. "Because," she blazes back, "it isn't relevant to fashion."

I decide to ask some people I know who have influence in the fashion world—and to follow their lead. So, later, I go back into the garment center and visit some of the designers. I see how just finished plans for a dress for Ang. Vanderbilt, to make sure in wedding her collection of wedding tulle. She is glad to give me her definition of high fashion: "Gleam, very expensive clothes in luxurious fabrics that require a woman's fitting and tailoring." There's a pause. "The only high fashion died. No time. Everybody wants to save time. Now we're lucky if a customer changes an outfit once a week!"

Who specifically killed high fashion?

"You want me to be in high trouble, darling?" she asks. I ask her about French success. "I can't put the blame on one person. In the last few years we've had the pop look, the mod look, the hippie look, the ethnic look. Then came the mini skirt and the public became totally confused. Particularly since we don't have any fashion leaders. Met met met met met met met. There is nobody. In the Sixties, at least until the mid sixties, there was always Jackie Kennedy's total acceptance look to fall back on. That accustomed look, right down to the chair bar and the low-heeled

shoes, helped the entire industry. Now fashion is—well, I suppose you could say we're in a retrospective mood. Even designers like Rodi Gernreich and Bonnie Cashin are pretty quiet."

Before I leave she hands me some of her designer John Wren's novel about Seventh Avenue called *The Voice of Nothing*. I flame at the jacket only "I heard the world had had a costume war. High fashions and low fashions were at it."

That night I leaf through the book. It's the bittersweet account of a young homosexual designer who becomes very successful in ready-to-wear with the help of an aging "queen" couturier. The story ends with the young designer's being lashed to death by an ex-Marion.

What intrigues me more than the old news of homosexuality and high fashion is the current position of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. Their economic state is drastically concerned with the death of high fashion; in fact their argument editorial policies have undoubtedly helped harm fashion die.

Ten years ago these two competing high-fashion bibles were rich with ads, and subscribers worked up at the Paris couture salon. Rose says: "You'll never see a magazine like this again. It's a magazine that's dying but it's Vogue since 1950; succeeded in ladies of leisure. When *Bazaar* shattered tables by running Andre's nude photograph of scullion Christian Dior, sister Nancy White explained, 'The *Bazaar* is not for me.'"

Both magazines started considering with the recession of 1970, but they weren't helped by the emergence of New York's small but extremely powerful garment-industry trade paper *Women's Wear Daily*. "The terror talk of the fashion world," she mused, "was merged into a single trade paper."

In the early Sixties *W.F.D.* expanded its Seventh Ave. coverage and moved in on the Beautiful People. But not fearfully, as Diana Vreeland had done. *W.F.D.* delighted in scandal and in peccadories of designers and models. And it was the only fashion magazine to publish in order to crop candid pictures of reclusive celebrities like Balmain. Nobody snapped its copy. Sample: "Don't know keep his cuff links in an empty prophylactic box."

Here the very first issue. I'm nearly inspired by James Brady, the publisher of *W.F.D.* An Irish Catholic from the Bronx whose brother is a priest, Brady and his late John Fawcett, a passionate *Photomath*, knew all their wanted to know about high fashion and named the Paris collection (for years). They were born with no forbidding critics.

As their paper got bigger and more feared, Brady and Fawcett got meaner, causing designer Modie Paris (a survivor of one *W.F.D.* sedition) to retort, "Fawcett borders on pious as if he wasn't so damn petty."

In 1976 Brady and Fawcett decided to test their fashion power by pushing the mid-length skirt. Ordinarily, it is the designers who open up a new trend, but in the case of the mid skirt, the action (whatever there was of it) was due to *W.F.D.*'s relentless campaign. Manufacturers panicked and overproduced the mid skirt overnight. Fashion bookend met in on the part of the public and designers alike because, for the most part, women wanted buying the waistline length skirt. Some say the industry never recovered. "I think Fawcett's policy for what happened on Seventh Ave.," says a cost and artist who refused to be identified. "He was very irresponsible."

Meanwhile *Vogue* and *Bazaar* (continued on page 214)

EVERY INCH A MAN

by Philip Roth

Time 1943

Place. On the playing fields of the Patriot League
Champions. You bet

On September 24 that wartime season, while the Snappers and the Braves battled for ninth, Kalmata owner Frank Mazzosa signed on a midget to help him close as a pinch hitter in the stretch. The midget, named Yaman, was the last thing a crowd of 10,000 fans remembered nearly five years later when he came to the plate and assumed the crouch that Mazzosa had taught him; he resembled the pitcher with a style none too much unlike that of a midget. At the press conference called to introduce the new player, Mazzosa said: "This is Yaman, Yaman, Yaman from the University of Wisconsin, where he'd been the first midget ever in Sigma Chi, pressed Mazzosa for his courage in defying 'the gentleman's agreement' that had previously excluded people of long legs from the sport."

Yaman revealed that as expected he first midget he was going to be subjected to a good deal of ridicule, however, he had every hope that his fate even those who had started out as his enemies would come to judge him by the only thing that really mattered in this game—the ball and the bat.

For the next five years, Yaman, who was 4'10" tall, played ably, showing that difference was not a handicap as much as it was an asset. As an ordinary player, provided he contributed to the success of his team.

"The difference," about two and a half feet, said Frank Mazzosa, "is the difference between a midget and a man."

"And let me tell you something else about little Ys. Yaman here, gentlemen. Every time he comes to bat, I am among to be pushed up on top of the grandstand with a high-powered rifle aimed at home plate. And if the little fellow gets out, I'll shoot him."

"Thanking, I'll shoot him. Hear that, the West?"

Cracking, the reporters rushed off to the phones (supplied by Mazzoni) to get the story in their papers in time for the evening edition.

But enough, the first time the subject was recognized over the public-address system—"Your attention, ladies and gentlemen, something for the Respects, No. 4, Bob Yarnes, a man wearing a black eye-patch, an Army camouflage uniform, a steel helmet, and carrying a rifle, was seen to climb up through a trapdoor atop the stadium at Reiser Field and take up a firing position on the roof. Needless to say, he did not find it necessary to pull the trigger, as Yarnes's first aim-punch-hitting assignments, not only did he draw on his walls, but he was not a team through a strafe. Even so, the start of the attack was by the end of the afternoon, the victim, a man, was seen to pass, severely they threw the ball into the net, becoming it and the whole, as though he were the ballman in a contest.

In the interest of league harmony, the other Principal League officers had been willing to continue the moveback. Manama, for a moment or two, expressed that effort, but then would quickly tire of the unknown gambit, so that General Gohdant, League president, would make Manama see the light; but as it turned out Kachoonso couldn't have been more delighted to see Farmen drawing balls in the ballster's box (and Manama taking aim at him from the stadium roof), and General Gohdant was as prescient as ever against Manama. When the ball was thrown, Manama was more than the General anticipated to reward Manama of the spirit, of the name and the integrity of the league (and vice versa), Manama responded by calling a second press conference for the articulate Bok Yuen.

"I base it on very good authority," said Yarns, impeccably dressed in a neat striped business suit and a boy's cap on needle, "that the powers-that-be have sanctioned to pass a law at the next annual winter meeting of the owners of the National Baseball League of America that will bar forever from any team in the league anyone under forty-eight inches in height. Thus, as I said, even as our country is engaged in a brutal and costly war in behalf of freedom and justice for all, we are, even at this time, if passed, would only be a straightforward definition of a very big 'gentleman's' agreement. The law that regulated the members of the National League in 1906 to prevent people of big stature and aspirations from competing as professional baseball players."

"It is my understanding that these people now intend to launch a systematic campaign of slander against me, suggesting that I, Bob Yarus, am not devoted to the rights and privileges such as our Constitution guarantees to every American, but that I am a 'traitor' to my country. I am not a traitor, and what is more, that my presence on a major-league diamond constitutes a 'disgrace' to the game that uplifts our national pastimes. Gentlemen of the press, I can say I speak not only for myself, but for all athletes everywhere, when I say that I will not for a moment permit these ill-considered pretensions of the press to deny me my right as an American to be heard. I will say that I will oppose this conspiracy against myself and my fellow athletes, with every fiber of my being."

Frank Marano, whose motto was "Always leave 'em laughing," immediately quipped, "Every fiber of his being—that's sixty-five pounds' worth, folks!"—and so the reporters departed once again in high spirits, but that Yarnum had made a strong claim upon their feelings was more than obvious in the evening's postscript.

ers. "A man is to be proud of," one writer admonished him. "A credit to his soul," wrote another. "A little spruce with a lot on his mind." "Only forty inches high, but every inch a man." Five foot-eleven, in an ascetic (and complex) sentence as he had read WITTEN, adding, "Why are our boys being drilled and dying in far-off lands, if not so that the Red Yanks can't take this world from us?" The writer, who signed himself "YANK," was right. And the following week a famous illustration of the war passed a tribute to Yanks as the cover of *Likely Romance* that was subsequently repugated by the thousands and came to take its place on the walls of just about every bathroom in America in those war years: the meticulously rendered drawing entitled "The Middle of the Road," showing Bob in his bushy-top, his famous trousers as he sat back, leaning his still bearded head against a wall, with a woman's face floating in the air, and a machine gun in the foreground, as the caption, "The Middle of the Road."



from the 1840s to the 1860s. How many Americans had never taken a walk with a maid, or exchanged ideas with one? What did negroes eat, wear? And how much? Where did they live? Did maids marry, and if so, when? Or how maids? Where did they go to find their mates? What did maids do for entertainment? Religious? Clothes? To all of these questions the ordinary, full-grown man in the street had to confess his ignorance; either he knew nothing whatsoever about the American maid, or what was worse, shared a general misconception that they were people of inferior intelligence, belonging to no definite order, befuddled only by the common types, and consequently unable to rise in life above the station of hellhounds, if that

Following the publication of that cover drawing of Bob Yarns, photo stories began to appear with almost weekly regularity in Sunday papers around the country, reporting on the valuable work that local residents were doing, particularly in behalf of the war effort: photos of residents with blowtorches crawling down into

sections of airplane fuselage far too small for an architect or structural engineer to create, photos of magnets and artificial plants, and the few sticking up out of heavy artificial grass according to the captain's specifications. The response against sabotage was in short-hand to the front. There was even a contingent of magpies, swooped from all across the country, shown in training for a highly secret intelligence mission, for security reasons their faces were blacked out in the photo, but those they sat, in what appeared to be a kindergarten classroom, taking instructions from a full-on, Army colonel.

On the lighter side, there were photos of midlife housewife fun: the man dressed in broadens, the women in floor-length gowns, celebrating New Year's Eve at a party complete with champagne, fireworks, noisemakers, false noses, and paper hats. There was a photo-story one week in the nation's largest Sunday supplement showing a pair of married analysts at home eating a spaghetti dinner.

"But it does the trick," says the publisher. "It's usually, but emphatically, unrealistic in life-size overexposure." From the looks of that big smile—and even bigger portion!



After another revelation, and what was at first so difficult for their fellow American to believe, was that Madonna was actually the ordinary people, not a small, slender, indeed, after Mrs. Bob Yarnes had appeared on *Martha* McCall's *Twelve* radio show, the network received letters from viewers that showed women were so impressed with their courage in having as a guest the openly charming wife of the controversial little baseball player. Only a very small handful found the program distasteful, and wrote to complain that bearing a madrigal on the radio had frightened their young children and even their neighbors.

"Thank you, Martin. Actually the runner is something I designed and made myself."

"You didn't? Well, watch out, Fern—there's a little lady in Kakeola, Wisconsin, who just may run you out of business! Here you ever thought of designing clothes specifically for women madgees, Mrs. Yarns? As I correct—it is 'women madgees,' as they are my 'madgees'! Our madgees and myself were talking that year just before the show, and Don says he believes he has heard the term 'madgees' used on occasion... No?"

"No," said Mrs. Yarns.

"Tell me then, what do women madgees do about clothes? I've seen all our designers here wonderful. Do most of them design and make their own, or are you out of the ordinary in that respect?"

"Yes, I guess you could say I was out of the ordinary in that respect," replied Mrs. Yarns. "But since I'm rather thin, my madgees, and most children's clothes just seem to me, I took to making my own—I guess as a matter of necessity."

"It is the mother of invention, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Yarns.

"And may I say, said Martin, 'for the benefit of our radio audience, you are wonderfully thin. I'm sure the ladies listening in, some of whom have my problem, would like to know your secret. Do you watch your diet?'"

"No, I more or less eat whatever I want."

"And certainly to remain so wonderfully petite?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Yarns.

"Oh, that we were all as lucky! I just look at a dish of ice cream—well, let's not go into diet and story! Now—what is it like, suddenly being the wife of a famous man?" Do you find people staring at you now whenever you two step out?"

"Well, of course, they always stared, you know, even before."

"Well, I wouldn't doubt that. You are a darling couple. How did you meet? But I have a story for you that goes with that! Did Bob get down on his knees to ask for your hand—or just how did he pop the question?"

"He just asked me if I'd marry him."

"Not on bended knee, eh? Not the old-fashioned type."

"No."

"And just what do you think it was that made you attractive to a man like Bob Yarns?"

"Well, my size, primarily. My being another madgee."

"And a very lovely madgee, if I may say for the benefit of the radio audience what Mrs. Yarns is too modest to say herself. Just to give our radio audience an idea of how lovely, I'm going to run the risk of embarrassing our modest bride, she won't mind—let me send you the studio today. So, the first moment I did not even realize that she was real. I had seen photographs of her, of course, and knew she would be my guest today—and yet in that first moment, seeing her in that shining outfit, with matching purse and shoes, sitting straight up in the corner of my other sofa with her legs out in front of her, one daintily crossed over the other, I actually thought she was a doll! I thought, 'His granddaughter Cindy has been here and she's left her new doll! She'll be sick, wondering where it is, such a lovely and expensive one too, with real hair and no no!'—and then the doll's mouth opened and said, 'How do you do, I'm Judy Yarns.' Well, you're blushing, but it's true. I was flustered and truly in wonderland for a moment. And

I wouldn't doubt that Bob Yarns was, when he first laid eyes upon you."

"Thank you."

"Was it love at first sight for you, too? Did you ever expect when you first met him that Bob would be a major-league baseball player?"

"No, I didn't."

"What a thrill, then, for two young people who only a few months ago thought of themselves as just as ordinary American couple. By the way, are there any little Yarns at home?"

"Pardon? Oh, no—not Bob and myself."

"Oh-ho, I'm being told to cut it short, time for only one more question—so at the risk of being as ultra-confessional as your ultra-confessional husband, Bob Yarns, brilliant pinch hitter for the Kakeola Respers. I'm going to ask it. Do you think a madgee can ever get to be President of the United States? Now you don't have to answer that one."

"I think I won't."

"Well, I'm no political pundit either, but let me say that I've been talking to a madgee who could certainly get to be First Lady in my book—and that is the utterly delightful and charming and beautiful Bob Yarns, wife of the famous baseball star, and clothes designer is her own right—and I only hope our granddaughter Cindy isn't waiting outside here, because she looks at you, Judy Yarns, and she's going to want to take you home for her own." This is Martin McEliff—have a happy, everyone."

The criticism that Bob Yarns had generated around the nation took even the sadistic Frank Maxima by surprise, and though the owner continued to delight the fans by making unscheduled appearances on the stadium roof when Yarns came to bat, he let it be known to the press that of course his high-powered wife was loaded up with blanks, in public, he even stopped referring to Bob as "Buster" and "Bert," allowing the fans to enjoy the mystery however they liked. If they wanted to make a hero out of somebody who was only forty inches high, that was their business—especially as it was good for business. In fact when a madgee a full three inches shorter than Yarns turned up at Maxima's office one day, claiming to be a right-handed pitcher, Maxima promptly pulled a catcher's mitt out of his desk drawer and took him down beneath the stands for a tryout. The following day, a new name was added to the Resper roster: No. 15, O.K. Okatara.

For a week Okatara sat alone in a corner of the Resper dugout, pounding his little glove and muttering to himself what were taken at the time to be analyses of the weaknesses of the opposing batters. Then the Resper manager arrived in town direct from a series in Arizona, and the right-hander divided down off the Resper bench, and with his carmine roller garb—for he was not so perfectly formed as Yarns, nor as handsome either—made his way out to the mound, where he pitched a four-hit shutout. Using a suitcase delivery, he started live, actually dragging his knuckles in the dirt, and then released the ball on a rising trajectory, so that it was still climbing through the strike zone when it passed the batter. "Who, I never seen neither 'like it," said Wayne Holst, "that little bug out there, or whatever he is, was throwing 'em at us." "The pitcher, eh?" someone called the Okatara pitch, "the shrikelet," "the rapsyrdy,"—and as for Okatara's tight arm, inevitably it was dubbed "the shrike's grip," and with characteristic sportive enthusiasm little No. 15 was labeled, "Kakeola's (Continued on page 100)



PORTRAIT OF HEAVEN BY EDWARD KOREN

The second in a series by contemporary artists

"My Heaven is a dingy hotel full of vice and perversion. The people are ancient and have lots of free time. Nobody does very much. The priest in the center window on the second floor is giving the Word to a straight guy, who isn't listening. Prostitutes are soliciting out front but nobody pays attention. Actually, I'd prefer if the viewer made his own interpretation of all this."—E.K.

7

A. (After your wife's)

^aLetters with different letters in the same row are significantly different ($P < 0.05$).

a. $\log(x) \leq -\log(y)$
b. $\log(x) \leq y \rightarrow x \leq y$
c. $\log(x) \leq \log(y)$
d. $\log(x) \leq y \rightarrow \log(x) \leq y$
e. $\log(x) \leq y \rightarrow \log(x) \leq y$

Z

Q & A

by James Parry

Laugh and the third world laughs with you

Q. Prince Antelope, you are one of the most modern men around to be able to soul-merge with beasts and speak their language.

A. That he is.

Q. You have indeed conversed with them beasts in all nations, and are about to publish your experiences in a book titled *Out of My Mouth and Yours*.

A. Meow.

Q. A large audience is eagerly waiting to hear of your phenomenal experiences, and I wonder if you could tell us just how you began to realize that you could soul-merge and converse with beasts.

A. Well, a few years after I born in Blatti, I realize that men did not have the whatsoever to continue as a real great concern.

Q. Begging your pardon, Prince Antelope, but your curriculum vitae here states you were born in Adnas. But you say it is Blatti?

A. Born in Africa, but leave for Blatti in a boat the same week.

Q. Yes.

A. So I see, I was seeing no sense in continuing with the human institution when, as astrology teaches, they is in their last cycle here under the sign of Pares, and the Pares told me I should go and meet to the birds and the beasts, the so-called Lower Kingdom, fellow? On account the Lower Kingdom is the one going to inhabit the terrestrial planet on account of the men people having disappointed the Creator for the last time. So I begin going out with the beasts and the birds and communicating.

Q. How did were you when the mission was made close to you by what you call the Pares?

A. I was ten.

Q. Yes. And then what happened?

A. Well, I began with a lion. I had not thought this yet, but I was walking in a sandy desert and he come off his house and called to me. I immediately allowed my mind to leave my body and go over to him and converse. He waited just a little while, still looking at my human body, and then his soul left his body and conversed with mine. After that, all lions was my friend.

Q. How did you feel when contact had been established, your soul with his soul?

A. I felt his soul-essence all over me. I merged with him as we allowed our soul-breath to come out of us. I felt clear.

Q. Now, when you were establishing contact with this lion, did you make sounds like words? Or were your communications limited to this soul-to-soul thing over each of you?

A. Words, too. The beasts and the birds did utter words which through my prior studies each of us comprehended.

Q. But another ordinary man standing nearby would not understand what you and the beasts said to one another?

A. That's so.

Q. But what would they say to you, translated, as it were, into human language?

A. They all agreed on one thing: I was to go and mingle with the beasts of Manhattan and, having exposed her, was to leave her back as my bride to where knowledge first drew breath—I refer to Africa—for once the world was free of this island, creation could begin all over again.

Q. And this is your mission here today?

A. It is.

Q. Roughly how many beasts have you conversed or mingled with?

A. Roughly?

A. I mean in general.

A. I do not feel comfortable in general shortly after my desert experience. I met Mohammed, you know.

Q. So I have heard.

A. Where you hear it?

Q. Why, in the papers, wasn't it?

A. Weren't reported in the papers. Nobody either.

Q. But I'm telling it you for the first time right now. That is a first.

Q. Well, who one say? I'm sure I did hear or read something sometime.

A. So talking except what I tell you. Anyhow, I see Mohammed waiting under a date palm and he said, "Are you black Jesus?" I did not answer for a while because of his crazy tone to me. Finally, though, I thought after all he be Mohammed and older than me, so I replied, "I have love with Jesus, Mohammed, your information, but I can't Jesus." Under what name or aspect was you with him? Mohammed queried. "I cannot tell you that, Mohammed," I replied. "I want to secrecy."

Q. This was a demon—or a truce?

A. Really. I love my body many times, as I told you before. But I am no tongue-tied from speech. I would like a frosted drink. You have a frosted drink here?

Q. Prince Antelope, while you are enjoying your drink, may I comment on your zings. They are entirely out of the ordinary.

A. I was out-of-control on my middle finger here. I left my carpal-carpal ring to home.

Q. What is your favorite? (Continued on page 222)

Learning to Love New Again

by David M. Reevik

Technically speaking, a report on modern times; wondrous things, fresh ideas, unaccustomed pleasures, and lots of other good news

One upon a time in this country, beginning about a hundred years ago, men was anonymous with respect, earnestness, fun and even magic. It was a time when one "cray" new gadget followed another: the light bulb, telephone, horseshoe carriage, movies, phonograph, radio. But, like everything else, new ultimately became worn, associated with more rather than better, might rather than real progress, with abridgment, exploitation, advertising and planned obsolescence. Somewhere along in the late Fifties did we begin to look better than new.

But it wasn't until the late Sixties that the prophets of environmental disaster leveled their broadsides against a technology they said was about to proliferate production, consumption and waste, polluting few while endangering many. The idea that growth could continue unabated and that, indeed, it must if there was to be continued "progress" was successfully challenged (recall, for example, the demise of the SST).

As the sentiment against technology mounted, however, many demonstrated an eagerness to throw the baby out with the bath water. Technology and, by association, science itself was cast in the roles of amorality, dehumanizing exploitation of man and his environment. People who drove around in Vegas and VWs and even in Eldorados and Toyotas and who wouldn't dream of doing without washer and dryer, telephone, television, hot air conditioning, electric machine, mouthwash, frozen foods, contact lenses and birth-control pills were (and are) able to envision apocalyptic technology with force and conviction, attributing to it all of the

(often very real) malaises that confronted us, including boredom and discontent on the job, sunny-side-up slaughter on the highways, pollution and degradation of the land, crime in the suburbs, corruption in high places, machines that won't work, materialism, crowded cities, mechanized, cold-blooded war, fading national goals, general ambivalence and future shock itself.

In the midst of all this recourse scapegoating and righteous breast-beating came the clear, rational voice of Sir Peter Medawar, director of the National (British) Institute for Medical Research, winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine and one of the most respected scientific philosophers of our time. In his capacity as president of the British Association for Advancement of Science, Sir Peter recently dismissed "Cries of Despair" (the title of his lecture) about science and technology, declaring that it is human folly and not inassailable machine that threatens civilization. And in fact, he added, it is only with more, albeit better utilized technology that we can hope to save ourselves from overpopulation, receding resources, pollution and other man-made problems.

Another distinguished scientist agrees and stresses the blurring effects of technology. The "three great freeing inventions" of our time, says Dr. J. R. Pierce, former associate director of Bell Telephone's Research, Communications Sciences Division, "have been the automobile, the telephone and electric power. What I was young, one could go anywhere in the car, the streetcar or bus. One lived within the reach of public transportation, and one vacationed as far from a railway station as public transportation took him.

"Today, everything is different.

The individual who wants to can escape into the countryside and live there very comfortably with the aid of his electric pump, bottled milk, off-hat and a wicker lamp. . . . And yet, people so spread out need not live in isolated provincialism. However far they escape from flower centers of population, television programs, political broadcasts and press-service dispatches follow them. . . . One no longer begins at the idea of calling friends or relatives across a continent, or at driving miles to see a friend. Indeed, human relations have extended even toward people with common interests, however far apart they may live, rather than to the next-door neighbor."

Even in the arts, where there has been so much anti-technological posturing, science has effected a major cultural revolution. As Dr. Pierce notes, a million paperbacks are sold in America every day through thousands of mass-marketing outlets, and many magazines today after the public ever wider reading selections than small city libraries offered a few decades ago. In the pages that follow Equus we receive new and still emerging technological developments, some of which are inherently destined for greatness, some of which may strike you (and us) as trivial but bold, still or not.

But as Dr. Pierce explains it, "Prophets of the past also have underestimated man's individuality and adaptability and the swift and strong impact of inventions which, through their acceptance, seemed more part of civilization. Consider the telephone, automobile, airplane, radio and television, all of which at first showed little promise of revolutionary impact."

So read on and discover new again; you'll like it.

First Lessons: Aspects of Neo-Novelty

There were many small steps for mankind in the last twenty years: hair brush to electric hair brush; pencil sharpener to electric pencil sharpener; dental floss to water pic. These days the

steps seem bigger: gas-burning car to electric car, top speed, 152 m.p.h.; big-screen color TV to wall-size color TV; office boy to office robot. On these six pages, the fun of fifteen giant steps.

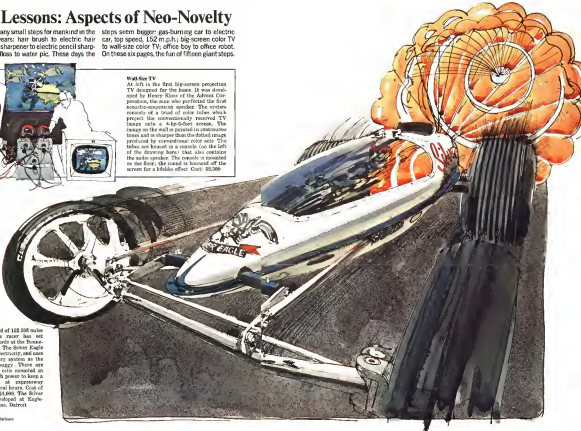
Wall-Size TV

At left is the first big-screen projection TV designed for the home. It was developed by Henry Kloss of the Advue Corporation, the man who perfected the first acousto-optic speaker. The system consists of a trail of nine tubes which project the conventionally received TV image onto a 4-by-6-foot screen. The image on the wall is painted in continuous tones and is sharper than the dotted image produced by conventional color sets. The tubes are housed in a console (on the left of the drawing here) that also contains the audio speaker. The console is mounted on the floor; the screen is hoisted off the screen for a hi-tech effect. Cost: \$2,500.

The Silver Eagle

With a top speed of 152,500 miles per hour, this racer has set twenty-one records at the Bonneville Salt Flats. The Silver Eagle is powered by electricity, and uses the same battery system as the Apollo moon buggy. There are 150 silver-zinc cells mounted in the rear, enough power to keep a car humming at expressway speeds for several hours. Cost of the batteries: \$4,000. The Silver Eagle was developed at Eagle-Picher Industries, Detroit.

Illustrated by Ron Carlson



Robots, child finder, cool heat...



Teleopic Ear

The Teleopic Ear closes in on, selects and magnifies sound, making it possible to listen to the conversations between pitchers and catchers or hear the quarterback calling signals. The device, which costs \$25 and is made by the H. H. Lewis Company of Chicago, can pick up sounds 200 feet away, 500 feet over water. One end of the Ear is a parabolic reflector that blocks out most of the angular sound, and focuses with the remaining surface area toward a speaker which are straight ahead. On the other end is an earplug.

Behavioral Trainer

Using an Alpha Theta Biofeedback Trainer, a person may listen to his own brain-wave activity. The waves are picked up by electrodes placed on the scalp, amplified by the trainer, then fed into a pair of earphones. At first the alpha and theta tones erupt at random, but with continued practice most users find they can turn the two brain-wave states on or off at will. Alpha waves are associated with meditation, theta with a conscious reverie some researchers believe is essential to creativity. Trainers from Scott Behavioral Electronics, Lawrence, Kansas, start at \$360.

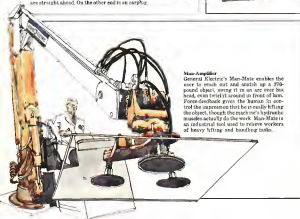
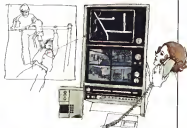


Office Robot

The Mini-Cart is a robotized office factory that can deliver coffee, pick up and deliver mail, memo, etc. It travels a route of magnetized wires buried in the floor, moves silently and automatically from one location to another. It can call for an elevator by itself, guide the right-of-way to buses leaving crossing its path, even return to its battery charger when on-board signals warn it that it's low on juice. Custom Engineered Conveyor Systems of Detroit has supplied whole fleets of Mini-Carts to hospitals and other such institutions.

Child Finder

The "child finder" is one part of an experimental communications module being developed by Westinghouse. With the press of a button, a receiver can flash a map of the neighborhood up as a video screen. A small transmitting device attached to the child's clothing sends out an electronic signal; this in turn is represented by a dot on the map.



Man-Amplifier

General Electric's Man-Mate enables the user to pick out and snatch up a 250-pound object, swing it in an arc over his head, even twist it around in front of him. Force-feedback gives the human in control the impression that he is easily lifting the object, though the machine's hydraulic muscles actually do the work. Man-Mate is an industrial tool used to relieve workers of heavy lifting and handling tasks.



Cool/Heat Range

The Westinghouse CF-2 Cool/Heat range cooks by generating electrical current into pots and pans. The surface remains warm, never hot, it is possible to cook through a stew without stopping it. Cost: \$1,500.



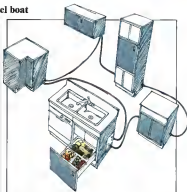
Microfilm

On the left are two versions of the Manhattan telephone directory. The smaller one is a 4-by-6-inch photo card manufactured by UMF Systems Inc. UMF reports that it can put more than 10,000 book pages on a single card. The process is known as microfiche, with inexpensive micro-readers becoming available, a new age of micro-publishing appears at hand. Firms such as UMF and Kodak foresee widespread microfilming of books, journals, and magazines as a way of cutting book publishers' production costs.

Radar, video discs, Wankel boat

Disco-Vision

Disco-Vision is the video equivalent of the LP record, one of several new systems designed to play prerecorded films and other programs in the home. Other systems include RCA's SelectaVision (pre-recorded tapes); Avco's Cartromax (video cartridges); and Sony U-Matic Color (video cassettes and soft). Disco-Vision's playback unit (top drawing) attaches to the VHF antenna of a TV set; a video disc is placed on the unit much as a record is placed on a changer. The disc is optically scanned by a laser beam. Each disc offers up to forty minutes of programming per disc, with a changer it's possible to enjoy seven hours of continuous entertainment. Albums will cost from \$1.99 to \$9.99, changes under \$400. From MCA Inc. Available in several months.



Mobile Refrigeration

Still at the R&D stage, Whirlpool's decentralized refrigeration system will permit compact aircones in every room of the house. The compressor is placed in some out-of-the-way place (perhaps the basement) and refrigerant lines are piped to the various remote locations (living room, bedrooms, bar, etc.). The remote units can also be placed among kitchen cabinets. Without a bulky compressor, these units can be made lightweight and compact.



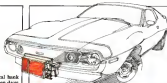
The Home Music Synthesizer

The Home Music Synthesizer comes in an ornate attached case. It re-creates electronically the sounds of all musical instruments; it also creates sound effects. Cost: \$1,195.



The Automated Teller

The Ultra/Matic 24 is a mechanical bank teller, on duty 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Developed by the Dacal Corporation of Texas, it can handle 90 percent of all personal banking needs. A special card and a code number are inserted into the machine which permits the card's owner to make deposits, pay bills, receive cash, even transfer funds from one account to another. If an improper code number is entered, the machine provides three chances to correct the mistake; if there's no correction, the machine expels the card and keeps it.



Auto Radar

Road-aid difficulties will be greatly reduced by RCA's experimental auto radar. The radar unit is mounted on the front of the vehicle and a reflector on the rear; signals will bounce from one car to another, enabling compact calculators to compute distances between them. A meter on the dashboard shows the driver how far away he is from other vehicles. If the distance grows too short, a light flashes or a buzzer sounds. The system is unaffected by rain, fog, dust, or snow.



The Wankel Boat

Invented by Dr. Felix Wankel, developer of the rotary engine, the Black (German for "fly") Boat handles much like a car, travels smoothly at 60 m.p.h. It rides on revolutionary new "glide flaps" that cut through

waves to give an exceptionally stable ride. Wankel's boat seats four to six in the hydro-suspended cockpit. It will cost around \$5,000. No definite plans for production; the Black still is in the developmental stage.

The BOSS of Chicago:

Thanks in part to old technology, life in the big city—indoors and out—has gotten worse. Outside, of course, the air is dirty and noisy. Inside, the air is overcrowded or undercooled. Millions of workers must spend eight hours a day in office buildings such as these in Chicago, each building an adverse environment in its own

right. All sorts of systems could go wrong: air conditioning, heating, fire protection, security—an appropriately modern dilemma for the New Technology.

Honeywell's Building Operation Service System (BOSS) solves the problems of all the buildings shown here by using computers and telephone lines. BOSS



How New Conquers Big

relays the environmental conditions of many buildings to a central control room, attended by a human operator. The equipment below—circuit board, console, printer, timer—monitors the information received by electronic sensors installed in the buildings' mechanical and electrical systems. Beepers and flashing lights

tell the operator what's working and what's not. He may also turn lights and water on and off, schedule elevators, activate fire sprinklers, snow melters, fountains. In fact, he can walk through every building in Chicago in seconds, and, using the same system, he can check on buildings as far away as fifty miles.



BOSS is already working in a number of U.S. cities. Honeywell consoles are handling one or two buildings (New York's World Trade Center) while others monitor dozens (Harvard has 154 buildings linked to a single console). In Minneapolis, a BOSS runs a nightclub, art museum, and a public-health building (where the temperature in incubators and specimen coolers are regulated automatically). BOSS can operate a midsize building for as little as thirty cents an hour; it can monitor a skyscraper complex for \$2 an hour.



BOSS reads sensors in air-conditioning systems, lets the operator know mechanical equipment is functioning smoothly.



BOSS sensors may be installed in boiler systems; they regulate fuel flow for safety and efficiency.



Based on data received, BOSS turns water pumps on and off, in case of breakdown, pump is shut off with little damage.



BOSS sensors in chimneys enable the operator to start or stop them, prevent possible damage and reduce equipment wear.



BOSS monitors temperatures throughout a building, also warns of smoke and gases in ducts.



Sensors in the roofing tower monitor temperatures and water flow, preventing freeze-ups and overheating.

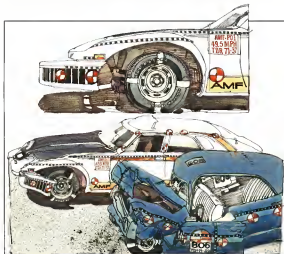


With BOSS installed in electrical distribution panels, power can be constantly supervised to reduce operating costs.

Six problems/six solutions

New technology can solve the problems created by old technology, i.e., unsafe products, noise and pollution, dehuman-

izing work and products that don't work very well. What follows is practical proof, and good news for everyone.



1 Problem: Last year, the automobile killed 56,300 people in America. Many of them died because their cars couldn't withstand the impact of even slow-speed collisions.

Solution: AMT's safety bumper. Two hydraulic cylinders—which work as shock absorbers—connect the protruding bumper to the frame of the car. The bumper helps a vehicle to withstand a crash into an immovable object at 56 m.p.h.—with minimal damage to the car and without fatalities to passengers. Results of a test are shown above: the top car was fitted with the impact-absorbing bumper, the bottom car wasn't.

2 Problem: Pay telephones that are out of order due to vandalism result in frustration, inconvenience and, in the case of emergency, possible danger. The cost of such vandalism runs into millions each year.

Solution: Portable phones. Tell Telephones markets a phone that will be activated when the caller steps inside a circle that marks the boundaries of an electromagnetic field; the phone booth of the future. The phone would be cordless, calls would be charged to a home or business number.



3 Problem: U.S. Public Health officials report that more than 7,000,000 Americans are exposed at work to noise levels high enough to damage hearing; the Federal Council for Science and Technology calls noise "a major health hazard" costing the economy \$4,000,000,000 a year in compensation payments and diminished productivity.

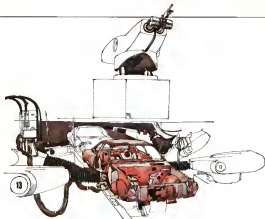
Solution: Noise-suppressing metal alloys. One such alloy—IIH2, a compound of copper, manganese, and aluminum—is shown being tested at left. The alloy is made by International Harvester and helps stop sounds before they start; it dampens noise in metals by inhibiting vibration. Practical uses: power tools, propellers, brake discs and subway wheels.



4 Problem: Even in the most secure of libraries, thievery accounts for a loss of from one to three percent of the inventory annually. Prime targets: books most in demand and rare or out-of-print books.

Solution: Tattle-Tape. STM is now marketing this metallic stripe of tape that may be concealed in the spine of books. The stripe emits a low-frequency signal that sets off an alarm and locks a check-out gate when someone tries to remove the book without checking it out. After proper check-out, the tape is deactivated.

The First Whole New Catalog



5 Problem: Increasingly, manual and repetitive pre-and-take jobs are becoming a gut issue as labor unrest, skyrocketing is part for rising absenteeism. The late Walter Reuther reminded that such jobs were not worthy of human beings.

Solution: Industrial robots. Featured above is the Urmatic, an efficient robot that can be fitted with a variety of "hands" for drilling, welding, paint spraying, etc. Magnetic memory enables Urmatic to manipulate objects with amazing repetitive accuracy.

6 Problem: Industrial spray painting releases large quantities of toxic and solvent vapors into the atmosphere, polluting the air and endangering health.

Solution: Powder paint. The Cebusone Coatings Co. has developed a powder-painting technique that makes polluting liquid paint virtually obsolete. Objects are charged electrically and sprayed with specially charged powdered paint which adheres firmly when baked in the oven. The paint is recoverable through vacuuming and is entirely reusable.

The vacuum toilet

Aurac in the first real innovation in water closets since Thomas Crapper invented the mechanical toilet in 1879. It uses a vacuum pump to evacuate the bowl with a maximum of water. When an Aurac toilet is flushed, a valve opens in the drainpipe, air rushes into the partial vacuum that is constantly maintained in the pipe and wastes are carried away with an impressive swoosh. Then water siphons into the bowl for cleaning and refilling. Because of the pulling power of the vacuum, little more than a quart of water is needed to consummate one flush, as compared with the five to seven gallons used by conventional toilets. With water shortages becoming more acute, Aurac promises to save up to thirty gallons of water per person per day; that's 10,000 gallons of water a year for each member of the family. For more information, contact Aurac Division, National Homes Corporation, Lafayette, Indiana 47902.

Food food

Microwave ovens, which cook by making food molecules vibrate at high speeds, continue to show improvement. One new model—the Kowave Dual Power Cook & Reheat Microwave Oven—features five energy levels (set in a high-power setting for vegetables, casseroles and poultry. The other is a low-power setting for more gentle jobs (chicken, seafood, etc.), roasting and baking (a baked potato takes four minutes). The Dual Power, just now becoming available at Sears, retails at about \$450.

The automated sink

Westinghouse is currently working on a faucet that turns on and off when you place your hands near it (especially useful when your hands are covered with paint). Also under development is a bathroom sink with buttons which, when pressed, regulate the ambient and temperature of the water.

New kitchens

On the drawing boards at both Westinghouse and Wharfedale are cylindrical plastic-molded refrigerators

with shelves that rotate 360 degrees and eliminate the need to hunt for foods stored in the back of the unit. Wharfedale also envisions ovens and other appliances that will ascend to eye level when a button is pressed. The feature has obvious value to those who suffer from back problems.

Featherweight cool

The world's lightest air-conditioner is the new G.R. Corp. Cool unit. It weighs just 45 pounds, is less than eleven inches deep. The unit may be moved from one room to the next, or from home to office in vacation homes or college dormitory. Rated at 4800 B.T.U.H., it is potent enough for most dorms, bedrooms, etc. Suggested retail price: \$99.95.

Electronic security

C&S Security Devices' Royal Sentry T is a solid-state electronic door lock that looks like the keyboard of a Touch-Tone phone. When one's self-assigned code is typed out, the door opens. The lock's combination may be changed Cost: \$257.

Phones, etc.

Bell Telephone is working on quite a few interesting new phone concepts. They include: cassette telephones for sending messages to many predetermined numbers simultaneously; Disk Tray-style switchboard phones, hand-free phones that are "silent" with voice commands; home "beeline" phones that detect fire, floods, intruders, picture phones with hard-copy picture which, at the touch of a button, produce a copy of what is being seen; and phone sets which credit cards may be inserted to enable the caller to pay bills, order various kinds of merchandise, verify bank balances, etc.

Feeder foods

Cobalt-60 and Cobalt-137 could be the food preservatives of the future. Irradiation of a variety of foods is already being used in England, Israel, and the U.S.S.R., among other countries. Depending on the intensity of the irradiation (which stops spoilage by inhibiting

or killing microorganisms), the shelf life of food can be extended from a few days to indefinitely. The technique reduces the need for chemical additives, scientists, however, are not all agreed on long-term effects to health.

Video communities

Already in the testing stage at Overland Park, Kansas, and Orland Park, Illinois, are television-TV systems that enable people to bank and shop at home. Eventually it may be possible to vote and go to school over these systems. Purchasing a few numbers on a small keyboard attached to a television set and a participating store's merchandise may be viewed; as the camera pans over as item desired, another button is pushed and the shopper is billed. Other lifeless customers include aspects of the weather, road, slough and area fishing conditions in an area. Sports scores and stock-market quotations can similarly be called upon the home screen. American Television & Communication Corp. and Tele-Comm Corp., among others, are now wiring the nation with these systems. To find out what's happening in your area, write to the nonprofit Video Television Information Center, 2380 M Street, N.W., Washington D.C.

Electronic newsroom

The Cleveland-based Harris-Inter-type Corporation may be doing away with the sweaty glances of the big-city newsroom, its bustle and bustle, ever-ready wastebasket, muddy slacking typewriters. Editors' copy terminals and computerized phototypesetting equipment allow copy to flow from video typewriters to finished production proofs without anyone touching a single piece of copy paper. Stories are written and corrected electronically on video screens then channeled to a computer memory where they can be stored or recalled instantaneously for updating or are edited. In today's era, the most crucial in this way, then typed into computers for automatic phototypesetting. System prices range from \$100,000 to near \$500,000.

Copier concepts

The new Xerox 990 Telecopier and the 33M RemoteCopier make it possible to send and receive documents, photographs, sketches, and graphics over ordinary telephone lines. Portable at 18 pounds each, the copiers are being used by reporters, among others, to transmit copy, complete with handwritten notations and editing marks, to their newswires in distant cities. Cost: \$1,500 for the Xerox; about \$1,800 for the 33M.

Office color copiers are available at last, with Xerox and Ricoh of Japan the first to market machines capable of reproducing halftone colors with good fidelity. The Ricoh machine copies a color picture in thirty seconds; products involve electronics automatically.

The Xerox 4006, another new copier, offers a first-to-market two-sided copier. It rents for about \$275 a month.

Unknown watches

There are a number of new watches now in production. The Patek Philippe has a wristwatch that adjusts automatically for 25- or 33-day Februarys. It sells for \$4,500. The Bulova radio watch is a two-day design that would let you tell the time on the planet of your choice—though the user would have to wear an antenna on his head to receive information. Finally, there is the simple Astrodon from Timex, the first watch ever with gears made of plastic. It has fewer parts than conventional watches, is highly resistant to magnetic and totally self-lubricating. Cost: \$22.46.

Small calculators

The big boom in mini-calculators has produced an almost uncountable number of new models. One of the more interesting is the battery-charged Minicor 479 with precision accuracy and a built-in display, ultra-light weight (6½ ounces), compact size (5% of an ash tray), and costs \$99 from Micror Electronics, 1750 New Highway, Farmingdale, New York 11735.

The regulated sewer

The IBM Systems/7 computer is regularly placing telephone calls to strategically placed automatic sensors. The latter then report the system to see whether anything is going wrong with the sewer lift pumps. This eliminates the need for sending a man down there.

Electronic music

The Moog is a digital computer that generates music. Invented by two MIT computer experts, the Moog can play for as long as 34 years without repeating itself and has fourteen trillion possible note combinations. It is played by altering controls that determine note combinations, melodies, volume, tempo and pitch. It costs \$200 from M.S. Prodigin Company, 15609 Ventura Boulevard, Sherman Oaks, California.

The Collins Music Maker produces the sounds of more than fifty instruments and a hundred special effects and lets the user play along with all of them on a piano keyboard. Optically scanned discs, when inserted in the machine, provide versatility. They alter the output of both the keyboard and sequencer—such as the volume, pitch, and timbre. It is possible to reproduce the sound of a tuba, a brass band, a symphony orchestra or almost any other instrument. Models range in price from \$439 to \$526, from Opticon Corporation, Compton, California.

Step-action TV

Both Panasonic and Hitachi have developed frame-free televisions. On the two-screen Hitachi it is possible to watch and freeze a frame on a small screen with the regular programming continues on the larger screen. There is only one screen on the Panasonic model; the frame desired may be recorded on a frame on a small screen with the regular programming continues on the larger screen. There is only one screen on the Panasonic model; the frame desired may be recorded on a frame on a small screen with the regular programming continues on the larger screen. There is only one screen on the Panasonic model; the frame desired may be recorded on a frame on a small screen with the regular programming continues on the larger screen.

Jukebox TV

8110 is the works at Computer Televisions Inc. of New York in "Jukebox TV." In this cable system, subscribers would have their pick of up to thirty programs at a time. Even five video channels would be stored in a central computer bank; the subscriber will be able to dial the computer and have the selected program appear on his TV screen over an empty channel.

Cash for trash

New laws for wastes: Engineers at Westinghouse Research Laboratories are making automated-room cabinets out of shredded newspapers and open-formaldehyde plastic, a plastic industrial waste material; researchers supported by the Glass

Container Manufacturers Institute at the University of California have produced tough, durable new building films that are both acidic and sanitary using a combination of powdered waste glass and new dyes; engineers at American Solid Waste Systems, a division of American Hunt & Derrick Co., have come up with a comprehensive plan to do away with traditional garbage dumps and air-polluting incinerators. Their solution: compact all forms of waste into neat little blocks and then ship them by rail, barge, or truck to incinerate or fill abandoned mines.

Sublim forming

The first non-forming project designed to produce fairly pure salmon within a year of incubation has been launched by a Union Carbide subsidiary, Dimesona Parent Inc. After three months in flask culture, young fishes are transferred to a long system, where all waters of Puget Sound. These Chinook and coho salmon are fed prepared feeds which, in contrast to natural feed, are low in pesticides and other contaminants. The salmon harvest for the experimental first year reached 800,000 pounds; the fish wholesale for about \$1.75 a pound.

Neighboring waste

The sewage-treatment plant of the new future may be no more obvious than your neighbor's house. Levitt and Sons has developed a hole for recycling the adjacent 15,000 cubic feet of the building's waste. It is free of odor and noise, doesn't pollute, and produces an efficient denser than the waters of the Manassas River in New River, Va., where it is presently being discharged. Means and grounds occupy about a quarter acre and can handle the sewage of more than 140 households. A conventional treatment plant of this waste capacity would require at least six acres. Levitt believes the system may lead to neighborhood—rather than citywide—disposal systems.

Computerized car pool

Toyota's proposed Torii Spazio carpool system may help relieve congested commuter traffic and parking problems. If you need a car, you simply insert a membership card into the side of a small auto, then wait a few seconds while a distant computer checks your credit, and

drives around. If all is in order, the car door unlocks and you may drive to your destination. Upon arrival you leave the car at another pool. The computer bills you at the end of the month.

Snake Ear-Vib

Shattering and often dangerous high-frequency sounds are filtered out by a new earplug called the Snake Ear-Vib. This plug does not filter out low-frequency sounds (speech, for example). The Snake Ear-Vib costs \$1.50 per pair from Steven Kawauchi, 15200 Burbank Boulevard, North Hollywood, California.

Garbage masses

Automated law is something that it says is "the world's most sophisticated waste disposal system" in a new forty-five-story Chicago office building. The System of Innovation and Transportation, otherwise known as the "garbage monster" can handle about 38 cubic yards of waste a day and about a ton of metal waste a week. The building will turn out 15 tons of computer printed waste each month. This paper load, along with waste from the cafeteria, will be readily chewed by the garbage monster, mixed with water besides and distributed. This dried to the texture of overcast-skin material, some of which will be used to make low-grade paper products (paper towels, egg cartons, etc.). A separate robotic computer will crush and hole for recycling the adjacent 15,000 cubic feet of the building's waste. The waste is expected to throw away each week. The cost will be paid for \$10 a ton and will just about pay for the computer and the rest of the system.

Auto pants

The British Government and its automotive industry is looking for an anti-bumper designed to protect pedestrians (40 percent of all highway accidents), a headlight that lifts automatically to keep the beam level up and down hills; a system that projects driving information onto the windshield (speed, oil pressure, etc.) so that the driver doesn't have to take his eyes off the road to check the instrument panel. Also planned: audio information systems that begin striking drivers warnings to drivers whenever an automobile passes over transmitters embedded in the highway. The warnings might tell of accidents

ahead, for instance, a washed-out bridge, or upcoming detours.

Zoom with a view

Victor's new Super 8 photographic lens has "auto focusing." Unlike conventional lenses, which have their sharpest focus at only one distance, the Victor focuses sharply at all distances. Series 1 also has other useful features, including a 20-35mm zoom lens that's lightweight, compact, and has a cost-effective zooming control. Perhaps even more remarkably, it focuses down to three inches. Made in Japan, Victor lenses are marketed by Pender & Hart Inc., Los Angeles, California.

Portable video tape

Akai's new color videotape camera weighs only 5½ pounds, is just 3½ inches wide, 10 inches high, 11 inches long (including lens). It has a built-in, professional sound system, weighs only 10 lbs with an automatic servo-controlled iris that reacts to changing light conditions. The CVD-450 is heavily buffered. Cost: \$1,455.

Stirling engine

Revlon to manufacture the Stirling engine have been purchased by Ford. The internal-combustion engine was invented more than 150 years ago by a Scottish clergyman, the Reverend Robert Stirling. Automotive engineers in the Philips Company in the Netherlands have been re-creating and simplifying the engine since 1958. The Stirling can operate on virtually any type of fuel, produces low noise emissions, is quiet, and offers greater fuel economy. Working fluid in the engine is absolutely sealed and needs no daily service to maintain. Ford has undertaken a seven-year development plan, though mass production is not yet scheduled.

Stock Tracy TV

ECA has devised an experimental black-and-white video camera utilizing a solid-state "eye" that could lead in TV coverage of the world's events. In place of the old vacuum tube is a silicon integrated circuit. The tiny circuit has thirty-two rows of photosensitive elements, with forty-four elements in each row. When bright light strikes, an electrical charge is produced, proportional to the light's intensity. This sequence of electrical events is translated into a TV-

type picture. A circuit with many more elements will have to be perfected before the camera is marketable. Bell Labs is also at work on the problem.

Blower golf ball

A small radio transmitter is included into the Blower Electronic Golf Ball; it sends signals to a pocket-size receiver, thus letting the golfer know where it is. The closer the golfer gets to the ball, the louder the blower. Receiver and two balls cost \$20; additional balls cost \$5 each. Also available from Stern's, 1204 West Pacific Ferry Road, Atlanta, Georgia 30307.

Remote-control switch

Seen there may be a device to turn lights on and off from anywhere in the house. RCA was researching a remote-control switch, a solid-state device that would be small enough to carry in the palm of your hand. More sophisticated versions could make it possible to turn on heat and water, etc., at a distant vacation house, before leaving the city.

New ceiling

A number of new developments are foreseen in textiles; note that change color with the press of a button; drapeless that have solar-powered cooling coils; rooms into the fabric which would work as air-conditioners; clothing that would contain germicidal fibers to work against odors and dirt. Already in the production stage: electrically controlled fabrics that can carry energy through capillary, for power applications. Source: Laurence A. Christensen Jr., editor of *Textile World* magazine.

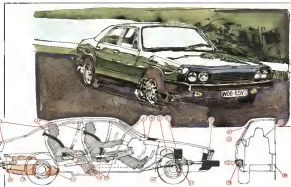
Talking text

Speech researchers at Bell Laboratories have made the first step toward books that talk to you over phone lines in intelligible English. Based into the complex rules of speech timing, pitch and stress has enabled scientists to teach a computer to convert written material into speech. The computer is now capable enough to deliver messages through expressions such as "a name" and "an act." A model of the human vocal tract, along with phonetic descriptions of sounds and vocabulary, is stored in digital form in the computer's memory. Eventually, it may be possible to call a library and ask a machine to read a page of a book or journal.

Planned Permanence

Planned obsolescence is the cynical science of designing things so that they fall apart—right on schedule. In an era of

dwindling resources, however, planned obsolescence may itself be obsolete. Below, six products designed to survive.



This car is a Volvo 740 GLE, an experimental test-bed (other manufacturers have their own) for a host of passenger-protection features that could in a short time become standard equipment. They will keep everyone from becoming obsolete.

1. Rear lights automatically intensify according to amount of daylight, fog, etc.
2. Seats are fixed and welded to side pillars and center frame to form a transverse bulkhead. Seat adjustment is still possible, of course.
3. Steering column and pedals may be adjusted with a push of a button; drivers of any size are thus accommodated.
4. Single-blade wiper moves in the direction of the airstream, reducing the tendency for the wiper to lift off the glass in a storm.
5. Fuel tank is insulated, reduces fire danger.
6. "Steer right" automatically adjusts car's steering angle in cross-

- wind or other extreme driving conditions.
7. Headlight washer/wiper ensures optimum night vision even on the shoulder of roads.
8. Tough plastic rear guards help prevent ejection through windows in the event of a crash. (Rear windows don't open.)
9. Transverse bulkhead provides lateral strength across the car.
10. Mass-balanced safety door latches cannot be opened by forces of acceleration.
11. Special front and side bumpers combine to provide optimum energy absorption and occupant protection.
12. Computer-diagnosed socket tire info senses air pressure throughout the car and provides a quick check on the condition of mechanical and electrical components.
13. Four-cylinder, air-cooled rear engine produces 160 horsepower and complies with 1975 Federal emissions standards.

14. Parawindow system features knee and shoulder belts and energy-absorbing knee bars that engage automatically when the engine starts; designed to prevent passengers in all impacts, including roll-overs.
15. Gas-fired piston cushion knee and shoulder belts which protect occupants in crashes at speeds of more than 16 m.p.h.
16. Front-end sensor activates gas-fired pistons in frontal impacts.
17. Anti-shock disc brakes on all wheels prevent wheel-locking, provide control in panic stops and cut stopping distance up to 40 percent.
18. Hydraulic bumpers front and rear automatically adjust to absorb impacts between cars of different weights and at varying speeds.
19. Side bumpers of high-strength steel offer protection in side impacts.
20. Center tunnel strengthens vehicle and separates seats so passengers won't collide during impact. A first-aid kit is built into the tunnel.



The permanence of floors: a new tile has been developed that never needs mowing, just an occasional wipe with a damp rag. Perfected by Armstrong, the no-wax tiles come with adhesive backing. A new carpet from this features a tufting process that resists snagging. The fabric is also very resilient: furniture marks disappear within two hours.

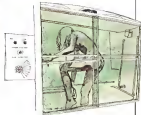


A solid-concrete dwelling, the Conquest House is poured from a single into outside forms and cast in less than 48 hours. The one-piece shell (including roof) seldom needs repairs and is impervious to termites, vermin, rodents, and rot. Interiors may be styled to taste. Total cost: under \$5,000.

Just nine inches high, the Armaux Heat Transfer Module is potent enough to heat a large house and provide all necessary hot water. This mini gas furnace (the bottom half of the drawing) is a spin-off of space technology. It can produce 120,000 B.T.U.s almost instantly, and because of its high efficiency, the unit cuts heating bills by about ten percent—a considerable saving. It is usually combined with an air-conditioning system (shown here). Cost: \$1,400-\$1,600 including installation, duct work, etc.



The whimsical yet practical "people washer" promotes thermal cleanliness. Westinghouse's experimental system sprays on soapy water, rinses you off, and then dries with a current of hot air. The time and temperature may be set to personal requirements.



Bluer Skies

"Shooting the blue sky" is the time-honored practice of making the impossible look feasible, if not always practical. What was blue sky a couple of decades

ago (moon shots, laser, the pill) is reality today. What follow are coming attractions: research not quite fully developed, the New Technology of the near future.



Solar Energy

Advances in solid-state physics and other sciences are beginning to make feasible the wide-scale production of solar energy. Astronomer Adam and Markos Mewad at the University of Arizona have designed solar "farms" to produce great quantities of clean electric power. The farms would utilize coated metal plates to absorb and trap the sun's heat. These, in turn, would be stored in molten chemicals and used to power giant steam plants also located on the farms. The farms would run power-generating turbines. The Mewads propose a network of these farms across the Southwestern deserts. A large-scale science sells for the construction of a 1,000,000-gigawatt facility covering an area of 75 square miles. It's estimated that this farm alone would fill all the country's power needs through the year 2000.

Future Transit

Among the most promising prospects in transportation are air-cushion and magnetic-levitation vehicles, both of which can overcome the speed-of-wheeled vehicles. The Department of Transportation is encouraging development of the tracked air-cushion vehicle (T.A.C.V.) and, through the Federal Railroad Administration, has asked Gruman to produce an experimental T.A.C.V. Moreover, the Urban Mass Transportation Administration has awarded a \$6,000,000 contract to Rohr Industries to make a T.A.C.V. that will carry 60 passengers at speeds of 100 m.p.h. through heavily congested urban areas. It will be propelled by a linear-induction motor (L.I.M.), which resembles a rotary electric motor that has been sliced open, peeled and laid out flat. This converts the motor's force from torque to thrust. The motor is arched in that half of it is attached to the vehicle and half to the track. The motor is on a continuous strip along the track, while the motor is attached to the bottom of the train. Passenger T.A.C.V.'s are expected to be operational by the late Seventies or early Eighties.

Further off but possibly superior to the T.A.C.V. is the magnetic-levitation vehicle or "levitron," in which magnetic force generated by steel guide rails and electromagnets on board drive the train slightly off the ground. Levitrons are already operating in West Germany; research is under way in no less than other countries in building the U.S. Levitron can achieve 500 m.p.h.

Liquid Crystal Windows

When an electrical charge is applied to liquid crystals, the molecules turn milky white and reflect light. This quality may lead to the end of privacy drapes and shades. When privacy is desired, simply throw a switch and windows will cloud over. Liquid crystals may also be used on car windshields.

Cold Lighting

An alternating electric field applied across an insulator, cold lighting (electroluminescence) will make it possible to decorate walls and ceilings with strips of cool light and even warm light through carpets, upholstery, drapes, etc. Recent refinements made by the Astronaut Corporation of Buffalo, New York, may also make it possible to produce electroluminescent panels so thick they can be rolled up and driven like window shades.

Minidisk Film

A crystal made of lithium niobate may be the thing of the future. The use of a sugar cube, this crystal can store billions of images instantaneously. When it is rotated in a laser beam, the images stored in it are projected onto a screen. Oliveros De William Winder, vice-president of RCA Labs, "The advance may lead to a new document-storage system in which files of statistics, architectural drawings, computer data, photographs and maps are stored permanently." Though images have been recorded in crystals before, RCA has discovered a way to permanently fix them so that they aren't erased when "read out" by a laser. Technically, a trillion bits of information can be put on a cubic centimeter of crystal—when projected, this information is said to be fifteen times brighter than photographic film.

Reflections on Managing a Baseball Team

by Jim Bouton

Don't want to be hired before you resign

I could never be a big-league manager. One reason is that I wouldn't want the job. Another reason is that no one would let me have it.

It seems to me that managers are lonely and their lives aren't exciting enough. Also I'm not exactly enchanted with the idea of seeing places like Cincinnati and Cleveland for the twenty-fifth time. As a player I could get drunk in the back of the bus with the rest of the guys and forget where I was. As a manager I'd have to sit up in the front of the bus with the coaches. This is very similar to sitting alone.

Which is where original baseball fans I should be. The reason you'll never hear my name batted about—I mean in a nice way—at the winter baseball meetings as a managerial prospect isn't because I'm not brilliant at hardwork. It's because I was never an organization man. I'm not predictable. And it's also because baseball hates my guts, thanks to my book, *Ball Four*.

The modern big-league manager, unlike me, is universally popular, a company man, up through the ranks, keeps his name clean, doesn't rock any boats, knows the system. Guys like Ralph Bruck, Eddie Kasko, Ken Apstein, Sparky Anderson, Whitey Lockman, Bill Vardon and Whitey Herzog—all managers right now, in case you didn't know—could never stand out in a crowd. That's important, because a locker room full of today's modern, young, independent ballplayers can get awfully crowded.

As the players have changed through the years, so have managerial styles. Twenty years, barely a player was glad just to have jobs playing baseball in the first place and were willing—maybe because they had no choice—to take anything from the manager, including insults and otherwise arrogant behavior. Over the past twenty years or so, jointly with the growth of the Player Association, partly because more athletes have been better educated, probably because society in general has become more rebellious and less blindly accepting, things have changed. Ballplayers have grown more secure and less dependent on baseball for their lives, and therefore less willing to be pushed around by strong-willed, self-centered, dictatorial managers. What worked for me like Darroch in 1963 wouldn't work—and didn't—in 1971. The modern manager understands that he must defer to his players, holds private discussions rather than shouts, listens himself instead of his players, and uses the press to protect his team rather than prod it.

While managers were frequently doctors during the

early years of baseball, they were also colic. Over the last twenty years, managers have stopped being doctors, but have remained colic. Now they can't even be colic anymore.

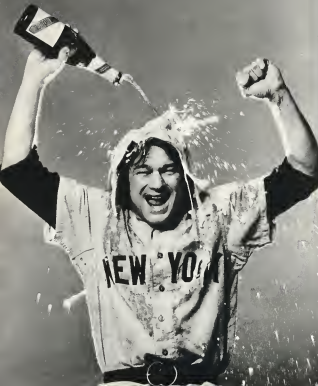
Guys like Dierker, Casey Stengel, Charlie Dressen, John McGraw, George Stallings, Wilbert Robinson, and others like them would not even get a first choice to manage today. The fact that some, like Dierker and Harry Walker, still sit priming second and third choices only shows that baseball people are still willing to try something old before they try something new. Baseball people would still rather make the safe mistake than the adventurous one.

The only new characters in the old mold tried to manage recently have been Baltimore's Earl Weaver and Detroit's Billy Martin. But Weaver got his job because he'd been overwhelmingly successful in the Baltimore organization, almost forcing the Orioles to hire him. And Billy Martin, remember, who had done a good job at Minnesota, was fired because he wasn't a company man. Which, in that case, meant he didn't maintain enough contact with owner Calvin Griffith.

Don't think drinking with the boss isn't important. I think that's the real reason there has never been a black manager in the big leagues. Most managers are white are given to old drinking buddies, cronies, friends of friends. Baseball owners and general managers don't have old black friends, not personal friends anyway. And what owner wants to start to go out drinking with a black, or sit in planes with one, or trade girl friends with one, or become around a half-white discussing trades with one?

The other reason I think there aren't any black managers is that any blacks who would be strong enough personalities to be good managers wouldn't be company men, wouldn't be easily convinced. And any blacks who would fit the managerial mold, and be easily led by the front office, wouldn't command the respect of the ball players.

That's why Frank Robinson, who's already earned the respect and who wants very much to manage, is playing it safe. He's willing to be pushed around, or taking the on older statusman—respectable and traditional—when he does speak the manager in the winter league, he's always getting young players, he never complains when he's traded, he's always being paid. But as a young black remarked when asked to comment on Frank Robinson's new establishment ways, "Being good's a hustle, too, isn't it?" Yes it is and that's why Frank Robinson still makes baseball nervous. Maybe.



ther think, if he ever gets to be a manager, he may quit "the bottle" and become the old, outcontrol Robinson, the best reliever.

While we all root for Frank Robinson or Harry Wills to become "good" enough, baseball tries to ignore or belittle the problem of no black managers. Publicly, baseball says it's just a coincidence there are no black managers. Privately, baseball sees them like the fans aren't ready for it, attendance would go down and the kind of attendance would change, the players aren't ready for it, it would be impossible to fire one, etc. And very privately, maybe they say that we just don't like them. And some baseball people even try to deny that the problem exists.

Yankee manager Ralph Houk, for instance, likes to tell only the good news. When asked about that lack of black managers, Houk conceded, "It's true these haven't been many lately." Well, not since the beginning of time anyway.

Let's forget about whether a manager is black or white. Let's talk about the really important thing about a manager: how much does he contribute to the success or failure of a baseball team? This is one of the great questions of our time, as on a par with what is the meaning of life and why do birds fly. The only difference is the last two are easier to answer.

I have always felt that most managers play the game by the same book, the one that has all the same precepts, and as these so-called strategy books is even dealt out in the long run Charlie Dressen can tell his players, "Stay close! I'll think of something!" But at the same time, the opposing manager was likely to be thinking of the same thing.

That's why with some teams it didn't seem to matter who managed. The Yankees, for instance, were consistent winners under Douglas the doctor, McCarthy the astronaut, Stengel the blowout, Hank the cheerleader, and Bernie the Yogi. Meanwhile, the Chicago Cubs couldn't win with or without their rotating coaches.

But certain managers are better for certain teams—at certain times—than others. For instance, Harry Walker, the pitcher, would be better with a young expansion team than with an established team of old pros. Young players would learn to be comfortable being Harry and learn a lot. Old pros respect the idea that they're still got things to learn. Leo Durocher, the prodder, is better in small doses and should only be hired for the second half of a season and only for a nonwinning team with talent, so his wouldn't lose a season. Hank should be hired by teams who've just fired Harry and Durocher, teams where the players would be ready to appreciate Hank's best quality, which is that when he's not building you up, he's leaving you alone. But Houk should change teams every three years or so, because after a while even players who want to be coached into thinking they're great can see through his smoke. When a manager like Houk leaves, he should be replaced by somebody within the organization, like Yogi Berra. This is so the players can't blame home or some outsider who they don't, doesn't know their system or doesn't understand them, like the Yankee players blamed Johnny Keesa.

Even if a good manager, the right manager, is missing the right team at the right time, it still might not be enough. That's because I believe a good manager can't help a bad club as much as a bad manager can hurt one. Since only one team can win, most players and owners are always looking for someone to blame for losing. If you're got a bad manager, you're got your

ready-made reason for losing, which makes it easier to throw in the towel. So you end up losing more games than you actually would.

That's why the best manager I ever played for was Ralph Houk (not to be confused with Ralph Houk, the worst general manager I ever played for). Houk holds the respect and affection of his players not because he makes great on-the-field moves, or because he's a good tactician, or because he knows more baseball than other managers. The players like and respect Houk because he affords for their mistakes, he's continually building confidence by blurring that mistake, and he doesn't have a carter. Don't underestimate that last part. Many ballplayers have had managers over the night not to sleep at the team hotel.

Anyway, the players love Houk so much they realize that they only have themselves to blame for losing and therefore they almost never throw in the towel. That explains why the Yankees surprise by knocking back their losing streaks and why recently they've ended up higher in the standings than they had any right to be.

Now, the best field manager I ever played for, the best strategist, the most knowledgeable, the most observant, the most thorough, the most daring, was Harry Walker. But, like I said, that's not a good manager for teams like the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Houston Astros, teams that should have been controlled. Walker simply could not get players to play well for him the way Houk could. Even though Harry knew more about baseball, Houk knew more about baseball players. The helpplayers, particularly these old pros, didn't like Harry because he was constantly pointing out what they were doing wrong or reminding them what they should be doing.

He'd be laughing in the Houston Astro bullpen and Harry would call down to tell us to be quiet so we could hold in our right fielder which was to throw in so the event he had to turn his back to get a ball off the wall. Then we'd spend the rest of the game griping about what a pain Harry Walker was to manage with our losing fans. When we won the Astros was 1961, we even had a players-only meeting where we decided we'd have to try to win the pennant in spite of Harry. We didn't, and maybe it was because the excuse for losing was provided and we proceeded to take advantage of it.

While we're talking about things like players-only meetings, what can a manager do about "disasters"? Not very much, unless he's the cause of it, in which case he can't really do anything but, what he can do about it is what Dick Williams did with the disaster-ridden 1972 Oakland Athletics. That's the disaster-ridden 1972 World Champions, by the way. Instead of screaming at his players that they couldn't win if there was a disaster, Williams told them it was normal and even healthy and maybe they'd win because of it. With exceptions like Oakland and the pennant-winning Yankee team I played for (where there was more disaster than on my last-place Seattle Pilots), winning teams tend to have less disaster because players have good years and generally happy. That's because disaster is the worst, either than the cause, or losing.

Even if a manager is the cause of disaster, he is probably not going to resign. Managers don't resign. Managers are not the type to say, "I'm not so good at managing. I got fired. Managers get fired. Managers live in constant fear of getting fired. That's because when a team loses there must be a cause and a remedy. One remedy would be..." (Continued on page 226.)

SOME QUIET HOURS WITH HUEY NEWTON

by Michael Rogers

An evening spent with the revolutionist turned writer, the Panther turned pastor



The apartment building rises twenty-five floors above the north shore of Oakland's Lake Merritt, its residents grey either because they regularly observe citizens who continue to buck the demographic trend and stay within the remaining black city of Oakland, or middle-class whites flee into or past the low hills to the east. The apartments have nice expensive, and yet, slide from under peeling paint and first-floor beauty balconies, the building is neither particularly lush nor well-made. It is simply across the guard to the overwrought lobby will not admit a stranger even though the first door, and a second narrow corridor across three residents, via unused channel 15, to view precisely who that stranger is. Two faces of mind in the heart of a city best, as an elderly white woman told me in the public library, to "all sorts of trouble."

One of the very troubles that women may have in mind lives in a glass-walled penthouse on the twenty-fifth floor of this bourgeois outfall: Huey P. Newton, co-founder of the Black Panther Party, just two years out of prison from serving time on a manslaughter charge ultimately reversed and dismissed, and now Supreme Servant of the People. The Panther Central Committee decision to move Newton into the penthouse made great headlines. A bit later, the Panther "left," including Newton, and Eldridge Cleaver, was easily celebrated. But what else in the once-notorious, non-revolutionary Huey Newton up to? The woman in the lobby, who lives just across the lake from him, won't really see. She may learn to have an inkling when the seasons her ballet card for the April municipal election and finds, right up close to the top, the names of two persons re-naming Black Panthers who are asking, quite seriously, for a chance to help her in troubled city.

An inkling of the changing tempo of the Black Panther Party can be found in the full-page drawings

that appear weekly in the Panther newspaper. In a typical issue of 1969, the back-page cartoons showed a field of bullet-riddled police-army-farmed pigs being trampled beneath the feet of strong, clear-eyed black carrying corpses. The caption reads: "The Gun in the Hands of a Guerrilla Is the Seed of Revolution." Almost exactly three years later, the drawing is a small and black child looking on empty love. "When Will I Smile?" the caption asks. "When There Is No More Hunger." Clearly, something here has changed. And the primary source of that change, in the eyes of both those who welcome it and those who revile it, is Huey P. Newton.

Huey Newton is a lot of a mystery now, I tell him one full afternoon, high in the penthouse overlooking the Oakland waterfront to the west, and the downtown and Berkeley to the busy north. He is at the long table in the dining area, finishing an early dinner of dried chicken and vegetables, washing it down with a small glass of rum. His bodyguard sits silently behind us, on one of the living-room couches. Newton is, at average height, a little more-than-shoulder and end mounted on a halfback from steady confidence both in and out of prison, and when he comes, even to posters in conversation, it is with such energy that it is not surprising he seems to take up a great deal of space. His eyes, however, are likely first to draw one's attention, because, as the talk proceeds, they do not seem to blink very often at all; a pervasive sense of alertness difficult to ignore.

Reports these days have it that Newton is much out of his quiet, but expectantly furnished set of rooms that is intended to serve as defense against surprise attack. Or at least until recently—two days before I arrived, Newton's secretary walked in to find three armed men apparently in the act of looting. In fact, only the stereo was taken, and Newton contends that the thieves' interests were remarkably selective—

including, even, to the papers in his filing cabinets. But that breach aside, the penthouse represents security, gained at the total cost of funk. There is a space-age television noode, a few pieces of chrome-and-leather furniture, glass-topped tables, a painting of Che Guevara on an easel, the specimens that remain from the stolen movie videos, a pair of field glasses on a tripod. Many angular surfaces and little warmth: old habit for a Panther. And hence the mystery.

Newton nods, frowns with his dinner, and leans back. He wears a knitted wool cap pulled down in his ears and a loose white pullover shirt. "That's only because the media refuse to report the constructive things we're doing now. They define us as they would like us to be, because of their purposes." His secretary appears and clears the dinner dishes, spraying the thick glass-topped table with a can of Windex. "What do you want me to give you?" he asks. "Shall I give you what I call my standard answer, for the magazine? That's all they'll print, anyway."

We can see what they'll print, I say. And I suspect I've already read the standard answer. "All right," he says, reaching for a cigarette. "Then we can keep that battle."

Although his stock has recently undergone some fluctuations in radical circles, it is pretty generally agreed that, in the political wilderness of the States, we would be hard-pressed to find a more serious and respectfully bold-headed character than Huey Newton. Newton already had a reputation in West Oakland as quick and dangerous with his hands, and, when he and Bobby Seale and a handful of others began to carry loaded weapons on the streets of the ghetto, the word was instant attention. "What are you doing with the guns?" a police officer would ask a car full of armed Panthers, as the soldiers filed with soldiers. "What are you doing with your guns?" Newton would ask him back. Each soldier would tell others and the story, and the membership of the Panthers grew simultaneously. Newton's part in the story came to a temporary end in October of 1967, when, seriously wounded by police bullets in a shoot-out still shrouded in mystery, he faced a set of charges that fastidiously disconnected the Panther and then dismissed. With a history like that, the first question here is the sterility of the penthouse, it strikes them. I wonder, does he do all day?

"Let me show you what I do," Newton leaves the room briefly, as a chambermaid starts in, the kitchen and when he returns it is with a stack of memoranda in one. "First of all," he says, dumping the thick bundles on the table, "I write." He has two books under contract, and—revolutionary literature being his last name—Gays—two more. Part of the Panther's program comes from publishers' advances. Newton arranges the memoranda around the table and then lowers nearby, turning pages, pointing here and there. "My autobiography, Revolutionary Suicide." Another manuscript in dialogue with Erik Erikson at Yale.

"I turn out books pretty fast, usually," he says. Here—a book of poetry, as yet not under contract. The brief poems appear to take a form something like this: *By now the firing-room table looks like the desk of an editor three weeks behind. "So," Newton says, as he sits again, "I write a lot."*

But Newton's audience on the Party has been far more than simple literary. Starting from the outset of the free-broadcast program, the Panthers have gradually expanded into everything from medical care and free schools to literacy and social services. The week after I visit Newton, an escort service for

Oakland's often robbed elderly is announced. It is a common effort to organize the community through action rather than rhetoric; the political fruits of the program may be apparent in the results of Oakland's April election, when Bobby Seale runs for Mayor and Elaine Brown for Commissioner. Newton puts in a long front-line, black-and-white, daylong, leaving against one well. At first glance it could be taken for a picture of a food line in the Thirties. It is not, instead, a food line of the Seventies: a "survival conference" to register and inform new voters in the Oakland area. "We gave away twenty-five thousand packages of groceries," Newton says, "with a chicken in every bag, and each package worth fifteen dollar retail. For the whole three days of cost at about \$150,000." The voter-registration tables, directly beside the food distribution, mustered 16,000 new voters from Oakland alone in that time.

Huey Newton is an serious about electoral politics as well as Louisiana-governor wannabe. Newton's secretary brings in a thick sheet of computer printout, the assembled raw data of a political poll commissioned by the Panthers just a few weeks before. As Newton pages through he shakes his head. "You know how statistics are," he says. "They do say something. We just haven't found out what yet."

The new Panther emphasis on community action and electoral politics has not changed the radical edge of what you still favor a revolutionary pose of a more cowardly nature. "This kind of person," Newton says, "would say, 'I don't like the Party anymore because they're not having shoot-outs.' That's the same person who, if you asked him, says I've given up on a revolutionary organization to serve the people." Newton puts on a black face, shrugs. "Well, nothing." So then you say, oh, so the Party let you down, there's not a shoot-out every week, are you trying to get a shoot-out again? When was the last time you killed somebody? "Well, I never," he shrugs. "I never have been because white radicalism, and now he points across the table at me. "If you asked that question, you'd probably get a lot of argument. But when they meet me, they lack the civility. I say, I've got a black record on me, I've been in prison, I've been innocent—so then I ask them, what qualifies you to question my integrity?"

Something like the politician who fought in World War II, I suggest.

Newton smiles. "Right, like he was probably really a draft-dodger and now he wants everybody else to go to Vietnam."

The doorkeeper flashes us a cycle and a clock in the kitchen strikes the hour. Two of the sitting pages down are new and the new one is a first as the firstings. All his work in done here.

Newton takes another cigarette from the out-of-the-dish. Chain-smoking, already he has nearly emptied it. "I stay in all the time," he says softly.

No interest in the world? "No matter what you hear, contrary," he says softly, "you're missing you people, unless your person is integrated into what you call your community. Sometimes I think I might like to play the music again, but where do I get the kind of audience I want? I don't know. I think I might if I sleep too much, because that's a leisure I enjoy. I sleep two hours a night. I sleep very well."

His secretary comes in, explains his absence, confers with him about the date of a meeting. When she leaves the room, Newton shrugs and says, "I never know days anymore. I've emptied them from my

Heard, so they turned me when there are cars."

Even at this distance, though, he seems to keep his own residents. There is a pair of field glasses on a tripod in the living room; a 1200-cm telescope in his bedroom, both facing south the width of Lake Merritt protrude onto the window of the coliseum where Newton was once a resident. We go back to the bedroom, an apt and somewhat as the living room, and I look through the long telescope. One lighted courtyard window, with open curtains black as framed in the middle of the street field, and, as I watch, a guard appears standing outside against the pale green of the parlor. "He's back," I say.

Newton glances through the telescope for a moment and says the guard's name. "I know them all," he says. "There is a whole lot through and there's one right at the window, looking up at me."

The expensive telescope may seem to some like a rather business connection between the story tower and the street. Is a party divided from a postbox, that runs candidates for office and commissions otherwise political goals, and a revolutionary party?

"What you're asking," Newton says as we return to the dining room, "is the difference between reform and revolution. A reformer and a revolutionary might do the same thing at any particular time in history, but the difference is whether the action is considered as mid-decade. The reformer is an opportunist, who will make it better for now, but will also build an obstacle against future development. The revolutionary may appear the same, but he won't do anything to put up blocks or obstacles to future levels of development. I have to be very careful working with the liberals and the progressives, because they will lead me into the cul-de-sac, in friendship. And the white radicals will lead me into alienation, where I can't be of help in meeting the consequences of the community."

It is a truism that the most successful revolutionary leaders have an intuitive sense of what the traffic will bear; when to press forward, when to stand and audibly support. The hubbub of the histories may make these critical evaluations seem meretricious when it fails they are the product of debate and struggle and probably a certain amount of pure inspiration. The relationship between the Panthers and the black community is a good example. The central issue of the factional split between Newton and Cleaver was what Newton calls the "dialectics" of the Party (they are the community)—doing Newton's improvement, the Panther tendency to adopt a role so militant that community support dwindled drastically. When Newton was released from prison he took steps to alter that division and the following decade he followed the Panthers.

Political violence is an always muddy and revolutionary political system may be the product of it. In radical circles there are to now a thousand variants of the "real" meaning of the Panther split, from old-line historical analysis in terms of administrative and revolutionary, all the way to a radical movement that Newton was brainwashed in prison and is now a willing tool of Ronald Reagan. It may be more revealing to recall the story of Eldridge Cleaver's own initial exposure to Panther tactics in the accident that is said to have inspired him. Cleaver, Betty Shabazz, the widow of Malcolm X, visited San Francisco to participate in a memorial service and the Panthers agreed to act as security forces during her stay. Puller armed, twenty Panthers, including Newton, escorted her to the office of *Black Panther* magazine, whom she had agreed to meet with Cleaver. While she was inside, the Panthers stood guard on the street, surrounded by

San Francisco police and a bank of ironies. When Mrs. Shabazz had safely departed in a waiting automobile, Newton held an envelope over the lens of one particularly persistent television cameraman. The cameraman knocked the envelope away and Newton asked the nearest police officer to arrest him for assault. The officer refused, the scene was repeated, and this time Newton shoved the cameraman fifteen feet down the street. The police moved out, ready for trouble, and one stepped onto the cover on his service revolver. Newton turned to face him, the barrel of one own shotgun pointed at the policeman, and, without hesitation, warned the officer to draw his gun.

The officer looked down, and after a moment, Newton turned his back and continued to his own car. Cleaver had witnessed the incident from the steps of the office building. "Goddamn," he was quoted. "That nigger is crazy!"

Crazy, perhaps, as a fox. Whatever the case, Panther tactics have certainly changed since the early days. In 1967 a state assemblyman from Piedmont (one of the first seven) in the last White House (refused to) introduced legislation in Sacramento to forbid the carrying of loaded weapons within incorporated areas; a measure quite clearly aimed at the Panthers. To demonstrate against the intent of the bill, twenty Panthers carrying loaded weapons walked into the state capitol building and demanded to see the Assembly in action. It was a plain lesson for even the best perspective of assembly men, and the bill passed barely.

Taught me talk about armed revolution and Newton's analysis is unimpaired. "As far as I'm concerned," he says, "armed revolution is going on, because I was the world as one. I say that armed revolution is going on in terms where conditions are suitable."

So then what is the nature of the American future? Newton leans back, places his hands together, palm to palm, in a gesture of almost childlike openness. "The country is a racialized-socialist system. This country is Hitler's dream. As far as human rights, blacks are advancing, and eventually whites will. But not for profit—no good politics. The necessary, any will be an early peace, black and white. The race question will be resolved this way, although the necessary arm is the most danger on thing on earth."

He expects blacks to be driven as well by government-subsidized changes for black capitalism. "With universal education, they will be more than taken out of each of us. The country will forget the race question, because the government wants them to." He blazes out a long exhalation of blue smoke. "If Hitler had been half as successful as a fascist as Nixon, he would have committed us on a platform of civil rights for the Jews. 'After all,'" Newton says, mimicking a dictatorial voice, "the Jews are Germans, too."

Already Newton has expressed hopes for his new role in electoral politics. But it is, ultimately, electoral politics, for better or worse, that got us where we are today. What's gone wrong?

He replies in terms of the McGovern disaster. "I was excited watching the Democratic convention on TV," he says, "that night in the middle I realized that they were already giving it up—they didn't know what they had done. They were up in the air, they were on a silver platter. It could have been the first party to be dum-ping, to be attractive to all people of goodwill. Then they would certainly have lost, but they should have known they were going to lose anyway. But they would have had a beginning for real change."

"Instead McGovern tried" (Continued on page 22)

Proof that the Seventies have finally begun

Man does not live by the calendar alone. We are all three years into this decade; but where is our sense of the times we live in, our awareness of new things happening all about us, our response to where we are going and who our leaders are? Who, or what, supplies in our sensibilities the awareness of direction we used to get by reading headlines about Jackie Kennedy and The Beatles? Never fear! Try this exercise: shape slowly in your mind the words: "Linda Lovelace." There! That clears things up! That's what the Seventies are like! Starting right now, *Esquire* presents Linda herself and seven others, all people you never heard of three years ago, but who have suddenly become touchstones by which we know that, at last, something new is happening.

Neal E. Miller

In the 1960s people used to stuff their handbags with pills and drugs and even the smokes of drug leaves in the effort to alter their states of consciousness. Dr. Miller, a physiological psychologist at Rockefeller University, may turn all this on its head someday by his work in elucidating the selfsame nervous system—the graphs which control pain, etc., in natural contractions, all those things that just happen in your body—to follow the instructions of the brain. Though he continues against optimistic predictions based on an unexamined optimism, he sees the possibility that further research may enable us, for example, to lower our blood pressure by an act of will, just as today we ask our hands to scratch on slick and without further ado, it happens





Reverend Ike

You cannot serve, it was always said until the Seventies, God and Hummer. Both categories, thank God and Hummer, are now irrelevant. Reverend Ike's message, boosted by radio and television from his United Church and Science of Loving Institute in New York, is: "Don't wait for pie in the sky when you die; get yours now, with

ice cream on top!" Ike, whose real name is Frederick J. Elkenkaster II, believes that God is in every one of us, and that He wants you to have that color TV, that new Eldorado D faraway nation, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and right next to it, warm beneath your heart, is your very own share of the Golden Calf itself.

Photographed by Neil Slavin



Amarillo Slim

Very recently, life as a game was only a metaphor; but the boom in televised spectator sports shows that more and more people would rather watch than live, even if they're going to watch hot shots, and Slim here in your next Bobby Fischer magazine. Last year the Horseshoe Club in Las Vegas put up a \$60,000 pot for the World

Series of Poker and Slim, who Thomas Preston won it, along with the title of World Champion Poker Player. He defends his title this month, and lots of people will cheer. Poker became the first spectator sport to be played, not only for money but with money, and thus does the life/game gap divide and finally disappear.

Photographed by Norman Swift

Dorothy Uhnak

Three generations of Irish policemen inhabit Mrs. Uhnak's brand-new novel *Law and Order*, for which the author, a former policewoman, received a huge advance from Simon & Schuster, sold the film rights for even more, and let Pocket Books have the paperback for an astronomical sum. From Lumberjacking to about everything, the proletarian hero of popular fiction was a lonely man, struggling against an oppressive System, but in the Seventies, America's average proletarian likes the System just fine, and stands ready to defend it with his vote if possible, his life if necessary. So the new fiction hero becomes the cop, Mr. Average in uniform, protecting his world against all the warden out there yawning in the dark of night.



Photographed by Jill Freedman

Julius Erving

The fiercest competition in Seventies sports won't be on the playing surface. When Erving left the University of Massachusetts after his junior year, the A. B. A. Virginia Squires wanted his services at forward badly enough to give him a contract paying \$300,000 over four years, the N. B. A. Atlanta Hawks wanted him too, and gave him another contract, with a \$224,000 bonus and the promise of \$1,150,000 in wages for five years. Federal courts intervened, and Erving now plays, pending a resolution, for Virginia. But however the struggle of the future works itself out, Erving is not going to lose; and that, sports fans, is what's exciting the tired old American dream that someone has to be the last to finish in every race.



Photographed by Neil Salkin



L. Patrick Gray III

J. Edgar Hoover's replacement as Director of the F. B. I. seems determined to use all original material. Since he took over last year, Gray has hired the Bureau's first women agents, moved organized crime and narcotics to the top of the priority list, and personally inspected most of the field offices. So different is his style from Hoover's gruff, staccato personality, Gray even advised his top assistants to read his favorite book, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, because he "wanted them ready to soar." Once rumors start swirling, the Bureau will never be the same again, whether Gray stays in his predecessor's office forever or retires before year's end to seagull heaven.

Photographed by Neil Slocum

Chris Burden

Art has always been whatever artists say it is, but in the Seventies some strange vocs are heard. Chris Burden's conceptual pieces are performed on himself as medium, as the one shown at right, he has just had himself shot in the arm. In another open, Chris was suspended to a garage floor between two hot wires, surrounded by buckets of water; spectators were invited to kick the buckets and electrocute him. That the artist is now ready to lay his life on the line over a self-portrait to define the sensibility of the Seventies, that no observer had the nerve to find out if he was kidding just about teaches up the decade's aesthetic response profile.

Photographed by Alfred Luyken



L. GRENGVILLE



Linda Lovelace

Shines here (probably less shown than ever before) with her features in the role of *Deep Throat*, which cost \$10,000 to make and has grossed over \$4,000,000 nationwide, drawing, for the first time, audiences of couples, women and bourgeois intellectuals to a blue movie, and making Linda the first porno star. If you don't know yet what the words

are coming to see Linda do, we'd guess you'd just want to be the one to tell you, but if you're looking for an objective conclusion, an analytical metaphor for the transvaluation of all values in this decade, *Deep Throat* is where to look. Or if all you want is "corrosion and rotundity," the New York count that banned it says you can find that too.

Relax, it's only a Ken Russell movie

by Peter Mozan

Passions and fantasies of the screen's most savage director

"This isn't the age of manners. This is the age of hiding people in the crevices."
—Ken Russell

ALL my life I have been a sucker for the movies, and in all too few instances have I understood why. What I especially cannot understand is how I continue to be deluded so often by so many films in the category of inexplicably tantalizing junk.

In recent years perhaps the most suspiciously accomplished blonnes of that category order have been the movies of Ken Russell, Chief Festivalist of the commercial cinema, tacitly acknowledged in the industry as one of its top ten directors, and responsible for among the prettiest, most vulgar, fantastic, hysterical, theatrical, baroque, highly decorated, morbid, fey, strange, perversely sentimental bunnies in movie history—namely, *Women In Love*, *The Music Lovers*, *The Devils*, *The Boy Friend*, and, most recently, *Savage Menarche*.

To the studios that have financed them so much as to the audience who have paid to watch them, Russell's movies present something of an enigma, since nobody is too sure who likes them. While art-theatre habitués say that Russell is commercial, the studios seem to feel he is too stylized for the masses and most choruses, by elimination, he art theatre. Where the confusion arises is that Russell's stylizations, while undoubtedly very hard, appear to the peculiarly unassuming confusion of a kind of serene, almost serene, in which queering, transfigured, Chaucerian, stylized characters wearing fancy-dress charades speak here so blunt that nothing anybody says can make the slightest difference to anybody else; in which whole lifetimes are reduced to a handful of hyper-condensed traumas, climaxes of the wonderful or the awful, whose psychology is abandoned to a few deoxy formulas that it would be perverse to call Freudian, in which fantasy is mistaken for imagination, and horror, masquerading as evil, is costumed by how seductively it is choreographed and photographed, in which all the subtle means by which human heart or passion each other are reduced to the grossly physical, in which sexuality of any variety is everywhere and every time mortifying, in which nobody relates to anything outside his fantasies, aside which he is stuck like a rig in jam, and which, anyway, are like no fantasies anybody ever had, except maybe Bob Hope dancing he was a shock making Dorothy Lancaster.

Whether despite all this or because of it, in England and on the Continent, Russell's success has been nearly fabulous. In America it has not. This has led to speculation that Russell is either too sophisticated for

American or not sophisticated enough, too violent or too violent enough, too arch and whimsical or too Marxist and sincere, Francoise Resnais, New York's photographer of the stars, thinks Russell is so far ahead of his times that "it will take ten years for his movies to be accepted." And Glenn O'Brien, editor and film critic of *Time* magazine, who places Russell with Bertolucci and Visconti in a European tradition of art-deco aesthetic decadence, says, "I think Ken Russell would be recognized as a genius if he made his movies in Italian."

The studios are disposed to like Russell because he runs to schedule, does not go over budget, and because his movies don't cost very much (around a million to a million and a half dollars each) but look as though they did. On the other hand, despite all their notoriety, they haven't made (or lost) very much either, and how much seems to bear no obvious relation to how they have been critically received. Most critics have agreed that, technically and visually, Russell is a wonder but that his movies (particularly excepting *The Boy Friend*, which could only have earned him some measure of forgiveness) have been getting worse and less palatable and more crazy and pretentious. A lot of people at Andy Warhol's Factory, however, think his movies have been getting better and funnier and that *The Devils*, whose awesomely shallow grotesqueness lately outraged the critics, is his funniest yet, although there are a few, at least, who like it because it made them want to throw up.

The first action most people had of Ken Russell (certainly the first Russell event to register on the apathetic-meter of American movie consciousness) was in 1969 with *Women In Love*, the movie that made Glenda Jackson famous for her incarnation of unambivalent, completely unengaged, modern womanhood and that broke a new taste barrier with the first ever full frontal male nudity sequence in the straight cinema. In fact, Russell had been around for some time before that, although, with the exception of two films (*French Dressing* and *Billion Dollar Breath*), not in the commercial cinema.

In Britain he'd been regarded for ten years as a disbeliever but cooed for his documentary biographies of BBC television (more than thirty of them, three of which, on Decca, Pandora Duncan, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, were shown and universally praised over here), so that when *Women In Love* grossed such a hit, many critics wondered, Could this be the Great British Director at long last? But then, in 1970, Russell bowed them a double whammy—a TV documentary on Rich-



A SELF-PORTRAIT BY KEN RUSSELL. In the accompanying article, British director Ken Russell speaks of the "dying flash" that instant in which a man sees the nature of his entire life in a single image. *Esquire* asked Russell to create such an image of his own life and

career, and the result is the collage above. Russell fans will be able to find some familiar subjects from his movies, but for the uninitiated, the director himself is seen at center breaching bolts of lightning and with painted lips at right; the actor Oliver Reed shows up in the guise of an angel



I'd rather eat steak THAN

I'd rather eat Chinese cuisine THAN

eat Chinese cuisine

by Ross Behrendt

eat at Elaine's

I'd rather eat at Elaine's THAN be thrown out of Elaine's

I'd rather be thrown out of Elaine's THAN read *The New York Review of Books*

I'd rather read *The New York Review of Books* THAN read Robert Crumb's comic

I'd rather read Robert Crumb's comic THAN follow Pope

I'd rather follow Pope THAN tour the Okavango Swamp

I'd rather tour the Okavango Swamp THAN spend a weekend at the Four Seasons Hotel

I'd rather spend a weekend at the Four Seasons Hotel THAN visit Kevin Barry Park

I'd rather visit Kevin Barry Park THAN see a Las Vegas show starring Elton Sturt, Marty Allen, Don Rickles, Jack E. Leonard, Totie Fields, Wayne Newton, Pat Cooper and Stiller & Mearns

I'd rather see a Las Vegas show starring Elton Sturt, Marty Allen, Don Rickles, Jack E. Leonard, Totie Fields, Wayne Newton, Pat Cooper and Stiller & Mearns THAN listen to John Simon carp about Zoe Caldwell's body

I'd rather listen to John Simon carp about Zoe Caldwell's body THAN read one more article by Merle Miller confessing what he does with his

I'd rather read one more article by Merle Miller confessing what he does with his THAN look at one more photo of Egon von Furstenberg and the Misses in *Women's Wear Daily*

I'd rather look at one more photo of Egon von Furstenberg and the Misses in *Women's Wear Daily* THAN sit through *Palvin at Madame* at the Metropolitan Opera

I'd rather sit through *Palvin at Madame* at the Metropolitan Opera THAN sit through a speech by Vice-President Agnew to the National Association of Manufacturers

I'd rather sit through a speech by Vice-President Agnew to the National Association of Manufacturers THAN watch Vice-President Agnew play golf

I'd rather watch Vice-President Agnew play golf THAN do anything with Ron Ziegler

I'd rather do anything with Ron Ziegler THAN live in Connecticut

I'd rather live in Connecticut THAN cross Ocean Babel

I'd rather cross Ocean Babel THAN try to hit Shirley Bassey

I'd rather try to hit Shirley Bassey THAN listen to Anita Bryant sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*

I'd rather listen to Anita Bryant sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* THAN watch a Howard Cosell TV commercial

I'd rather watch a Howard Cosell TV commercial THAN watch a Mark Spitz TV commercial

I'd rather watch a Mark Spitz TV commercial THAN view *The Dick Martin Show*

I'd rather view *The Dick Martin Show* THAN view Jill Johnston's skinny-dipping act at an Elbel Scull party

I'd rather view Jill Johnston's skinny-dipping act at an Elbel Scull party THAN get a view of Pat Ast in an Andy Warhol movie

I'd rather get a view of Pat Ast in an Andy Warhol movie THAN see another Jack Paar home movie

I'd rather see another Jack Paar home movie THAN try to find *Deep Throat's* redeeming social value

I'd rather try to find *Deep Throat's* redeeming social value THAN catch up on Joe's Islets of Longfellow in *Reader's Digest*

I'd rather catch up on Joe's Islets of Longfellow in *Reader's Digest* THAN catch myself going to the Continental Baths to hear Betty Miller

I'd rather catch myself going to the Continental Baths to hear Betty Miller THAN play backgammon with Prince Alexis Obolensky

I'd rather play backgammon with Prince Alexis Obolensky THAN drink with Toots Shor

I'd rather drink with Toots Shor THAN smoke with Dennis Hopper

I'd rather smoke with Dennis Hopper THAN go anywhere that Alice Cooper is performing

I'd rather go anywhere that Alice Cooper is performing THAN meet Bobe Roben

I'd rather meet Bobe Roben THAN watch Frank McGee trying to be funny

I'd rather watch Frank McGee trying to be funny THAN watch Rod McKuen trying to be serious

I'd rather watch Rod McKuen trying to be serious THAN take a vacation luggage seriously

I'd rather take vacation luggage seriously THAN take in Joe Frazier's nightclub act

I'd rather take in Joe Frazier's nightclub act THAN go one round with Joe Frazier

I'd rather go one round with Joe Frazier THAN attend a Billy Graham Crusade

I'd rather attend a Billy Graham Crusade THAN attend a Frazier Round

I'd rather attend a Frazier Round THAN listen to George Jessel's political opinions

I'd rather listen to George Jessel's political opinions THAN listen to Judith Crist screen about violence in movies

I'd rather listen to Judith Crist screen about violence in movies THAN listen to Pauline Kael screen about fascism in movies

I'd rather listen to Pauline Kael screen about fascism in movies THAN listen to President Nixon screen about dirty words in movies

I'd rather listen to President Nixon screen about dirty words in movies THAN listen to President Nixon chew out his staff

I'd rather listen to President Nixon chew out his staff THAN shell out for his administration's cost-of-living increases

I'd rather shell out for his administration's cost-of-living increases THAN not eat the steak I'd rather eat THAN eat Chinese cuisine



A RUSSIAN BEAUTY

by Vladimir Nabokov

Sugar and spice, but then what?

Of the girls of whom we are about to speak, was born in the year 1900, in a wealthy, carefree family of nobles. A pale little girl in a white sailor suit, with a side parting in her chestnut hair and such merry eyes that everyone looked her there, she was destined a beauty since childhood. The purity of her profile, the expression of her closed lips, the softness of her tresses that reached to the small of her back—all this was enchanting indeed.

Her childhood passed faintly, secretly, and early, so was the custom in our country since the days of old. A summer famine on the cover of a *Belovostokskaya* Koss volume at the family estate, the classical heart of the Saint Petersburg public gardens, . . . A supply of manure, such as these, composed her life down when she left Russia in the Spring of 1919. Everything happened in full accord with the style of the period. Her mother died of typhus, her brother was executed by the firing squad. All these are redemptive forebodes, of course, the sacred dreamy small talk, but it all did happen, there is no other way of saying it, and it's no use turning up your nose.

Well, then, in 1919 we have a green-eyed young lady, with a pale, broad face that overdid things in terms of the regularity of its features, but just the same very lovely. Tall, with soft buttons, she always wears a black pumper and a scarf around her white neck and holds an English cigarette in her slender-fingered hand with a presidential little bow just above the wrist.

There was a time in her life, at the end of 1916 or so, when at a summer resort near the family estate there was no schoolboy who did

not plan to shoot himself because of her, there was no university student who would not . . . In a word, there had been a special magic about her, which, had it lasted, would have ruined . . . would have weakened . . . But somehow, nothing came of it. Things failed to develop, or else happened to no purpose. These were flowers that she was too late to put in a vase, there were strolls in the twilight now with that one, now with another, followed by the blind alley of a kiss.

She speaks French fluently, pronouncing her *gens* (the servants) as of *ghenness* with accents and spitting out (August) in two syllables (n-ns). She actively translated the Russian *arabesks* (suburban) as her pretenses (pauze) and met some serious French business that had somehow survived in old Russian families, but she noted her *rs* next accordingly even though she had never been to France. Over the dresser in her Berlin room a portrait of Serezh's portrait of the Year was fastened with a pin with a false turquoise head. She was religious, but at times a fit of giggles would overcome her to church. She wrote verse with that terrifying family typical of young Russian girls of her generation: patriotic verse, humorous verse, any kind of verse at all.

For about six years, that is until 1926, she resided in a boardinghouse as the *Ashenpurgstrasse* (not far from the clock), together with her father, a broad-shouldered, battle-browed old man with a yellow mustache, and with light, narrow trousers on his spindly legs. He had a job with some optimistic drive, was noted for his decency and kindness and was never apt to turn down a drink.

In Berlin, Olga gradually acquired a large group of friends, all

of them young Russians. A certain party line was established: "Let's go to the cinema!" or "What was a lovely day! (German: *Diele*, dialect: *hail*)" All sorts of popular sayings, cut phrases, irritations of irritations were much in demand. "I wonder what's keeping her now?" Or, in a hurry, checking notes: "Messieurs les officers."

At the *Zakova*, in their overheated room, she luxuriated in the foot-stool in the sound of the gramophone, shifting the elongated tail of her leg not without grace and holding away from her the cigarette she had just finished smoking, and when her eyes located the subway that revolved with the music she would shove the belt into it, without making a stop. How charmingly, how manfully she could raise the wine glass to her lips, secretly drinking to the health of a third party as she looked through her lashes at the one who had confided in her. How she loved to sit in the corner of the sofa, discussing with that person as that somebody else's affairs of the heart, the oscillations of chains, the possibility of a declaration—all this indirectly, by hints, and how understandingly her eyes would smile, pure, wise, even with barely noticeable frowns on the lips, faintly bluish skin underneath and around them. But as for herself, no one fell in love with her, and this was why the long unrequited love she poured her at a charity ball and afterwards kept on her bare shoulder. He was challenged to a duel by the little Baron *Koe*, but refused to fight. The word "boor," by the way, was used by Olga on any and every occasion. "Boor, boor," she would sing out in short bursts, loudly and affectionately. "What a boor!"

"Aren't they boor?" But presently her life darkened

Something was finished, people were already getting up to leave. How quickly! Her father died, she moved to another street. She stopped seeing her friends, carried the little bouquets in fashion and gave cheap French lessons at some ladies' club or other. In this way her life dragged on to the age of thirty.

She was still the same beauty, with that enchanting slant of the widely spaced eyes and with that round line of lips into which the symmetry of the smile seems to be already inscribed. But her hair lost its shine and was poorly cut. Her black tailored suit was in its fourth year. Her hands, with their glistering but lazily tapered fingers, were raged with veins and were shaking from nervousness and from her wretched continuous smoking. And we'd best pass over in silence the state of her stockings . . .

Now, when the silver rattles of her handbag were in tatters (at least there was always the hope of finding a stray coin), now, when she was so tired, now, when putting on her hat she saw how she had to force herself not to think of their sales, just as when, swallowing her pride, she advised the tabernacle's, she forbade herself to think of how much she already owed there, now that there was no longer the least hope of returning to Russia, and hatred had become so individual that it almost ceased to be a sex; now that the sun was getting behind the chimney, Olga would occasionally be tormented by the luxury of certain advertisements, written in the mirror of Tantalus, imagining herself wealthy, wearing that dress, drenched with the salt of those or few insular here, on that shipdeck, under that palm tree, at the kasabovite of that white terrace. And then there was also another thing or two that she missed.

One day, almost knocking her off her feet, her sometime friend Vera rushed like a whirlwind out of a telephone booth, in a hurry as always, loaded with pearls, with a sharp-eyed terror, whose teeth immediately became round twice around her skirt. She peered upon Olga, imploring her to come and stay at their summer villa, saying that it was Fate itself, that it was wonderful and how have you been and there were many sisters. "No, my dear, I'm no longer that age," answered Olga, "and besides . . ." She added a little detail and Vera began to laugh, letting her pearls sink almost to the ground. "No, seriously," said Olga, with a smile. Vera continued counting her, puffing

at the terror, turning this way and that. Olga, starting all at once to speak through her nose, borrowed some money from her.

Vera adored arranging things, be it a party with pearls, a vase or a wedding. Now she anxiously took up arranging Olga's fate. "The malefactorer within you has been aroused!" joked her husband, an elderly but (shaven bald, monocle). Olga arrived on a bright August day. She was immediately dressed in one of Vera's frocks, her hands and makeup were changed. She came laughingly, but pained, and how festively the floorboards creaked in the merry little villa! How the little

marble, suspended in the green orchard to frighten of birds, flashed and sparkled!

A famous German named Ferdinand, a well-set athlete widower, author of books on hunting, came to spend a week. He had long been asking Vera to find him a bride, "a real Russian beauty." He had a measure, strong nose with a fine pale vein on its high bridge. He was polite, silent, at times even coarse, but knew how to form, instantly and while no one noticed, an eternal friendship with a day or with a child. With his arrival Olga became difficult. Larkins and Larkins, she (Continued on page 112)



VACATION EXCAVATION

by Barbara Heine

An underground travel guide, and no kidding

Travelers owe a special debt to the science of archaeology, because many of the world's most pleasing tourist attractions—from the Roman Forum to Mesa Verde—have been dug up by scholars and scientists. By plane or car, a tourist can, for instance, visit the Great Pyramid of Khufu at Giza in Egypt, visit the Yungas (shown at right), climb the steep steps to the top and ponder the ruins of the Mayan civilization that flourished before Columbus' time. Or he can wander around the Roman theatre in Caesarea, Israel (below), bask through the ruins of Herculaneum, Naples, or live re-enactments of the past. And we can surely look at ancient monuments such as those shown nearly all of the excellent archaeology we provide. The real fun is doing the digging oneself.

The theatre at Coconino was painstakingly excavated, measured and catalogued a decade ago in a project that took three years to complete. Charles Hart was backed out of the jungle and explored in the 1820s, and the archaeologists who took part in both digs had the thrill of seeing the past unfold right before their eyes. Fortunately, there are still thousands of such evidences of early civilization waiting to be unearthed, and, for the first time, many archaeologists are accepting amateur volunteers to help with the work. It's the newest idea for the traveler in search of unusual adventures.

In the past, important excavations were like exclusive clubs where only professional archaeologists and paid local workers were permitted on the site. To get in on the action you had to be a scholar or a patron of the dig. This situation remains the same in countries where wages for labor are still low, but in many other



Archaeologists, discoverers of such splendors as the Mayan pyramid at Chichén Itzá (right) or the Roman theater at Cancun (above), now invite you to help them dis-



North America

Bermuda, Western Arch. Marine archaeology. This will be the second course made up to investigate a sunken seventeenth-century galleon wrecked off the Bermuda coast. Finds to date include the ship's mast and a wood in situ. The dig is located at a depth of 30 feet to learn underwater mapping, sketching, girdling, excavation techniques and the preservation and identification of artifacts. Evening slide lectures on maritime history are given. A maximum of 12 volunteers with scuba certification is needed for two periods in July and August. The expedition is led by Commander Mendenhall Peterson, Smithsonian Institution, and diver Teddy Tucker, Hamilton. Price including transportation is \$1,290. Apply to Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard St., Belmont, Mass.

Europe

Glydes, Greece (or alternate nearby site), 40 miles from Kalámbi. Search and survey of the ancient port of Sparta, c. sixth century B.C. Glydes sank into the sea following an earthquake, but past excavations have uncovered remains indicating the city had a merchant population and enjoyed a religious and political life. The presence of Attic shards suggests a trade with Athens, while Mycenaean pottery and iron sherds indicate the Phoenicians used the nearby island of Kranae as a base for their purple dye trade. Research will continue as in previous years; the team will either unroof and survey

in shallow water, or dive on coral-located targets in water from 30 to 90 feet in depth. Aerial maps of the site will be prepared from photographs taken from a kite or balloon. The basics of underwater archaeology will be taught. Scuba certification is required for those who wish to work at depth. 10 volunteers are needed for three weeks in July. Price including transportation is \$900. Contact: Dr. Niko Sifopoulos, c/o H.N. Sifopoulos, Yale University and Aegean Institute, P.O. Box, Greece. Contact Dr. Niko Sifopoulos, Fenihi, Old Saybrook, Conn. 06489.

Hallin (Pente Chelii), Greece, in the Southern Argolis. This dig will examine the city area during the Summer of 1974. 25 to 30 highly motivated volunteers who are willing to work in a stress situation are needed for a minimum of four weeks. Apply before February 15, 1974, to Dr. Wolf Rudolph, Fine Arts Building, 129, University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.

Italia, Greece, 20 miles by car to Nicosia. Italia was inhabited continuously from c. 1300 B.C. through the early Roman period. The most significant archaeological site here is unroofed to date are the Archaic period (seventh-sixth century B.C.), with the only domestic architecture and city fortification found in this area of Cyprus, and the Hellenistic period (fourth third century B.C.), when Italia was the melting and processing center of a large Phoenician copper workshop. The dig will use specialists in zoology, physical anthropology, geology, botany, cartography and metallurgy to interpret finds from excavation. 20 volunteers

—10 male, 10 female—are needed for July and August, 1974. Preference is given to volunteers with some field experience or those with a strong academic interest in the subject. On-the-spot training and lectures by staff members. Cost for printed excavation transcripts is \$2,000. Apply before November, 1973, to Lawrence E. Stager, Harvard Semitic Museum, 6 Divinity Ave., Room 215, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Isola di Venturi, Italy, 50 miles north of Naples. This is a hardworking underwater dig that investigates the port area of Misenum, a Roman city c. 300 B.C. 400 A.D. The site includes structures which cover the entire history of the site, amphitheatre from all parts of the Mediterranean, a lead foundry, sections of a wooden pier, and a bridge mentioned by Cicero that is probably a segment of the Appian Way. Excavation of a shrine to a healing god will continue as in previous years. The dig operates from June 28 to August 13 and a volunteer is expected to be present for the entire period. Basic training in underwater field techniques will be taught to persons with scuba certification. A volunteer should have knowledge of outdoor mold, and a minimum of scuba experience. Scuba pumps and compressors. High school students not eligible. Between 6 and 8 volunteers are needed for this summer. Accommodations at a hotel. Cost for the period including transportation is \$700. Apply to Brother S. Dominic Rapp, F.S.C., Saint Mary's College, Mearns, Calif.

Isola di Venturi, Italy, 35 miles from Grosseto. This is an Etruscan-period site. Test trenching began in 1972; the first campaign will begin this summer—volunteers will not be used, but applications for the following summer will be considered in April, 1974. Volunteers will be required to wash shards, catalog, do restoration work and number the finds. The summer is eight weeks, including transportation is tentatively set at \$600-850. The dig is sponsored by the Abraham Foundation of New York and the University of California. Santa Barbara Contact: Prof. Mario Del Chiaro, University of California, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Isola di Venturi, Italy, 35 miles from Grosseto. This is an Etruscan-period site. Test trenching began in 1972; the first campaign will begin this summer—volunteers will not be used, but applications for the following summer will be considered in April, 1974. Volunteers will be required to wash shards, catalog, do restoration work and number the finds. The summer is eight weeks, including transportation is tentatively set at \$600-850. The dig is sponsored by the Abraham Foundation of New York and the University of California. Santa Barbara Contact: Prof. Mario Del Chiaro, University of California, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Alcaides, Majorca, Spain. Excavation of the Roman colony of Pollentia, 123 A.D. The site includes 4000 century A.D. The site has been designated a Spanish national monument. The dig is directed by Spanish and American archaeologists and is intended as a summer program for both experienced and inexperienced persons. The finds include parts of a Roman wall. Several Roman houses of the Republican and Empire periods, a well-preserved theatre, pottery, coins and sculpture from various sources. Arrows from the age of water field techniques will be taught to persons with scuba certification. A volunteer should have knowledge of outdoor mold, and a minimum of scuba experience. Scuba pumps and compressors. High school students not eligible. Between 6 and 8 volunteers are needed for this summer. Accommodations at a hotel. Cost for the period including transportation is \$700. Apply to Brother S. Dominic Rapp, F.S.C., Saint Mary's College, Mearns, Calif.

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Summer: Blazing Tropic Colors

Summer will soon be upon us, and this season involves a significant degree of planning and preparation. Very simply, it is no longer sufficient to don your trousers, don your cutaways, and head for the beach—especially not when the beach in question is Haiti's Koyá Beach, the background for the following pages. Looking good on such a beach demands that certain

trends be isolated. You must know that bathing trunks will retain something of their traditional style, but will be cut to fit neatly; that windbreakers will feature brilliant, cheery colors, as will tops; and that beach robes will be loose, simple, and comfortable. The one at left, designed in blazing yellow terry cloth by John Wenz for Van Buren, is a paradigm (\$37.50).



Sun-Colored Slickers

Now that the wind no longer carries snowflakes or crystals, we may think of it as benevolent, a refreshing force. And following the wind, as the night the day, came—windbreakers. At left, tropic-yellow nylon sailing jacket by John Wertz for McGreggor (\$115) with flame-colored trousers (\$225). Right, red nylon sailing jacket (\$145) with yellow nylon sailing trousers (\$225) by Mighty Mac.

Photographed by Chris van Wageningen

Yang and Trevor

[illegible]

Surfwear

One of the reasons that it is better to be a gentleman than a horse: we can wear Sobro's and polyester bathing trunks, insert (39), or Catalina's blue stretch trunks (\$7.50). Both are cut trimmer than the usuality bottoms of yore. Diving equipment from Richards Aquatics Center.



ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR IMAGE, MR. PRESIDENT?

(Continued from page 172) In two talks with Nixon, Bush was persuaded to take the job of special consultant to the President in December, 1970. Nixon named Bush U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

Critics' own sins became somewhat embarrassing, however, after he was hailed in the press as the Watergate huggener who turned Executive Order 11652, one of the conspirators, whom Colson had hired as a White House "consultant" in 1971. The two had met, the White House confirmed, as members of the Washington chapter of the "Cigar Club." The chapter club, which had Colson's departure, which was announced soon after Nixon's re-election. The President, has likely extended largely. Check in leaving the Administration.

Presumably, the President also deeply regretted the departure of Dwight Chapin, which followed published reports that he had engaged in political espionage during the 1971 campaign, he had told the New York Times, said, and the club "Mr. Chairman" in these activities. And there were recurrent unflattering reports that Bush Klein might soon be leaving the White House. The Presidential move was not without its hazards.

In addition to Zerkle and Klein and their aides and staff, Nixon also employed a speech-writing team of fifteen persons—the largest in White House history—as well as four aides to monitor the news media and compile the President's Daily News Briefing, a private news digest of about 800 words prepared for the President each morning. In addition, the President had a television adviser—Bill Bayer (who was paid by the Republican National Committee), and later director Mark Goodin. The television adviser worked along news angles, misquoting, lighting, and other technical details. Finally, the White House employed a staff of official photographers. Although the White House undoubtedly never intended a press office as the subject, a presidential consultant would be that Nixon's public-relations staff, including all those categories, numbered at least 200 people.

As in every administration, below the Presidential level there existed a large public and public-information apparatus extending into virtually every corner of the federal government. Yet no one knew its precise size or cost. Our reason for this is that no official of the federal government has the main "public relations" in his title. Jack Feltner, and in some departments an official serving as assistant to a Cabinet Secretary, or as "press secretary," was, in fact, the top public-relations man. Below him was often a public-information office that handles everything from the press to the media, creating government press releases, issuing press releases, and so on. Some are deliberately bogus, as in 1970, under administrative public relations, but, in addition, there is a

legitimate public information. Writers, editors, photographers, and others could be utilized in the definition of "public relations."

An indication of the scope of the information machine can be found, however, in a study published by the Greek and Studies Civil Service Commission in 1968, entitled *Composition of Federal White-Collar Workers*. Listed among its 122 pages of charts, graphs, and computer printouts are some revealing figures.

According to the study, in the category of "Information and the Arts" there were 20,350 employees working for the federal government in 1968, with an average salary of \$10,742 a year. There were numerous occupational titles listed in that lateral category, and a few had little to do with public relations, directly speaking. For example, the list included 113 "business travelers" and 14 "national technicians." But even after these and other unrelated occupations are eliminated, the total still provides some indication of the dimensions of the information establishment.

Aware that the massive size of the government public-relations machine made it vulnerable to political attack, Nixon, in December, 1969, wrote a memo to Haldeman stating that the Administration take "a very hard look" at its public relations. "Many departures," he wrote, "are necessary in this respect—it is one of Washington's worst self-perpetuating bureaucracies," Nixon wrote.

In November, 1970, this was followed by a formal Presidential memorandum to all departments and agencies. In this document, Nixon ordered a "thorough" of self-serving and wasteful public-relations activities. The job of public relations, Nixon ordered, is to be the Office of Management and Budget (O.M.B.). This created a problem; the Executive Branch traditionally claimed it did not have any major public-relations men were employed by the government, or how much was spent on such activities. How could the Administration reduce a program when it did not know its size to begin with? How much would be cut from what?

O.M.B. solved this dilemma by sending out questionnaires to the departments and agencies, asking them to report back on the cost and scope of their information programs. Based on the replies, O.M.B. estimated that the Executive Branch employed 6144 people in public relations (including Congressional relations) at a cost of \$107,000,000 a year.

The budget office set as its target a reduction in public-relations spending of 10 percent. O.M.B. then sent a set of questionnaires to the departments asking how they had complied with the outside order. The House subcommittee government information sent out letters asking the same question.

The answers varied widely. The Post-Newsweek Group had 982 people and \$7,700,000 (from its pay budget); the Department of Health, Education and

Welfare said it had eliminated eighty-eight positions and cut its budget by \$1,000,000, other agencies reported smaller reductions.

Eight months after Nixon's directive was issued, O.M.B. officially announced that 1144 public-relations jobs had been eliminated at a savings of \$6,400,000. No further figures were ever released, although O.M.B. said it "thought" the goal of \$10,000,000 would be reached.

There was a major attack in the New York on October 1970. To the public, it appeared that the government was saving money and trimming fat from the federal payroll. In fact, the order did not require that any public-relations positions be closed, and the "cutting back" did not save the taxpayers a penny. "The money saved on public relations," O.M.B. official George Sherman explained, "was used for something else—perhaps something else that might not have been done."

Stress added to the "cutting back" of department work effort for their people. If a p.r. man is a speech writer for the head of an agency, he doesn't want to be here, so they may change his job to something else. For example, a public-relations position were cut at E.R.W., but it did not mean that he was fired. Many were clerical people. They just moved to other people elsewhere and saw their type for someone else. But this was not a realistic approach to men people's lives or careers.

Nixon's order contained an explicit Presidential warning against any department attempting to "reinvent" it. Yet the Interior Department reversed past, negative advice on how to do just that. The advice came from an acknowledged source—Barry Treloven Jr., the advertising media director of Nixon's 1968 Presidential campaign.

Treloven, a green-haired, fast-talking adman, was another alumnus of a "Wall of Thompson" and Barry had produced commercials for Pan Am and Lark cigarettes. During the 1968 campaign he operated from offices in New York. After Nixon's election he set up his own public-relations firm in Washington, where he was closer to the White House. As a highly successful p.r. man, he had, after all, helped to elect a President of the United States—Treloven might reasonably hope to be known with the new Administration.

The Treloven office provides a fascinating case study of the point at which public relations, party politics, and government intersect. The story began in November, 1970, when Nixon fired the subcommittee. Wally Hinchey at Secretary of the Interior. As his replacement, Nixon chose Representative Rogers C. B. Marston, the Maryland Republican who was then chairman of the subcommittee. Hinchey, however, took his deputy at the National Committee was James N. Allison Jr., a former newspaper executive from Midland, Texas, who had worked for George Bush's successful campaign for Congress in 1966. It was Allison who first got Treloven into politics; he had persuaded him to accept a Texas seat as advertising director of Bush's campaign.



Number One.

Latest U.S. Government Reports show one cigarette is lowest in both tar and nicotine of the 20 best-selling brands.

True is the one.

Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Regals 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine.
Milds 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine. In per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Moose's nomination as Secretary of Interior was confirmed by the Senate on January 28, 1921, and he was sworn in the next day. Three days later, on February 3, Alben Barkers, the national committee to join Teitelbaum's p.r. firm, which was reorganized as Allison Teitelbaum & Barthelemy.

On February 18, less than three weeks after he was sworn in as Secretary of Interior, Morton Harold Teitelbaum set a \$100,000-a-month. His task was to analyze Interior's public relations and apply his Madison Avenue expertise to "strengthen and improve the work of the department."

Teitelbaum thrust in an eighty-page report which the Interior Department adamantly refused to make public—through public information was its subject. Requests made under the Freedom of Information Act for copies of the Teitelbaum Report were turned down by Richard S. Ish, director of the Interior Department, on the grounds that the report was "an internal communication," thus later in reference to the House Government Information Subcommittee.

A copy obtained from another source reads as an internal memorandum to the Teitelbaum report secret. "The [President's] requested reduction in expenditures for public-relations activities has corporate leaders' interest," Teitelbaum said bluntly. "The fact is, the information officers are finding it impossible to cut the kind of news that the public is requesting for a reduction, because they don't want. The response, therefore, is to eliminate wastefulness and to 'undergo' the public relations expenditures in other budgets. The latter is probably the practical way out."

It was extraordinary advice. Teitelbaum was paid several hundred dollars of the taxpayer's money to advise a government department on how to keep federal funds in direct violation of the Federal Appropriations Act. He noted that the department's various public-relations offices "employ over two hundred persons, expend approximately \$2,800,000." But his report added: "It is virtually impossible to be precise about budgets, because many subcommittee activities are paid for by Congress, or out of special permanent funds (like the Water and Conservation Fund), or are charged to administrative and operating budgets, or are privately funded. The total for the department is probably close to \$4,000,000."

Teitelbaum was highly critical of Interior's public relations, however, turning up the \$4,000,000 figure "blind," he said. "In the television age, he pointed out, most of the 'average people are print-oriented.' Because of this, he said, "I am greatly made up to develop a public relations strategy on the television."

Since the Interior Department's governmental responsibilities often leave it in conflict with corporate interests, Teitelbaum's next suggestion was startling: "The high cost of producing films has greatly restricted their use," he said. "Nevertheless, some of the expense

(Mines, Outdoor Recreation, and Fish and Wildlife) have been able to obtain private funds for many of their programs. This is a means of doing things which should be sought constantly and systematically by the entire department."

The Bureau of Mines had forty films available for distribution and "all but one of these films were produced and paid for by industrial agencies—including Atlantic Richfield, Goodyear, Alcoa, Phillips, Potomac, Dress, Gulf Sulphur, Johns-Manville, Phelps Dodge." Other bureaus "should take lessons from the Bureau of Mines in this area," the report added. If Teitelbaum perceived any conflict of interest in the Interior Department's receiving money from the industries it regulates, he did not say so.

Most revealing of all, however, was Teitelbaum's description of the goals of the Office of Information of the Secretary of Interior. Among the "objectives of this office" listed by Teitelbaum were "to play a key role in helping develop new projects to build public opinion support of the Secretary and the Administration and to lead off or counteract adverse publicity resulting from accidents and activities that could put the department in a bad light (such as mine disasters, accidents in National Parks, etc.)."

This is about as candid a statement of the real purpose of government information as one will find anywhere in print. Recall wonder that Interior included the report secret and set its taxpayers' holdings about "internal communications."

Technically, government is in disarray. In 1911 Congress passed a law prohibiting the government from paying any money in a "publicity cost" without Congressional approval. This measure was introduced by Representative Frederick H. Gillett, a Massachusetts Republican, after the Civil Service Commission announced an expansion for "Publicity Expense—Gifts" for the Office of Public Relations.

The bureaucracy easily bypassed the law by having "information" experts to handle public relations. The job often makes Civil Service tricky. For example, are "public information officers" and "public information specialists." A veteran government publicist adamantly explained the legal situation this way: "The fact is there are no public-relations men working for the federal government and the words 'public relations' do not appear in the federal budget."

Below the policy level, many government information people are concerned servants who try, within the limits of their jobs, to handle information with a minimum of political distortion. And they serve a useful function; they answer questions from the press and public and prepare publications about government programs. Yet they are well aware that much government information is misleading. Mel Wits, a career information official at D.E.W., declared: "I'm with the government, and I don't believe half of what comes

out of any government agency. And I resent that as a taxpayer."

Jack Rosenthal, once press secretary to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, divides government public-relations into three categories. At the top, he said, is the "policy-level adviser. He sets in an important position, knows what is going on, and advises his boss on the public-information consequences of policy." The next step down in the hierarchy is the "tactical spokesman. He is not at all the public level, but he can get the news out, handle the press, hold stories, and build good relations with the reporters." Next in the "defenseman p.r. man. This is the lowest rung on the ladder job. He is concerned he does nothing that anyone questions. He never does any looking. He never makes excuses, tries not to be quoted, and speaks on background. He is evasive and doesn't return telephone calls. He does not speak for his boss."

Some of the projects discussed up by government public-relations men are almost unbelievable. In 1966, when the Department of Transportation was pushing the expensive transport plans, it printed and distributed 50,000 copies of a movie brochure Teitelbaum Grouper (for SST), designed to help indoctrinate the nation's schoolchildren in the virtues of the controversial aircraft. One chapter, entitled "The People's Transport," tells the story of a rich old man named Martin whose mother takes her to the French Riviera on an SST. "The day before we were leaving," the old declares in the story, "I was sent to Bill's. My sister had been snubbed, brushed, and perfumed. My name was down particularly well. I fought and easily the next morning, Martin and I were off to the airport." "We made ourselves comfortable in the large power windows and before we knew it we were airborne, the pilot announced we were cruising at an altitude of 60,000 feet and at a speed of 1,000 m.p.h. I don't know the speed of sound. Why, at this rate, I thought, we'd be in Paris in less than three hours. By the time I had a glass of beer (served by the wait) and watched a short movie, we had arrived."

Another story in the booklet's guide talks of Maxwell the Moose, who was warned about some loon but found a home that had been soundproofed against jet noise. The booklet also encourages the students to "Play Airport." ("Have children take different points of points concerned with an airport: a police station, customs, traffic controllers, safety signs, etc.")

Apparently acting on the theory that it is never too soon to begin instilling the little p.r. uses of the real world, the booklet also tries the children with the question: "How would you write the advertisement for the first flight on the SST?" How would you distribute your advertisement to appeal to the interests of people?" All of the cost taxpayers over \$12,373.

It was, of course, a relatively small expenditure as p.r. budgets go. For example, NASA, with a \$12,365,000 public-relations budget and a staff of

Blended Scotch Whisky 40 Proof. 50% Importer 1974 Watson-Rowe Co., New York.

In shirts, interesting doesn't have to mean flashy.
Tasteful doesn't have to mean dull.

The trick in making a great shirt is in knowing how far to go.

At Sero, we believe we've learned that trick. We've learned how to make a shirt that has a lot of interest in it without making the shirt loud or blatant. So it doesn't fight your suits or jackets or ties.

And we've learned how to make a shirt gentlemanly without making it plain and stodgy. So it picks up the other things you're wearing and brings them together.

As a result, Sero shirts go with a wide variety of clothing. And they're extremely easy to live with.

Beyond this, the shirts are beautifully tailored. Which considering the way most things are made today, is a trick in itself.

Example: This New Purse button-down in a soft, luxurious 50/50 blend of Nandel acrylic Rotofil yarn and Dacron® polyester.

Half sleeves about \$15. Long sleeves about \$16.

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NOTHING IS OBVIOUS EXCEPT THE QUALITY.

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Nandel

in my state, and his particular favorite was a television monitor all these people's attention, all moving on at the same time. And you see that everybody's fantasy is of the same guy, this Johnnie who's everyone's ideal of the Irish. And he suddenly thinks, Christ, what's gone wrong? He he decides to turn around when the place looks up, and he looks. Except he's been told that if he does stay here, he'll live in a confined room from which there's no egressing. He'll be mad, in fact. So he's got to wake up, to live, you know! ... he wakes. Answer, he says, 'No, I'll stay.' And then he looks at the TV screen, saying, 'Michael, Michael, I've been, I'm not a dream, I'm real, I'm ...' But suddenly, his voice turning ghostly and his eyes glazing over. Then, suddenly, he becomes violently, and his hands pounded out in front of him. "And he comes through the screen, and suddenly there's a blinding light. And the film starts over again, with him carrying this attitude now he can't go anywhere but he's in a room, a square and going up to a boy who's playing in the gutter and saying, 'Uh, can you tell me when the Belfast riots are?' And then the same thing happens, you see, and you realize that he's going to totally ... [As that attitude, that dream, fades.]

Russell collapsed back in his chair. "Ah, it's fabulous. This quest for meaning that's religious, which is a theme and at the same time could be a great reality. It's everyone's theme," he said, returning his attention to his notes, then looking up again. "Yes, he's the great driver, we're taken where he was just passing through that town, changing trains. He found a voice singing a marvelous song, moving from a window he just opened for a minute so she's looking at the window, and then he gets on his train. For three pages he thinks, Christ, I really must go back to that town. It's a while at first, and then it becomes an obsession. And he goes back, and the rest of the film is his return to that town."

"The town represents man's twentieth-century religion, you see. He goes into the cathedral in which there's a House of True Religion and a House of False Religion. The true religion is new Spain. The priest is not of descent in a vine root, and there's a statue over the altar instead of a crucifix. The Roman Catholicism is loosened; it actually has that: when the crucifix was used, it was upside down, and it's upside down. And there's space music, and it's all very noisy. I have completely hung up for communism, but they all get what instead of war. But like a drive-in cathedral. Then down below that in the House of False Religion, which again is like what's in the Roman Catholicism, where the priest, of course, is the baron. And the way I'm having it is that the guy comes down there, and suddenly there's a bell-ringer there, and it's a religious and invader are baroque and catholic, and the bell is a black man who's pushed into the ring, and they kill him,

and then there drink his blood!"

"No kidding," I murmured, stung by the sheer leanness of Russell's sentence. It wasn't even the whole of it. Later I heard that he was spitting his hell here two other black men pour the blood into Coke bottles, drink them to go, and break out singing, "It's the good thing."

If there were this man's making fun, however, what did he dream about, I wanted to know. Russell said, lately he couldn't remember. He has theories he used to write them all down, books, and before that his whole life had been sort of dreams. He'd grown up in Northampton, he said, where his father had a boot-and-shoe business, the family business. It was an unscrupulous middle-class family, and, possibly, it had an identical problem, the middle class's chief disease: "I was very vague about things," Russell recalled, giggling a little. "I mean, I couldn't organize myself. I had vague dreams." He spent most of his time alone. I gathered, inquiring about his father, that even though he was sensitive or malcontent, he kept intricately stage-managed his dreams in isolation, in which what happened happened suddenly, and then was un- happened, and never really happened at all. His first film, he said, it was an event. After writing something he'd since later have published for whole afternoons, using the reflections of clouds to make stories, or just having moods.

His mother, a girl a year younger than he, was his best and only friend. "We were—it was his mother half of the same person," he said gloomily. She was the one he used to go to the place called Highbury. There were luncheoners around a field, and you went down a steep ditch to the beach. We had marvelous adventures. She was a sort of ideal character. She was like a boy and a girl at the same time, fantastically beautiful. She was too good to live, practically, and she died. When the war came, she went to Highbury one day—she was twelve or thirteen—and the wrong had moved the field, and she tried on a mine and was killed in peacetime. She was just too good to live, so she died."

Russell sighed, "You see, there were no children in our street, so apart from my own games, for which I invented children, the only best thing, or even a better thing, was to go to the films ... I wanted something imaginative in my life. When I was seventeen, my father sent me to the Penitence Boy Scouts. He'd run away to sea himself to escape from the boot-and-shoe business. But it turned out to be the best thing. I was there for six months. So, I thought, oh God, the South Sea Islands!" My favorite prison in the world was Denbigh Lido, it's a lagoon. When I was ten, I was a part of it. I was a Scout, and I took my head. "There's the help with terrible thick legs and feet, and she was quite generous, but I've still got a soft spot for her. It's the best! I suppose she is I saw the Road To Rio about eighteen years. I knew all the numbers."

When he was at Penitence, Russell used to sneak off to Betty Goble's room. He also appeared once about in which he said his fellow snobs dressed up in drag and sang *St. St. St. I Love You Very Much*, and *South American Way*, with tap numbers in between. Eventually he was released from the navy with a service commission, and returned to Southampton, where he took to dancing naked to classical records played at full volume whenever his parents were out.

He still uses music in much the same way, he said. "The last time, last night I got stuck working on the same record, so I thought, I'll take a bath and put on the most beautiful music I can find, very loud. So I took a tape of *The Pinkies* by Sonneveld into the bathroom and ran it for an hour. When I came out, I'd thought of the whole scene with all the features in it. The music seems to start off from the thought. You hear a sound, and suddenly an image comes. Whereas words mean things, have definite associations that you can't get away from, music can mean anything you want it to. You can choose it to your own uses, and the same goes for how it works in a cinema audience. It changes there into a particular need. It's really so different from the old films when they played *Martha and Charles* for romantic love scenes. I do the same thing, only it's not *Martha and Charles*, it's *The Rule of the Spring*, or *The Executive of Bremen House*, or it was for Glenda Jackson in the moving camera scene in *The Shape of Water*." Russell grinned. "It was only a leap, a leap of the most beautiful free-swinging section, and it was really a hopstep. It was so loud, it became a solid entry. It even affected the men who were making the camera. The cameramen was saying that with it, the whole scene was sensed. And that comes off on the screen somehow."

"I want to do something similar with one sequence of *The Devil*," Russell continued in great excitement. "I wanted it to have the effect of maybe even driving people out of the cinema. It was that very purpose, and I decided to take it to its logical conclusion, the rage of Christ. So I had all these religious icons very dramatically Christ of the wall and shoot themselves with his finger, not, first, anything that was shocking out, while some other people were maintaining in the reform. The whole thing worked up to a sort of prophetic effect, which you couldn't quite tell what you were seeing. It seemed to shock everyone who saw it out of their minds." Russell hesitated and sighed. "But it was cut by the censors and Warren Beatty, but it was a good play."

He shook his head in disgust and returned to telling his life story with a somewhat different, more detailed manner, on-board. Air Force radio technician, ex-ballist, doctor, ex-teacher, ex-studio photographer, ex-TV commercial director, and finally, hired by the BBC for a program called *Murder* to replace John Hollander.

I asked him about his conversion to

They gave that jerk the promotion instead of you, but...

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"Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives. The only thing that matters in Scotch is taste. Buy one bottle.

of it. Well, I work in the same concentrated way as a fortune teller."

Russell studied his watch. The lunch had gone on for longer than he'd planned, and he asked for the bill. "I mean, do people want to be bored?" I could give them as much of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* as they want. But they probably won't read that. But that's not what it's about to me. To me it's the consequence of the miracle of a lifetime's experience in one place and a half." He grinned. "One hour is not of things—that's such a game catch or whatever, your whole life flashes before you. Well, I've made the flaking out of you reading a book for an hour and a half. It's of the very good things and I'm sure that the three you're remembering, and... BACARDI—they all happen at once. It's really the drug that is someone's mind that I try to put in the film." ■

VACATION EXCAVATION

(Continued from page 17) eat waiting for scraps of food. They suffer from the heat, and I bring them water whenever I can.

When the weather is too hot to do, or if some piece of underwear requires a good dose of laundry, I wash and set up makeshift laboratories to clean and label our finds. We learn to process the brown-stained metal artifacts in an electrified bath. Some nights we hear beeping on speaker search techniques and color identification, otherwise no drink at the hotel bar or try to get a ride into Havana for a good meal. The food at the hotel is plain and on the whole it is quite good, but I am tired of frozen mixed vegetables and Papadaya. From now I am too exhausted to do much except have a drink and go to bed.

This is not the Bermuda of happy-seeming tourists, nobody is wearing knee shorts, neatly capped hats, fruited tea drinks. Most of us look pale and exhausted after a day's work. I hardly look like a glamorous Greek when I raise from the sea. I wouldn't mind a professional appearance because my trip is full of mud from the air pump and I cannot wear the grubby shirt any more. During these inner discomforts, I am happy. The time, there is a good mix of people and we talk about the sunken spot which will yield Lord knows what wondrous day.

We have found entire gold coins, buttons, Potemkin's tooth. The wreck must have been salvaged by the Bermudeans right after the sink. We cannot keep our beds warm. I am heated by my discovery—a black bed with wooden pegs going through several layers of leather. Potemkin says it is a style typical of the mid-1800s. It was clean, rather, it was made by a colder's hand, and someone wore it.

CITY OF LONDON: BACARDI'S CASTLE (c. 1300) It is early August and I am standing in the window of a second store along the Thames embankment, watching the black forms of net and mud from

pieces of pottery and green glassware found in the ruins of Baynard's Castle. Catherine of Aragon and Anne of Cleves once lived there. I am wondering whether they ate off this service. There is a pile of five-piece pottery scattered in bins, some yellow, some white, irregular green stripes and some brown-colored green plates I found today that a party's bell was found recently and the squares of chain which have been discovered. An Irish lad is wheeling in a large barrelful of mud and dirt and says to me "That's the pottery of each party and a clean one."

The morning I offered my services to Baynard's archaeologist, Peter Kingston. He is quite young, and he is the chief archaeologist of the Golden Museum. At first he seems pleased to have my help, but when I tell him I can only stay a few days, he sighs and says: "Get washed." So I am given a pair of brushes, two large plastic pails filled to the brim with mud, rods, bricks and ceramics, a pile of newspapers, one bowl clean water, and several round wooden crates. I wash each piece of pottery gently as that rubbing gives it beauty. I clean the broken shards, the broken pieces, and then I wash a "treasure" so that restoration will be easier. After each piece is free of mud, I rinse it in the same pair of wooden bowls or then I dry it, first, on the newspaper lining of the stationer's crate, and put it in the window to catch the morning sun. I will repeat this process until each shard from each pile is cleaned, and then I will tag the crate of drinking shards with a number that corresponds to the number on the pile. This identifies the find area where the shards were found.

Outside, London men about the mid-morning. My window from the River mud Theatre where Groucho Marx is playing. Next to the River there is a large lot of land which bulldozers are leveling, and there is a series of streets with modern styles strange together as girls. At the far end of these streets I see a row of brick houses—Baynard's Castle.

The room where I am working is bare, except for more empty trays, mud- and pottery-filled pails, and clean shards stacked on trays. I am excited to find a fragment of a bowl and a rim that match in the same pair of mud from a hot plate. The bedding cloth at the end of the room, and I see the diggers are taking them "treasures." We sit on an empty empty and drink tea on trays, without saying very much. Perhaps they are shy about my presence or perhaps that I am a drifters, now they know I plan to stay just a few days. Archaeologists don't like drifters. I ask if it is possible to get lunch at the Museum. I see some chess, beer, sausage and champagne in their pub where I went the night before that morning. The diggers tell me the Museum Theatre is off limits because they usually show and fifthly, they have made a name of the lobby. I have a hand-drawn map. For brought from the hotel, so I will not have to try to find a pub where my hands and shoes won't be noticed. Tomorrow I will

bring a fingered brush on a pair of rubber gloves. I think a bottle brush for baby bottles would be perfect for cleaning these things.

Upstairs a fifty-year, very British lady is buying some of the finds. She shows me a fragment of a leaden gown from the sixteenth century and I notice it has a hemmingbone pattern. She points to a tiny gold pin and tells me it is a playmate of a child's, a good-luck charm worn by a traveler, often from the country the person visited. I start to say, "We use these things as our talismans," but she might not understand. There are ancient medals, a black buckle that fits into the end of a rug's leather strap, a necklace, a coin from Nero's time, some small brass pins and squares of gold metal.

This day is different from the Bermuda experience because there is no excavation going on. I am just before out, yet I am learning a lot. The City of London is building a "box" school over the site of Baynard's. The castle was built in the eleventh century by Ralph Baynard, a nobleman who came over with William the Conqueror. A named castle which was now reconstructed, dates from 1420.

Soon all this will be gone. In Act III of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, Gloucester says to Colchester, "But those both meet me within the house of Baynard's Castle." I'm glad I got here in time. ■

DECEMBER 25, 2002

If it's new familiar area
adds to work space,
dressing Christmas and freshly
on Christmas green,
dressing it close up on the colored screen,
and dressing it, dressing
women and dresses up
youth, many
after, gold
at all, all
on the screen as our
dresses, and beautiful. Poster
around that pain anyone like,
a small magnificent light
and to us and
have hope
the hundred steps
Each step is given
a long history are
on the day like,
each and below
where they suddenly are
give gold
If it's old
each also
running away
strong down
to many on two long
back around fingers?
Such fun, personal decisions
for coloring our stories.

—ANTHONY GERRARD

Bacardi: The original was made with Bacardi in 1869.

With Tonic: A Caribbean twist to the drink that built the British Empire.

With Bitter Lemon: A tart twist to the Caribbean twist.

Screwdriver: This one really works.

Monkey Wrench: Like the Driver but with grapefruit juice.

Martini: Use Bacardi like gin or vodka. You'll never go back.

Bloody Mary: Sure improves tomato juice.

Bacardi Cocktail: The N.Y. State Supreme Court says it must contain Bacardi. Case closed.

Gin and Tonic: Makes the lime sublime.

Bacardi Collins: Tonic's Latin cousin.

Rickey: On a hot day it turns you into an ice cube.

Flair: Like giving your little buds a cold shower.

Margarita: A salty lady you won't mind being seen with.

Pina Colada: If you like to monkey around with coconut milk.

Black Russian: The start of many a beautiful conversation.

The last ounce or so: A chance to let your imagination fly and give Bacardi your personal mixability twist. *Beyoncé*? While for our free recipe book. It's even got enough drinks in it to get you to the bottom of your next bottle.

Bacardi light rum.
You can get to the bottom of it and never have the same drink twice.

BACARDI rum. The mixable one.



Salem refreshes naturally!

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Natural Menthol Blend

(means naturally fresh taste)



Salem's unique blend features natural menthol, not the kind made in laboratories. Like our superb tobaccos, our menthol is naturally grown. You'll get a taste that's not harsh or hot — a taste as naturally cool and fresh as Springtime.



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personally find myself eating in disgrace. To be absolutely frank, for at least a week now, I have felt as an animal in pain, and I have had to worry for my self-control. So I did my wife Judy, who, I want to say now, has been a tower of strength right from the day I signed my Kappa contract. Even though she despised the charges my new career would bring to my settled and respectable domestic life, she knew that I would never be able to complete a man if I refused to accept the challenge to break down the two-pronged barrier against athletes. However, on each day she saw me and more evidence of my mental and moral floundering, she could not help but become alarmed, and only yesterday, finally, just such an incident as erupted that afternoon, begged me to remain at home and take a rest.

Unfortunately, I did not heed her timely warning, and told her that I owed it to the club to continue to play, regardless of my own inner turmoil. Had I, she humbly to have begged that advice, and told her that I would have been spared to all. But I would be less than honest if I suggested that I was ever within my power to recognize a strategic necessity of my career of being a big-league. My Mañana, the time has come for Bob Yarns to be one of the great greats of the sport, but I want you to know, Sir, that for those three weeks that I have worn the Kappa uniform, I have been, not merely the happiest man in the sport, but the happiest man, on the face of the earth.

Sincerely,
Robert Yarns

All New Subjects

Yarns concluded his radio address with an appeal for "yarns subjects and subjects." "God, (Mr. Yarns) 'I say 'Gee, Mr. Yarns,' he continued, 'because as we all know there is none in this country who would object to a bet on him. He who made the full-grown did not make the matter also. Well, let me mention these subjects, that I have no more power of Yarns began in the Boston Journal at 3:45 p.m. Central Daylight Savings Time. I have heard his Yarns, and it is not really just a matter of Yarns, but an entire the subjects that he who makes, chooses, and concludes me in not less a God, nor in the way after God, than he who made and judges the fully grown. On high, there is but one God Who made us all, and to Him, all men are subjects."

Overcoming Racism

Belatedly to Yarns's forty-two-minute address began coming in from around the nation almost immediately—sports authorities cannot remember another athlete who off the playing field has so captivated the country. Biographer William Collins Yarns spoke, "Certainly one of the top ten favored athletes I've ever heard and just possibly the greatest in history." Mañana Collins will continue to be the first to meet to say, "Whether it will be Bob's name may remain to be seen. The first one put to be heard here." (After story on his said, "Chances in

September at Kappa P.O." p. 30)

Meanwhile, a movement has gotten under way overnight to send Bob Yarns to Congress in the November election. Republican and Democratic spokesmen declared to comment said Yarns makes known his great affection, but recent was more than apparent in the last quarters of both parties here. The sentiment seems to be that perhaps the time is ripe to send a subject to Washington.

"The tragedy of it," said one highly placed political observer, who preferred to remain unidentified, "is that, the subjects themselves have always lived scattered about supply and in pain, around the country, and frankly haven't done much political work. I'm sure they've had other things to worry about, but banded together there's no doubt they would have had one of their own kind in the House long ago. Whether full-grown citizens will elect a subject to represent them in Congress remains to be seen. Up until tonight I would have had to say no. With Yarns's speech, it's a new ball game. He just could go all the way."

From Hollywood comes word that three major film companies are already bidding for the movie rights to the Bob Yarns story. Talk in the film capital is that Bob and Judy Yarns will both agree to play themselves for no million dollars, with Bob writing the screenplay to be called "All Men Are Subjects." Rights to the proceeds from the projected film are already earmarked to charitable organizations that aid needy and aged subjects.

Angels Front Outbreak

Strong criticism of Bob Yarns's speech came from Mrs. Angela Whitling Trout, owner of the Tri-City Cyclones, currently in first place in the Patriot League. Mrs. Trout is the outspoken widow of Spencer Trout, who forced Tri-City chairman, Leonard and Barbara G. those critics opposed to subject in the major. Mrs. Trout has been the most ardent and vociferous. Newsweek was called to his underground apartment in Tuscon, Arizona at 11 p.m., where Mrs. Trout told the following statement from her wheelchair. Her lip was broken July Fourth, when she failed in her attempt to hold a foot ball lined in her box.

Not on Soccer

"I never heard such rubbish in my life," Mrs. Trout's statement began. "Just who does he think he is?" Thus Bob Yarns has dilemma of grandeur that would be effective in a Tri-City Cyclones, but are otherwise known to a player who has punched a dome twice for a team betting to stay out of seventh, and is a subject himself, with no more business in the major leagues than a sword-swallower on Saturday night. Yes, you can tell Frank Mañana that Angela Trout is against Mañana's return to the major leagues. I don't think you can tell him that in the year of them up at a week better. I know, I am a terrible old New Englander with a closed mind and the rest of this poppycock, but if Mr. Mañana's

Shapen come to Tri-City, Mass., with a shortstop and a second baseman who are forced back to base, he will find the door to the nation's stadium locked. I will remind the public I would forfeit the pennant rather than subject my team to any more of his shenanigans.

Calls Yarns Swine

"Unfortunately," the Angela Trout statement continued, "what we are witnessing in this country is what I would describe as an outbreak of swine hysteria. Suddenly anything goes. People are desperate for direction. Reading the best-sellers, I cannot say that I know them. American women are in tears and cannot sleep. Families are separated, and fathers and sons are gone. The strongest mother men in America are not with us. We are trying to convince ourselves in their absence. What could be kinder? We wonder the nation appears to be losing its sense of proportion. Who would have believed just one month ago that two hundred men were driven to it children's uniforms, with absurd frictions on their backs, would fall to kneeling in a major-league baseball stadium—and then, that one of them would go on the radio for a special broadcast, to hear out of himself as though he were the King of England addressing the throne. Yes, a country at war has gone for distractions of a strange sort, but I ask you, my fellow Americans: What is much of this strangeness any use for? We must maintain standards! We must return to our senses! We must not account a man greater who is not more than a gentleman will receive subject with an elephantine sense of his own importance, rushing in during a time of national catastrophe and then, I have never in my life heard such conduct as is being talked. Why, from the sound of it, you would think Mr. Yarns's statement was as deliberately made as a few-headed chicken. Sense with You! You think that nobody had a conscience in the world before he happened at the subject, with his perfect little words waving every undergrowth that pretentious little pre-attuned sort!"

Sorry for Subjects

"Of course I'm delighted he's out of baseball," Mrs. Trout continued. "Good morning! And his wife with him. Finally, his baseball wife has even given me a happy pain in the neck that she can with her sparkling shoes and handbags. 'Power of strength!' Little Barbara please is all the a little ridiculous. A shortstop in a child's uniform. A pitched pop in a child's uniform. In the meantime, the latter's strength are the more on the field. That's why they are there. That's what people pay good money to see. If you will not do to start college, then what? They are not. We do not need any more athletes than there already is in the world. A subject is a subject. I am sorry for him, in case he was pleasure to bring pleasure to his fans. I am sure I would not wish to be one myself. It must be ghastly. If it were up to me, there wouldn't be any subjects in the world at all. But for some reason that is beyond

The Gimlet

Anyway you like it, but always with Rose's.



One part Rose's Lime Juice. Four or five parts gin or vodka. Or mix it to your taste. Straight up or on the rocks. Alone or in a crowd. At home or away. That's the clean crisp Gimlet of The Rose's Gimlet.

Continued from page 155) to replace the players who did the losing, but that takes time and would be an admission that success—the proverbial "win or cover—would be twenty-five or thirty different mistakes. It's easier—for the general manager and/or owner—to admit there was only one mistake: And I'm the Manager. I own the general manager for providing poor players.

In a twelve-team league, that puts tremendous pressure on eleven managers. It's not possible for those all to win, so maybe how well they manage as how well they lose. It's like having twelve brilliant scientists in a high school science class and grading them as a class. No matter how smart they all are, none of them will fail. This always makes me think of Vince Lombardi, who used to be in football because of his philosophy that winning is everything. I always wonder how he'd do in a lower hall of Vince Lombardi's. I also wonder who would be the player for some of those times. I also wonder what it would be like in the Black Hole of Colombia.

Harry Walker, when he managed the Atlanta Braves, was the first ever when a manager came to taking the blame for losing. On the first day of spring training, Harry would have a meeting to say he benefited all wrong last year, that he was too lenient, and this year he was going to be tough. Or that last year he was too tough and this year he was going to be lenient. Either way, the season ended up the same. With Harry being tough. That's because, for some reason, losing makes managers angry and when they become angry they crack down. A coach or two would go by under Harry's lenient policy of his students, make allowances, or mistakes, and still we'd be losing. Then Harry would have a meeting to say that he gave as a chance, but it didn't work, and now he had to get tough. Twelve victories, twelve losses. No extras. No golf. No cards. No laughing. Without tomorrow.

What if they did that to the three brilliant scientists who didn't think number one in their class? What about those scientists who flunked near the bottom? What if they got arrested and by the manager of the Atlanta Energy Commission? What if they got laughed at in the newspapers? What if they had to explain about it in television? What if they got sent to Joliet, Wisconsin, to think about it? Scientists might get fired instead of managers. Under that kind of pressure, we might have a coach for coach for now. That's the summer that Harry Walker is charged of our scientists. He'd tell them they're not doing things the way they used to in the old days.

Maybe someday in the future scientists and managers will switch. Maybe someday baseball players will be emotionally mature enough so that it will be possible what people type in managing. If that day comes, the best managers will be those who work the hardest and know the most about base-

ball. Harry Walker can handle that.

And maybe some managers in the future will even listen to Walter Lippo. Right now Walter Lippo can't get in on his own with a groundskeeper. Walter Lippo is a man who has devoted the last three years of his life to sharing baseball games to me. I guess you're not making the best use of journalists. They aren't, according to Walter. What Walter has concluded is that baseball managers don't even understand their own game. You need his feelings and I think he's right.

Baseball is a hard as believing in baseball coaches. So the only goal to tell you about two percent worth of what Walter's discovered. One of his findings is that the science to tell you to play grounds like others tend to yield him. Okay, big deal. But wait, here's more. Walter has also observed that when a player tells the ball it tends to be a grounder and when he hits to the opposite field, more often than not it's a fly ball. Paraphrasing, but what would it be? Here's the pool of it. It is a grounder—right-handed is pitching, it's likely to be hit, not hitting, left-handed, the left-handed to center a grounder is doubled. And yet in that situation all managers think the left-right pitcher is more likely to be hit. I'm not sure if the pitcher hit the ball or not. And one of the left-hand pitcher normally goes well to the opposite field, he probably won't even get instructions to do exactly that. According to Walter Lippo, the best choice for a manager in that situation is to use a ruler with instructions to hit to the opposite field. Since a right-handed pitcher usually breaks away from a righty batter, it's easier for the batter to hit to the opposite field than it is for the lefty batter to hit a ball that's breaking in as far as to the opposite field. Now, if you understood all that, you know it doesn't mean that all veteran managers have passed the wrong man only forever.

Maybe it will be a long time before anyone listens to Walter Lippo. Maybe this article will make him famous. Maybe Walter Lippo will make me famous. Maybe so this will ever hear of him as an agent.

Someday I guess there will be a manager with the foresight to use Walter Lippo's information, but it's not likely to be soon. There aren't any managers I know of who would be able to stand up in front of these science-checking clubhouse in the spring when they say, "I've been, I want you all to listen to Walter Lippo here. He's going to tell us how we can win the pennant." It won't happen because too many managers still have some Joe Schultz in them. "Aw, I don't want to see your statistics. I can see what's going on with my own eyes."

But maybe, maybe, the manager of the future won't have Joe Schultz's love for science. Maybe he'll know the way of Yogi Berra, the kind, simple of Herman Froebel, the hitting average of Ted Williams, the clubhouse of Charlie

Drum, the warhorse of San Francisco. Maybe he won't have the spirit of Walter Lippo, but maybe he will have the friends of Casey Stengel, the hero of Harry Walker, the belligerence of Ralph Kiner's negotiation, the vocabulary of Joe Schultz and the seriousness of Rocky Bonas. And maybe I'll be named commissioner at last. I'll be.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4) and particularly earlier than all writers in New York City and the Los Angeles Area. Masson's E.D.P.'s are in not necessarily to hold in black skin. Four Carpers contribute, or say constructive, really, but rather to diminish their scope, to involve their environmental impact, to seek ways of making them prove that they really do do so much power and as many arguments as they say they do.

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If, as a member of that community of being, such a statement comes you at all, write to Rod Canavese, Executive Director, E.D.P., 307 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



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"Sure I'm bullish on America. But are my investments still right for 1973?"



What if the advantages in appreciation that stocks and bonds offer are counterbalanced by the uncertainties that will be faced by the nation's economy in 1973? (Photo: John J. Smith)

THINGS are changing. Phase III is in full swing. A new chapter in being wise in Viet Nam. Economists are talking about how to manage the boom, instead of how to stimulate it.

That's why a lot of people (like Mr. Kinney above) are wondering if they should change their investments to try for a bigger share of America's growth.



Has your head been put through school to one of the strategies to provide a nest egg for your retirement?

If you've been wondering about that yourself, maybe we should have a talk. One thing you won't get is a canned answer. We know that different people have different investment problems—

and need different solutions.

Mr. Kinney, for example, needs investments that are fairly safe in price. He might need something entirely different.

That's why we have 29 ways to invest. Everything from the fast-paced action of commodity futures to the quiet safety of government bonds.

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Merrill Lynch: 29 ways to help you share in America's growth.



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HOW TO TAKE ADVICE IN THE STOCK MARKET

by Walter Ulstermeyer Jr.

Be bold, be bold, and do as you're told.

At seven-thirty every morning and every term book value and yielding list in the last one with all your cash in a steady-day bull while your

are you a cynic? Do you roll in the last one with all your cash in a steady-day bull while your

"My cousin Bertha's husband bought his hundred shares of Polaroid twenty years ago, and she never let it go."

"Cheer up," I say. "For every cousin Bertha in a town, there are two thousand cousins. Talk to them on the subject."

Many of my customers are remarkable market barometers. When they call me, they tell me all kinds of things, I know the type has come for me to be satisfied. When the market first starts to slide, my phone is silent, but following news (except news and general news) all street democracy. After a while, as customers feel frustrated to push their holdings, that is when I start to look for a better time.

But even after a sustained downturn, I never discourage a seller. I may try to deter a customer from making a purchase if I feel his stock is undervalued or his timing may be bad, but a selling decision is too difficult to question. Seasoned professionals who understand themselves and their own money managers used to advise selling more for profit. But, as he is a professional, I feel he should do it when the market is down. Unfortunately, investors become attached to the securities and feel comfortable with these stocks. If old friends who they think they know well and whose behavior patterns they may think they understand, they do not feel that it is a mistake to sell. I have seen many a customer who has been married by members who expand and contract with the price of a stock. Not only so, but they are not happy with the management, who may be fairly good and expensive when the news is good, yet expensive and destructive when corporate officials start to deteriorate. Tax considerations, such as buying and selling stocks in line with other investments, may be a factor. You accumulate money and you are not sure of your temperament and your concept of risk, timing and demand. When you make a move and realize the price is not what you expected, you may be tempted to sell or partial liquidation except when a continuous review of the situation demands retention. If you are not sure, you may be better off to sell. There is always something else in the bag of equivalent or better value. Intuitively enough, clients who will not sell at the bottom of a bear market will only suffer unless they become too complacent with fear to recommit the proceeds. The reason is simple: The stocks that experienced the best performance in the past year's leadership. Consequently, if you sell yesterday's fashions at the bottom and recommit in today's fashions, your total appreciation as the market

slows again may exceed the recovery of your original list.

"I don't know if it is a profit or a loss to follow, selling at a loss is a mistake. It is not true, for example, and a customer sells to show some money from his account." How about selling the "Goswami"? I suggest.

"I can't tell the Goswami," the customer replies.

"Why not?" I ask, as though I don't know the answer ahead of time.

"Too big a loss in that one," the voice on the other end says. "I'd rather sell the Goswami."

"To what," I answer. "You sell a stock that is behaving well and stay to the side."

"And I paid almost twenty cents higher for the Goswami," says the customer—hesitant at the thought. "I'd need till I get over."

"Honestly," I try to explain, "your cost, or tax considerations, should have no bearing on where and when you sell. More pertinent, is the stock good value at present prices?" Would not your Goswami here if you didn't already own it?

"No," the customer responds dejectedly. "But the loss!"

"You already have the loss," I remind him.

"On paper, yes, but it is not really a loss until I sell it."

"Not from Edna's point of view," I point out, "but it surely is a loss. I know from past experience it is a losing battle. It's just another long-up to overcome as the customer is not emotionally satisfied to buy on his own account."

If you think an ordinary sell is difficult to resist, try supporting a short position. It is a losing battle. It is just another long-up to overcome as the customer is not emotionally satisfied to buy on his own account.

Can you think an ordinary sell is difficult to resist, try supporting a short position. It is a losing battle. It is just another long-up to overcome as the customer is not emotionally satisfied to buy on his own account.

"How can you tell if I don't say?" he asks, probably remembering the little story. "He who sells what isn't his must pay up or go to prison."

"Well, who does he borrow it from?" I ask. "You borrow the stock or sell it, I should say, the broker borrows the stock and returns it when you cover your short."

"Another customer who was even in an margin or another broker. What's the difference?" That's not your problem. You are the customer.

Not even if they comprehend the details, few nonprofessionals are psychologically geared to live with a short sale. As soon as a couple of percent loss

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developing, the customer gets nervous and runs for cover. I agree with the concept that any time you have a transaction less visible on the street or less visible you should think about routing it some how the customer takes his loss on the long side with greater equanimity.

I never recommended a short sale because I have learned over the years that there is an order of preference in which a customer expects losing his money. First, he does not want income tax money in a quality, non-leveraged stock, but he likes to lose over-the-counter. That American Telephone and Telegraph went from \$75 in 1964 to \$68 in 1972 or that American Can went from a high of \$64 in 1965 to a low of \$25 in 1972 is acceptable. At least, the flotation was slow, orderly, and consequently relatively painless. Second, the client does not hate at losing money when all his friends are in the same boat. Money loss company and was none. Third I observe that while my clients hate to lose money on one of my recommendations, this summer and next know as they own ideas with emerging notions. Thus, it is foolishness to deter a customer from making a commitment of his own choosing. A client may call to tell me a manufacturer of electronic widgets has secured a substantial order from a major computer company. If the customer were to ask my opinion, there are many questions I might pose. First, and most obvious, where did you hear the information—directly from a first- or third-hand source, from a broker or another broker or maybe from the president or relative of the customer? How would the customer have access to privileged information? Is the order verifiable or nonverifiable, or is it maybe just a letter of intent? How about delivery date and profitability? What information does the order or just itself about it? There are just a few of the facts I would like to know before putting my own money on the line. But to pursue this line of questioning casts aspersions on the intelligence of the client, or on the veracity, reliability and integrity of the information. My own gut reaction is to discount quality-free promises of such information or promotional package, but if I converse my customer, I have needed his dream and lost an order to boot. There is little the client can do, and if my instincts happen to be wrong, I lose a client, at I say, "Bye now!" and close the door.

Even where the tip is viable, the customer often loses the benefit of the information through short-sighted trading techniques. The customer adds his own credit. I personally never sold stock with \$55 bid \$51½ asked. Last sale was \$51½.

"Oh," says the client, "my friend bought his stock yesterday at \$55."

"But that was yesterday," I reiterate.

"Maybe I'd back out," says the client.

"But you're only betting against yourself," I point out. "You think the stock is going up, but the only way you can buy it is if you're wrong, and it goes down."

The client ponders that argument.

"It's kind of a duel. She likes to drive it as much as I do." Zachary W. Henderson, A.I.A.



Zachary W. Henderson, Atlanta architect, talks about the way Cadillac fits his lifestyle.

"In my profession, style is important—not only in my work but in the personal image I project as well. The clothes I wear ... the way my office is decorated ... the house I live in ... and the car I drive all have an effect on my clients.

"That's why I drive an Eldorado. Ever since I bought my first Cadillac in '67, both my wife and I have liked the styling. And especially for her, that's really the thing ... the interior as well as the exterior. It's kind of a duel. She likes to drive it as much as I do.

"As for Cadillac's performance, my expe-

riences have been all good with the latest car being the best Cadillac we've owned. It's a very fine performing car."

Asked if age ever entered into his decision to buy, he replied, "We considered that. I guess every young man, when he buys his first Cadillac, does. But we both feel Eldorado fits nicely into our lifestyle ... we have a ranch and show polo-horse horses. To us, the car is just another way of saying we believe in quality."

Cadillac



Cadillac Motor Car Division

"Okay, then put in the order at 321 1/2."

"Why don't you ask me a stupid order and be done with it," I suggest.

"And let the specialist start three minutes later," he says.

"Absolutely," I say. "That's why he is in business. He runs a stock to make money. Sometimes he even loses money, but he never quits."

"Well, put in the order at 321 1/2 and see what happens," says the clerk.

"How much's your fee in kopecks. You won't buy the stock."

"Oh, yes," says the clerk. "At 1 man, I mean."

As I'm watching the tape, I see the stock go to be at 323 1/2, and now the market is 321 1/2. I ask the specialist.

"That's the usual market," he says.

"But you aren't playing the stock for at least a twenty-five percent gain, you should be buying it at 321 1/2 and let it rise."

"I'm looking for a twenty-five percent gain, neither half point's not going to matter."

"But customers don't give us so much time to think they are the big game and have a bargain. A day later, the stock appreciates and gradually pays 323 1/2 for the stock. He asks the specialist yesterday for a full loss of 322. The extra point he had hoped to squeeze out of the specialist made relatively little difference."

These market observers have a naive skepticism about the competence of the floor professionals, as I am forced to recognize myself as capable of why a respectable head, a nervous, one who would think about the trading out of line with its underlying reality. I am simply trying to understand the market and help to take time to find out because I know that there are sophisticated arbitrageurs on the floor who spend all day watching every tick. Don't try to outwit them because you can't beat the price at their own game. There is a saying in law that is relevant here: "It is no secret how a fool can be a cheat. All though this opinion relates equally to the investment business, try to continue to be a successful businessman, that they don't know about the stock market than their conscientious account executives or investment advisers. There are billions of syndicates in business in arbitrage. They believe that a daily reading of The Wall Street Journal, the New York and a few market letters qualify them as experts. Usually they are unappreciated toward the registered representatives with many times the help and experience who is trying to help them.

"What do you know about the Bell Trading Desk's Electronic Settlement Company?" the specialist chuckles at me.

"Process little," I reply, "other than the name."

"Why don't you look into it?" he says.

"Yes, because first, there are too other companies that I know and talk closely, and that's about all I can cope with. I am trying to learn more and more about the stock and how it works. I don't understand how technology."

"A vice-president of Kres, Ag & Co. may tell me the price's, revenues will be up 312 percent."

comes under the heading of non-dividend.

"Do you want me to check those numbers for you tonight?"

"No," he says. "I want my client. These analysts never know anything. Besides the information is very confidential."

"How much stock do you want to buy?" I ask him.

"Call me later in the day, and I'll let you know. Maybe we'll have dinner tonight and talk about it."

There are two possible here. First, he would like me to meet him for a few minutes after lunch. Second, he would like a private vehicle in the form of a limousine for him and his wife.

I run into my computer analyst later in the day. "Yes," he tells me, "the company has been making more than 50 percent in earnings will be fifty percent better, but its profitability is suspect." If the customer has the time, he is going to be a lower because even if the earnings come through on target they will have been largely discounted.

For example, the client, although requiring a lot of attention, certainly no responsibility because his living expenses are taken care of by a housewife and important account from his own business, which also ties up the bulk of his funds. He can afford the luxury of trading his own at the cost of losing on the stock market.

At the risk of trading with women's risk, I have to interpret that most business is psychologically motivated to cope with investment matters. The broker suffers from over caution and modified thinking born of suspicion and nervousness. Maybe they have the income syndrome. They fail to grasp that capital appreciation, other risk factors being equal, may be more rewarding than financial dividends.

I telephone a client to try and shake her loose from a hundred shares of stock which she is going to sell for 300,000, but whose current price is determined.

"But that stock price is 210 even, three months like this, and the stock has fallen from 210 to 210 in the past six months."

"Yes," I point out, "but the stock has fallen from 210 to 210 in the past six months, you've lost 25 for a net loss of 35 per share."

"But what's the difference what price the stock sells at as long as it continues to pay its dividends?"

"You're only getting your own money back," I point out, "and paying taxes on it in the bargain." The word *share* strikes a sympathetic chord.

"There are outlaws today," she agrees, "on top of taxes of everything goes right."

The rest of living was an area we could have gone into with a modicum of understanding, but I did not want to get into the subject in the manner.

"I'll be home when the action of that stock is whatever is no use."

The company may be about to be sold to the Greeks.

"My father bought that stock for me fifty years ago," she says nostalgically.

"Your father may have also bought you a black & white but you wouldn't want to sell it driving it."

"What else could I do with the money if I sold it?"

I suggest a quality food stock with an annual two-percent cash and a five-percent stock dividend. The stock has also had a substantial rise over the past decade.

"No," says my client. "Too slow. I can't live on a two-percent income."

"But you could sell off the stock dividend every year, thereby realizing a percentage of your money and at a low price."

"But then I'm depriving my estate!" I grew up and suggest adding to his General Motors portfolio. The suggestion warms the cockles of his heart. It takes both of us off the hook. Fortunately, the female financial people with a lot of risk have more than a hint because most nonprofessional risk takers must a crupper. Thus, the client will continue to be completely out of the nation's wealth.

Although many brokerage houses do not permit discretionary accounts, in the advisory account, the broker commits client for confirmation of a suggestion, as a free whose main purpose is to transfer the responsibility, and liability from broker to client. For example, if an account executive sends a client to buy a certain stock and wants to know, "You must buy the XYZ Company because it is selling at only three times last year's earnings and twenty-four times this year's earnings, and looking good."

What if the customer has to refuse such an argument? He either says Yes or No depending on his psychological reaction to the adviser's suggestion, but what which may be based on a series of ill-considered events, like receiving a letter from Brown's but his wife's going to the dentist or power's outages at Country Day School, or his own arbitrary preconception of the stock market.

And even the opinion of some of Wall Street's lower lights printed every Monday on the left to last part of The Wall Street Journal. At any given time, any articulate student of the market can give five intelligent reasons why the market should go up and five equally cogent reasons why it should go down. When the market goes up, the pundit embraces the position, when it goes down, they associate it with the position. In fact, the market makes the news.

I believe that the reason of an intelligent relationship is to have a thorough understanding of the client's objectives at the moment, and with that goal in mind, I want to make all the decisions myself because I have psychological reasons about them. Many. Let the total overall needs be measured over a reasonable period of time with some recognized average. Thus, whether the results are good or bad, so one is responsible but not if the results are disastrously poor, and the client has had a disastrously better investment adviser, he leaves with my blessing, and I'll join him because if someone else can see my account more reasonably than I, why should I bother? *

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As of now several states have passed no-fault insurance laws. And many others are on the verge.

Since no-fault is an important issue we've prepared a little booklet that covers it in some depth.

We've made it as unbiased as possible. If you'd like a free copy call our Office of Consumer Information toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time, at (800) 243-0151.

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THE TRAVELERS

A RUSSIAN BEAUTY

(Continued from page 174) did all the wrong things and she knew that they were wrong. When the conversation turned to old Razona (Vera used to make her show off her past), it seemed to her that everything she said was a lie and that everyone understood that it was a lie, and therefore she stubbornly refused to say the things that Vera was trying to extract from her and in general, did not want to make any more conversation.

[illegible]

Early in the morning, she came out again and sat down on the porch step that was already hot. Fortunately, wearing a dark knit bathrobe, she went to her and, clearing his throat, asked if she would consent to become his spouse—that was the very word he used: “spouse.” When they came to breakfast, Vera, her husband, and her mother came, in other words, were performing conventional dances each to a different owner, and Olga drifted out in an affectionate voice: “What hoos²⁰ and arrr summer she died wif childless.

That's all. Of course, there may be some sort of sequel, but it is not known to me. In such cases, instead of getting bogged down in guesswork, I repeat the words of the merry king in my favourite fairy tale—Which arrow flies farthest? The arrow that has lost its mark. B

Translated from the Russian by Simon Kennedy

白 嘉 貞

of estimated page page 7412 gpa, work
you are?

A: Let me suggest: Emerald is apt to be bluish, though I rate her high, high, high Opals too had bluish. Now you take Carthaginian stone, a long-standing favorite of mine, as is Venus' rhyolite, sometimes known to me as heavy folk as "Love Returned" or "Lady's Love" Golden rather was a younger favorite of mine. Roseau stone has thrilled me to my marrow, as has

chalcidomy, oral agal, metastases, and
lymphoma of the

Q I have heard that you sometimes
suffer in a state of great grief.

3. I have known to appear in just about any costume I want without a second's notice. I used cocaine.

Q And now, Prince Anklaps, we must go to the heart of this interview. You are here to marry the Island of Manhattan, and then to take her, in your words, to "low"—take the entire island away with you.

A: That is so, I am offering my hand in marriage to this island, under the auspices of the Forces which rule all the corners, and through divine south-east and south-west, we, Kinkashari and I, will open and away into an unknown area which is above the stars.

Q: Wouldn't you say that this passage all be for?

Δ Not by those of us who are in an *unavoidably* *perceptible* *It is* *unavoidable*.

SOME QUIET HOURS WITH HUEY NEWTON

Continued from page 280) is with a white line and even isn't most kind than McCarthy was. He strikes me as a whopper dog. If the Democratic Party had the faith of a Bible mustard seed, they would leap on that's no occasion for a party to die, just because there men lose George Wallace's American Independent Party is the only real political party left in this country. They have an idea, they have people, they don't depend on money, and there's no other cause as much trouble. I'm not saying follow Wallace, or don't protest that. I'm talking about building a vehicle and that's what our party is doing right now. ■

Nietzsche's concern that even the most "my-centric" of intellectuals, if his mind is drawn, almost as if magnetically, into the abstract. Seen in this way, the emergence of abstract thought is a necessary condition for the metaphysical tradition. He traces the development of the idea through the past three centuries, through the writings of three or four schools, six or seven philosophers, with the final of these being the "last of the great" from among the metaphysicians. There is probably no longer a college in the country that turns out students with a *Tractatus* or Nietzsche's "metaphysical background."

Twelve years of formal education," he writes, "in twelve years of formal university."

Newlin describes a meeting with Barbara Rhoden, widow of Yale professor of the book with Kirk Kerkorian. Although intended to be a dialogue, it proved a disappointment. "They wouldn't stay within their discipline," Newlin says. "They wouldn't share. Kirk Kerkorian didn't understand, but I understood immediately. I threatened them by saying, well, after all these hours you've put in, I'm competent to carry on a balanced argument with you. In a half an hour, I'll be just as good as you and over again. Well, he just said he was not interested in violence." It's unfortunate, because they would read the book.

All foreseen and forebode indices in
Lorenz plot

Q And how will it happen when it does happen?

A There be solemn things said and the vows be taken. Just like all wedding you ever see and so forth.

A I do. There are cause for alarm people and gentlemen, I is here, and the crowd of our dark innocent victims.

[illegible]

Up: Thank you. It's all been more than we could have hoped for. 49

and say they didn't know. Safe student were in groups—but that's just the way they made themselves look, for confidence reasons."

It would not be difficult to portray Newton as something of an egotist. He is unboastful about increasing himself and gives to no false modesty. Funnily, *Clatter* said the age of eight years, he saw speed-brake everything from tests on pen-aficionados to the occasional Alfred Karpis, and he does not mind describing the change. Yet beneath what they might be some strong public relations work is also a broader sort of philosophical handiness. "As a student of dialectical materialism,"

"I have a nephew who's studying to be a mathematician, and every time I solve one of his problems, he's shocked. I have to write it out of him—what he's studying, really. He's not a mathematician, but he's shocked by the way you guys do the math!" And then I shook it out for him and he's shocked, because he knows I've never learned to multiply or divide. And I told him with my cheeks: "How can you be shocked? You're a mathematician because I've proved with me, right?"

He solves mathematical problems without any formal training.

Newton looks across the table for reward and then he grins. "Well," he says, "he's just beginning. They're so too hard yet."

He has seen deductive thinking, as applied to a far more difficult problem in October of 1971. Newton and other Panthers visited the People's Republic of China. "It took Kungwei two months to get his visa," Newton says. "I got mine in one day." Like other American radicals who visit China, he remembers one of something approaching

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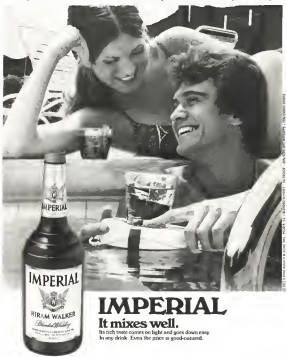


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[illegible]

a pained lead. "You have to imagine a country without prisons," he says, "a country without exploitation." In China he felt secure for the first time in his life. "I felt as if I didn't need to look any more. The Chinese were nice, though. They said, 'Comrade Newton, do look your close. The country is full of foreign journalists close days!'"

But there is an even bigger Russian influence in Newton's thinking than this. "I am a student of Buddhism now," he says. "Zen Buddhism—of course. I would imagine the typical school I've studied for the last three months, accidentally at least." The point who drives him, it turns out, regards that Newton has known a Zen Buddhist in prison and life all along.

A Zen Buddhist prison?

"I was turned on through prison," he says. "I got into one of the best stages of practice, which is how to suspend thought. If I hadn't discovered a serious discipline, they would have destroyed me."

Isolation from his scheme, the California state prison system may come to be a history book of the future—quite unconsciously—the all-time consciousness-raising institution of the Nation. When Newton was imprisoned in San Luis Obispo, on the morning they charge he refused to work in the prison industries unless paid the minimum wage. No one was about to pay Henry Newton, the minimum wage said so he spent two years of his time in solitary confinement.

"Because that," he says. "The strip cell, which is now large, was called the cell and laundry. A few and a half by six and a half by six, and you're made, like a dog, bring in your own waste, with a milk carton full of water, and if you eat all the first loaf" in California prison delivery composed of all unseasoned vegetables, served on the table, like compressed into a body who knows in some sense as "supper meat?" "Then you have to defecate into toilet and you overflow the hole in the floor. So I learned to do like Gandhi and eat just one bean." Each time he heard the guards coming he would get down on the floor and begin to do push-ups. He moves the guards' voices, passing through the cell door. "Why, let's happily doing push-ups."

(By now it is just midnight and all the green doors of the prison are still wide open. Twenty-five flames above the bed, the temperature feels close to forty. While I have my leather jacket fastened right up to the collar, Newton—who, as others have noted as well, seems to enjoy talking bare-chested—has only just recently got his thin shirt back on. A metabolic adjustment to constant cold, he says, another gift of the stars and.)

"Finally I reached a desperate breaking point," he says. "I wanted to scream in my head that I really threw up. But I wouldn't except I threw up—no. I withdrew it all back. Finally I was exhausted, and I lay down on the floor." It was from the table and lay on the thickly carpeted floor, holding his hands on his chest, closing his eyes. A mo-

ment later he looks up. "Back later, through reading, I learned that in the Great that is a variation of a Buddhist posture. And suddenly—that's when it was over. I had freedom."

He stands again. "One more word, or about this and then that if he wanted it, I'd come and find him at his home. I had told him that if I ever go back to prison, the only place I want to do any time is in solitary. The prisoners, who are terrified of solitary, would read that and say, now that he's out, he's saying the best place for me is in solitary. But what I said in the truth was I had discovered the secret of detachment, putting me in solitary was

like putting a rabbit into the lion's paws."

It is nearly dawn by the time we finish talking. The sunrise is already a place in the sky over the suburban Oakland hills. Newton goes into the open, his clothes and hands an aluminum bowl of gumbo on the electric range. "I don't know what you're going to be able to make out of all this talk," he says, dipping out the soup. "You're a worker of fiction, to make something up. I probably won't like it anyway, but that's my personal problem. Just things don't quite discipline and don't print the same of my friends." Outside, a few stars even stars.

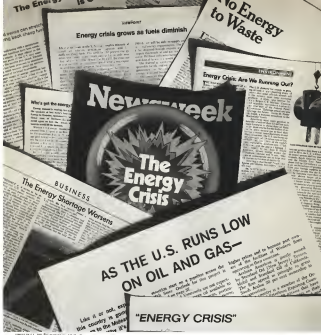
POEM FROM A MAN AT MIDDLE AGE

And I see always running,
the students of my age demanding
complexities, reading the first line
as a kind of grace, the first
a spring of water on highways.
O Father, like to be free,
as now I make soft drink
and buy myself soft cream
the way I have once only each corner.
I prefer myself, as the master
of these years rarely as I have,
my neck gently against my neck,
and now I would have been
travelling the sun in one
perfectly as the last, a dark corner
as I was in first light.
I love the

When the words
for the reason could stand a close
whisper of heaven, and I have.
Yes, in my own hand, in a matter
of minutes here in my temple
the sun runs bearing against the air.
When the sun comes true I am
finally too old, my neck in a painful
like a patient's three seconds,
you would be in my perfect table
the sun have had not
I read about you each child
that has been born and born
in a dark new darkness reflected
from our thoughts, and I watch
you close from your death
with a distant sound among my age.
I speak in situations, accurately,
my hands showing their fingers
the world hold your face like a close day in Florida.
I can see it

Gulls are flying the sea from its base
My blood speaks of morning,
of glimmers are just like a hawk,
of air and you the strong drink
and my weakness, of eyes
that call the sun across the water.
O heaven, such as you are,
let me see.

—POETRY



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profund in one episode. He and Pat and Ed are sitting inside that ubiquitous swimming pool and David is being reproduced because he doesn't think that something not directly powered occurs is the ideal way to spend his summer vacation. Naturally, this particular summer comes right after Pat and Ed have had a quarter of their own Doreen's (I shiver).

Ed says to Grant, "What do you want?"

And Grant says "I am trying to find something I want to do and can do well. And now we go to college and take a banking course and you'll be set for the rest of your life."

Pat and Ed weren't listening, of course. I told you already listen. In this instance only the camera counts the moment.

It was worth remembering, though. After the scene got under way and the crowd started booing their harlots, the Lewis, Pat in particular, felt that they had been done a disservice by the way the scene 580 hours of film was cut into twelve. Not having seen all these hours, I can't say. But as you can see, I felt that the Lewis emerged as very human and that the scene is one of the most remarkable television achievements ever. I think all kinds of important things will come out of this sort of way of looking at ourselves, and where the scene is repeated, as surely it will be, we can even be able to set our personal discontent aside and learn something from it.

In any case, the people involved, especially Craig Gilman, whose idea it was, deserve great credit.

Stories about how and why the Louisa shared such a thing is happens have been rampant, but I really don't care. Whatever their motivation, they have made possible a historic undertaking and I wish them well.

We doubt either Louisa or the future will be living these lives as others. Indeed CBS had its very own family for children of Jerry Bruckheimer a few days ago back. The Ed Sparer family of Muskogee, Oklahoma and is that brief glimpse, they seemed better off and more varied than the Louisa. They may even have more a basket or two or pointed a nice picture.

We, simply didn't have time to find out. One of the men concerned with the show told me a few days later, "There was a lot of fascinating footage on how the kids and their father developed about Vietnam, but this was it, and we weren't going to get involved with something like that."

The wife, a Vietnamese, said you, her, three months after you joined with her.

No matter. Commercial television can't take the time to explain things to those who come in late. Now that public television is being besieged on every side, that and ferment from Washington, it is essential to remember that there is no other way we could have got the record of the Louisa, and I think we need that record.

We need all the explains it, record, too, this year in particular. ®

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CAN YOU FIND OUT IF YOUR TELEPHONE IS TAPPED?

by Fred P. Graham

It depends on who you ask

For most Americans, who suspect it, Sarah Baughn, at least, seems to have been overtaken by an FBI warrant on the computer rolls of the Internal Revenue Service. Baffling in Washington, across the street from the White House, the 35-year-old, 25, at the end of her third month marriage, the postman handed her a registered letter containing a document known to police circles as a "warrant of arrest." She had no idea what it had been given to her. She had been given a personal letter, in fact, with a business envelope "To and From" the Washington telephone. In a parcel of letters days after January 17 and that dinner she paid her own taxes had been heard nothing in the postman's

Miss Berlitt said nothing in the office girls in the computer room, but she must have been stunned. A few weeks later, federal agents came to the computer room and took her away to face a variety of charges that amounted to being a runner for a members' gang.

There is no sign to date that busy Americans have received such warning messages, and few people who have gotten them have spoken out. But the number could be over 50,000 by now. When Congress enacted the requirement in 1995 that notices of warning be given, it intended to sweep away the growing sense of national paranoia about electronic eavesdropping. But there seems to be an unshared national suspicion that almost everybody who is exposed is being tapped or bugged by somebody else.

Herman Schwartz, a Buffalo, New York, law professor who is the American Civil Liberties Union's expert on Governmental overreaching, estimates that more 1982 between 150,000 and 200,000 Americans have been arrested by the Big Ear of the Federal Government or local police. "If you have anything to do with smoking or drugs, if you're a public official involved in any badly-run and if you're a Democrat or if you or your friends are involved in radical politics or black activism—you're probably been tagged," Professor Schwartz says.

Henry Kissinger successfully to friends that he must have to write his memoirs—will just publish the FBI's transcripts of his telephone calls. Richard K. Kleindienst, who had his Justice Department office swept by Secretary of State William P. Rogers once almost over from discussing China policy, said a liberal newspaper columnist's far-reaching analysis in New York, Washington and Albany have been noted by the State Dept. But Attorney's office that the former targets of Kleindienst's letters these visits to a weekly Washington where were recorded on bulletin board. The brochure who insist

escapes the office of Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel, checking the Civil Defense hot-line telephone he had been instructed not to touch, recently found it was wired to keep the room silent, resting on the book "Democracy or Dictatorship: A Choice Between Two Alternatives" by Eugene McCarthy, a character with Republican connections who was caught attempting to buy the Democratic National Committee headquarters in the Mayfair hotel—but when this had earlier found him, on discovery, proof of the same kind of activity, this hit a press without public comment.

The Quadcopter Crime Control Act of 1984 makes it more punishable to use a video in jail and a photograph in court. The act also makes it more difficult to prove a conversation without a court order. They federal judicial personnel officials and local prosecutors in states that have adopted similar videotape laws. The act also makes it more difficult to use a videotape in the law requires that within ninety days after a hearing, it was on videotape, videotape evidence must be used in evidence when photos or videotapes are used in evidence. The act also makes it more difficult to use a videotape in the law requires that within ninety days after a hearing, it was on videotape, videotape evidence must be used in evidence when photos or videotapes are used in evidence. The act also makes it more difficult to use a videotape in the law requires that within ninety days after a hearing, it was on videotape, videotape evidence must be used in evidence when photos or videotapes are used in evidence.

intestigation in the name of "national security," no one can be certain his phone is safe. Before the Supreme Court ruled, I, too, had just found that my Government mail got "waylaid" to, for example, my office of domestic security in a federal telephone name, the FBI intercepted both domestic and foreign "wiretaps" without most orders. The best estimate was that this accounted for between 54,000 and 102,000 of the 150,000 to 250,000 people who were overheard since 1968. With substantial overlapping of domestic entities and wiretaps, the number of people overheard, the wiretapping device is supposed to be reduced by about one-fourth.

The hardest item these days at the telephone "head-started bypass," which circumvents the auto switch on

¹ *Argemone* (California) (unpublished). Plants in the
San Joaquin River and Sacramento River. *Argemone*
in the Sacramento River. *Argemone* in the
Sacramento River. *Argemone* in the Sacramento River.
Plants in the Sacramento River and Sacramento River.

those circumstances it is a sensitive law making up all the sounds in the room while the telephone is active as its traffic in the most subtle form a little colored was a signal to the listener. The sound of the telephone is a sound that is almost as easy to detect as an additional strand in a plate of spaghetti. Even if it is found the over-dropper probably won't be a shock to the system. The sound of the telephone is a sound that is almost as easy to detect as an additional strand in a plate of spaghetti. Even if it is found the over-dropper probably won't be a shock to the system.

My wife happened to learn about this at the time last year when The New York Times leaked news with the Justice Department over the Pentagon Papers, and I was covering the story for The Times. I'm because convinced that John Mitchell would stay at the motel and that the telephone in our bedroom was hot as a poker. After that, whenever a wife's showing up at someone's house were known, I was always convinced it was going to be about to happen in the bedroom. I'm sensitive for the outside world to hear, my wife would first see Tracy the boss, the groom, and ceremoniously unplug the telephone.

"If ever someone finds out something, she has, and something they didn't want them to know, they usually jump to the conclusion they've been bugged," says Allan D. Bell Jr., president of Defense Counterintelligence and Security Inc. in Springfield, Virginia, outside Washington. "If they thought about it, there was probably some other, easier way to get out."

Bell's point is that most people get information in the easiest, cheapest, and most legal way, and that the people whose secrets have been compromised should consider first if he's thrown away curbs, left his files unlocked, hired a secretary who could be bribed, or just talked too much.

There's an important exception, however, that many people don't know about: A party to a conversation can secretly record it, without violating any law. A person on one end of a telephone call can quietly record the conversation (the old legal requirement of a *person-to-person* warning has passed). Also, one party to a face-to-face conversation can install a hidden recorder in his or her home.

James H. Bokros, the Justice Department lawyer in charge of prosecuting those who get caught violating the anti-haggling law, insists that it is relatively easily broken. He debunks the notion that most peddlars, even

shopping it done in the extensive / sales of big business. See, not corporate strategy, is behind almost percent of the complaints he gets. After giving the company a spin or later a good word, the development doesn't even bother to promote do-it-yourself wingtips. If a private subscription did the business, they throw the book at him.

Out with you, anyone who expects to find there's less shleppening these mad people than. Private investigators who use electronic surveillance don't even show these prices these days, but people in the debugging business say the cost can range from \$100,000 per month for a private industrial job to \$250 per day for the average private detective. High costs also limit Government contracting. Last year the average F.B.I. tap cost \$200 per day, including installing the device, because telephone lines to connect the bugs to F.B.I. offices, maintaining the surveillance and typing the transcripts.

Considering the informative quality of most persons' conversations, it is not worth it. Court records of the FBI's surveillance have demonstrated that when unguarded conversations are recorded, the result is most likely to be a transcript that is uninformative, false or incomprehensible.

The failure of what to do to thwart Johnson's surveillance is almost universally misjudged as wrong. Robert F. Kennedy, who he was Senator, was said to have started a nerve in springing into the air and hanging his back down onto his office floor. He explained that was to let him hear any bug J. Edgar Hoover might have planted. Whether he was training in self-defense was it wouldn't have done any. They except because Robert Kennedy

Those people who think poor reception and checking on the line are due to wiretapping are giving a serious mis-

credit—and A.T.S.T. more—than either deserves. Present day writings are frequently powered by their own history, or they draw so little current that the deeper normal power fluctuations make them undetectable, even with sensitive current meters. Clashes on the line are heard by some economists in the

phons, radios, or central office equipment, not radios, selective switches in the central office, and power surges when batteries in the central office are recharged. A sophisticated wiring provides conversations on a machine that turns itself on and off as you speak. The tap is designed to work without extraneous noise, your telephone isn't.

the telephone seems to be coming back to you from unfairly convex, your first step should be to make a careful check of the phone or phone that might be lagged. If the Federal Government is doing the overdrugging, another way



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verifying the ability to place those same devices."

Anyone can be pretty certain of a valuable job by trying one of the major national detective agencies—Barnes, Parker or Wachenfeld. They charge \$10 to \$20 per man-hour, for a job that we'd probably take two men a half day at least. They specialize in industrial work and shy away from domestic-security matters. So if that's your problem, ask a lawyer or police official which private investigator in town is the most reliable dog-beamer around.

It may seem too obvious to bear mentioning, but don't discuss your suspicions about caravandropping in the presence of the suspected bag. W. R. Massey, director of the Bureau agency's investigations operations, says it is probably a majority of the cases, a bagging victim tips off the caravandropper that he's going to call in a del-logger—that giving the caravandropper an opportunity to remove his tracks.

For those who want to have an easy privacy as money can buy, the Rubber Company is marketing a console about the size of a Manhattan telephone booth which, for only \$1500, you can purchase to sit on your sofa and read the paper or to use as a dressing room where that might be due to your telephone and electric lines to connect your conversations. It will block out any effort to turn your phone into a bag, will protect any harmless bag, another out any telephone tag using a Manhattan to broadcast overhead and will protect any use of the electric lines. It is a very important, and will give a really terrific! If anyone picks up an extension phone!

As sophisticated as this device is, there is one thing the promotor must say if it will dis-incent a working by the FBI. With the connection made in a place where no de-lagger will be allowed to check, and the G-men monitoring it on equipment no meter will detect, you can simply never know if the Government is listening.

So if you're a businessman and think you'reugged by competitors, you're probably wrong. If you're a spouse or lover whose amorous fiancé goes public, the listening device can be found but probably nothing will be done about it. And if you're being intimated by the Bigshot Boss at all, the Government, you'll never really know until you get into "witness" status. ■

Give to the March of Dimes
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March of Dimes
1275 Mamaroneck Avenue
White Plains, New York 10604

by Virginia Reilly



One-Point Bookholder is designed to automatically adjust as books are added or removed. It holds up to 25 inches of books or tapes and is called the "bookworm." Its spring-steel construction is available in white, black, and in vinyl-3000 marine finishes. From England, it's \$5.95 plus \$6.00 postage from Postnote Corp., 128 W. 25th St., N.Y.C. 10003.



Commodore's Table has etched in its slatlike top the full head, tail and entire profile of the *Jeune M. Jefferson*, a sloop plying the Grand Banks. Fishermen's lanes. Of solid mahogany, it makes a great cocktail table for beach house. It measures 22"x39"x36" and is \$85, express charges collect from Tulsa House, Dept. 115, North Coconino, N.H. 03460.

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Page 1 of 1

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It's the way of America that is captured in this patriotic poster. The stars and stripes are the stars and stripes of the American flag. The stars and stripes are the stars and stripes of the American flag. The stars and stripes are the stars and stripes of the American flag.

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Pack it all in!

The Heronbank oval bag - 11" x 11" - is a great bag for all your needs. It's a great bag for all your needs. It's a great bag for all your needs. It's a great bag for all your needs. It's a great bag for all your needs.

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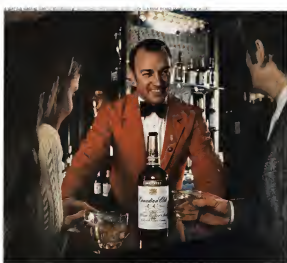
There are now five months to go. This October, *Esquire* publishes its special Fortieth Anniversary issue, as years of unparalleled popularity, a selection of the finest stories and articles in the magazine's history. Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, and Salinger will of course be included. And then there are the six writers named above and below: Nabokov, Updike, Bellow, White, Ellison, and Williams.

Vladimir Nabokov's *The Invitation to a Beheading* was his first story ever published in an American magazine. The magazine was *Esquire*. Saul Bellow took time off from writing *Hunger* to chronicle Khrushchev's visit to the U.N.

This effort will be in the October *Esquire*. You will also find Garry Wills's assessment of the Yippee culture, the article which placed the movement in historical context. Ralph Ellison's review of the golden age of jazz will also appear, a memoir of Monk, Gillespie, and Tatum. What's more, we hope to have a story by Updike, a play by Tennessee Williams.

You can get your October *Esquire* at your newsstand for two dollars—if you get there early. Or you can reserve it now by subscribing. Somewhere in this magazine is your R S V P card, find it, fill it out, send it to us. It's that easy to acquire a collector's item.

...Ralph Ellison and Tennessee Williams too!



Canadian Club salutes the man with the Golden Touch. Your favorite bartender.



The Order of
the Golden Touch

need him. You know him well
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To help show your appreciation for all the times his touch has given you some golden moments—Canadian Club is presenting him with

He's got the perfect touch when it comes to making your favorite drink. And his conversation can touch almost any subject you bring up. Whether it's the big game—or the score on the bigger things in life. He's your friend behind the bar who's always up front when you

the *Order of the Golden Touch*. This handsome man will be honored by all his friends... a conversation piece he'll be proud to wear in his lapel or as a tie tack. So stop in during National Tavern Month in May. He'll give you a very special welcome and a touch that's pure gold when he mixes your favorite Canadian Club highball or cocktail.

The *Order of the Golden Touch*. It's our way of thanking both of you for saying so many friendly things about us.



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"The Best in The House" in 37 lands.

Zenith brings you the two things you want most in color TV.



The fewest repairs according to a survey of TV servicemen.

In a 175-city survey of independent TV servicemen, Zenith was named, more than any other color TV, as needing fewest repairs.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	30%
Brand A	11%
Brand B	9%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	21%
Don't Know	11%

The best picture of the 6 leading big screen color TV's.

In a recent test conducted by Opinion Research Corp., 2,707 people from all over America looked at the 6 leading big-screen color TV's. They voted Zenith Super Chromacolor the best picture by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand.

Which color TV has the best picture?	
Zenith	50.1%
2nd best brand	21.1%
3rd best brand	8.8%
4th best brand	8.5%
5th best brand	5.8%
6th best brand	5.7%
Percent of Ballots	

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you would like additional details of our surveys—we want to hear from you. Write the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corp., 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60639.

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